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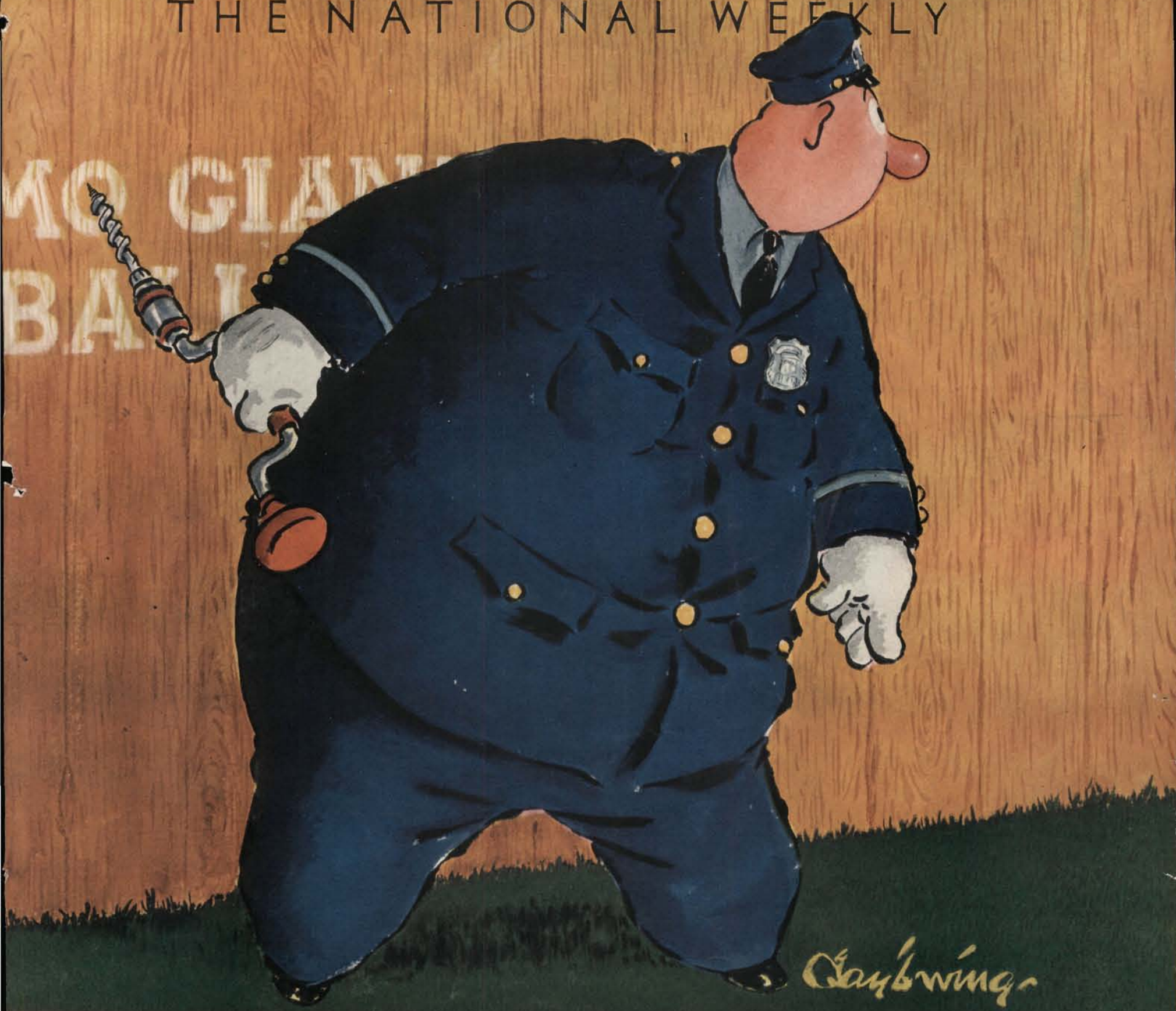
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Care and Feeding of a Dictator

By Frank Gervasi

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GUST 5 1939

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ON MOST 300 MILE OVERNIGHT TRIPS . . . YOU CAN RENT THIS "Home on Wheels" FOR ONLY $2.65*

HERE'S YOUR "BEDROOM." Included in the $2.65* charge is Pullman's roomy lower berth. The bed is a full 6 feet, 2 inches long . . . and its inner-spring mattress is an invitation to sound sleep that's never turned down! Drawing at left indicates privacy.

YOUR "LIVING ROOM." Here, as the drawing indicates, is a real lounge parlor with deep-cushioned easy chairs. You enjoy all the comforts of home. Read or relax. Join your fellow travelers in a smoke or bit of conversation while the miles slip smoothly by!

AND YOUR "DRESSING ROOM"—offering private toilet facilities, large mirrors, "make-up" shelf, comfortable chairs. The spaciousness and completeness of these facilities make preparations for retiring or dressing a pleasure! Room shown in detail on the left.

And you get more safety and service, more comfort and convenience than any other form of transportation can offer!

Those words "Traveling Home" can be taken literally, when you go by Pullman!

On most trains you enjoy the full use of a spacious, comfortably furnished lounge car and the facilities of a perfectly, completely equipped dressing and washroom—*in addition to your private sleeping accommodation!*

On the average overnight trip, this "3 Room Apartment" (as illustrated) costs you $2.65, plus your first class rail fare. Hence, traveling rail and Pullman does cost a few dollars more. But don't judge value by dollars alone! In transportation, as in everything else, *it's still what you get for your money that counts!*

Pullman offers you the "all-weather" comfort of air-conditioning on most of the equipment now in service. Quiet, clean, smooth-riding cars. Unequalled freedom of action. Complete relief from any worrisome responsibilities about your welfare. That's all taken over by the conductor and porter . . . veterans in the art of providing thorough relaxation for you!

And most important—there's the security of traveling the safest, most dependable way in the world!

No other form of transportation gives you *all* these advantages. That's why, for the surprisingly little extra you pay, rail and Pullman offers you the greatest travel value *any* amount of money can buy! Next time, go Pullman!

SPECIAL RATES TO *BOTH* FAIRS!

A Pullman "Grand Circle" tour is the comfortable, inexpensive way to visit *both* Fairs! Railroad fare $135 plus $45 for 1 or 2 passengers in a lower berth! And be sure you see the Pullman Exhibits at both Fairs—and the pageant, "Railroads on Parade" at the New York Fair!

NOW . . . THE STORY OF "LIFE ON A PULLMAN." Get the most out of your next Pullman trip by sending today for "*Life On a Pullman*" . . . fascinating word and picture story of what Pullman is and what it offers you in travel comfort. This free, colorfully illustrated book is yours for the asking. Simply write to THE PULLMAN COMPANY, DEPT. C-7, CHICAGO, ILL.

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*Plus of course first class rail fare for transportation

Go RAIL AND Pullman

THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY

TO GET THERE . . . WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE!

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A YEAR AGO HE WAS SET TO BE FIRED

... NOW HE'S RIGHT-HAND-MAN TO THE BOSS!

"YES sir," continued Joe, "his desk used to be right next to mine—now look where he is."

Half proudly and half enviously he and Frank watched Ed as he swung down the company steps, his arm linked in that of J.P., the head of the firm. Ed is getting

$7,500 a year now, while Joe at $5,000 is a long way ahead of Frank, a newcomer.

"Boy, he must be plenty smart," said Frank.

"Plenty smart is right," said Joe. "Ed has a lot on the ball, but in spite of that he was slated to go."

"For what?" Frank wanted to know. "A guy like that . . ."

"Well, maybe you wouldn't believe it, but it was his breath . . ."

"Drank a lot, eh?"

"Not Ed. Never a drop, but most of the time he had a case of halitosis that would knock you down."

"One of those birds, eh? Didn't he read the Listerine Antiseptic ads. Didn't anybody tip him off?"

"Sure, I tipped him off, but not before he almost got the toss. You see, Ed had to see an awful lot of people—close contact stuff. At first they never said anything about it, but later on that breath of his was getting him in bad with his customers. Finally a few of the crustier ones began to write in, complaining, and finally J.P. himself got on to it."

"You'd think J.P. would say something . . . a good man like Ed."

"I understand he did, Frank. Maybe he didn't make it plain enough. Anyhow Ed never took a tumble—and his job hanging in the balance."

"Chump!"

"You said it. But there's hundreds like him; suspecting everybody but themselves."

"Well," demanded Frank, "what happened?"

"I got Ed out one night. After a couple of drinks, to give me courage, I let him have the bad news about that breath of his. Told him he better get going on Listerine and keep it up if he wanted to stay on with the firm."

"You certainly didn't pull your punches."

"I certainly didn't. And boy, was he sore at first. And then grateful. Worked my hand up and down like it was a pump handle. Since then you never saw a guy so careful about the impression he makes on others."

Frank nodded. "The last place I worked, they were plenty fussy about that sort of thing. I think every firm should have a standing order 'Listerine Antiseptic before you call on a customer.' I guess it pays."

"And how! If you think it didn't, just look at Ed; he sure is going places."

* * * *

Nobody escapes it! Everybody has halitosis (bad breath) at some time or other without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis. But why take a chance. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a major cause of breath odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, and less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements.

We ask sales managers! Why take a chance with men whose breaths are a problem. Any man you send out, we think, should represent your firm well, and a bad breath is a poor introduction for a man or his firm. We suggest that your men use Listerine Antiseptic systematically, and especially before business appointments.

A hint to Employment Managers! Why not tell your girls to take care that their breath is sweet and agreeable, because we feel that if it is otherwise, your company may lose customers. Nothing offends a customer like a disagreeable breath. We definitely suggest that your people use Listerine Antiseptic. Not now and then, but every day.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE YOU GO TO WORK, USE LISTERINE TO COMBAT HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

FREE SHAVING CREAM SAMPLE? WHAT'S THE IDEA?
WELL, WHY NOT? YOU'RE ALWAYS GROUSING ABOUT HOW SHAVING HURTS YOUR FACE. —THIS LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM MIGHT BE THE ANSWER
HONEY, YOU'RE A GENIUS! THIS CREAM'S THE NUTS! MY FACE FEELS LIKE A MILLION —SMOOTH AND COOL AS A BABY'S.
GUESS I KNOW HOW TO PICK WINNERS! —IT'S A LAMBERT PRODUCT.
BILL TELLS HIS FRIENDS
I'M TELLING YOU! — YOU CAN'T BEAT LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM! —SAVES CASH TOO — ONE 35¢ TUBE LASTS THREE MONTHS
LISTERINE, EH? — UNDERSTAND THEY MAKE A SWELL BRUSHLESS CREAM TOO.

Clip this coupon

20

SHAVES FREE

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. 83, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream: ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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Address_____

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WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Next Week

YOU hardly could blame the Corrigan family (who play the leading roles in Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's new novel) for thinking that the government of the United States was organized solely to annoy Corrigans. Mamma, Papa, son and daughter, all found themselves at odds with their country at the same time. And their country, it developed, had a few bones to pick with them.

So they yearned for a land of promise. There are any number of lands of promise if you're wealthy enough (the Corrigans were wealthy, all right). The Corrigans found their land of promise, but you'll not know where until you read the story of their revolt and capitulation in "Some Like It Here," a novel of America today.

CONGRESSMAN Bruce Barton believes that the 1940 presidential race will be between Franklin D. Roosevelt and a Republican. Mr. Barton hopes that the Republican will win, and that he will immediately set out to make himself unpopular by resisting pressure groups and cutting governmental expenses to the bone. "You and the Next Administration" is the title of Mr. Barton's article.

WHEN you see the beautiful photograph, in full natural color, of Carmen Miranda you will begin to understand why the young South American girl has topsy-turvied Broadway. Additional data is supplied by Henry F. Pringle in "Rolling Up from Rio."

NEEDLESS to say, we like all the stories we print. Otherwise we couldn't print them. But Walter Brooks' story of the woman who married an amiable tippler to reform him gave us an extra chuckle on a heavy summer forenoon. It's called "Another Little Drink."

THERE are, on the contrary, few chuckles in "Clear and Unlimited," by H. Vernor Dixon. It's taut drama aboard a faltering air liner.

JACLAND MARMUR gives us a story of Singapore, international shystering and the sea, and Paul Jones' Short Short Story is about a ballplayer who is just dumb enough not to be too smart. Jim Marshall reports on the ice-skating fad in sunny California, J. Richard Davis brings his "Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now" up to the time of the murder of Dutch Schultz. With Erich Maria Remarque, a monkey cover by Lawson Wood and a load of the season's best cartoons—well, that's next week.

Collier's

August 5, 1939

This Week

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STANLEY PAUL
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Good Salesman, by Edward L. McKenna. Page 23

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I Stick Pins in People. Designing lady. Page 17

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●

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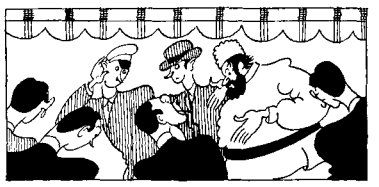
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Any Week

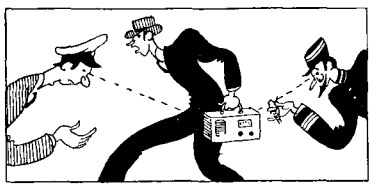
WE SEEM to have got a trifle off our orbit. Instead of our customary traipsing through Dallas and Denver, St. Paul and San Francisco, Louisville and Little Rock (ah, Little Rock) we found ourselves in Paris and London and similar European huddles. And we were immediately infected with the current European distemper, a nasty political malady that robs its victims of any ability one may have had of knowing what to do next. For tonic purposes we elected not to decide what to do but wander hither and yon letting fate decide. Pretty successful, too.

FOR example, feeling the need of a drink, we stopped at a sidewalk café on Paris' Rue Royale. Very luckily, too, because we discovered here was the rendezvous for the more important refugees from Germany and, even more interesting, the meeting place and clearinghouse for Russian, English, French, Italian, German and other secret police. We were told that even American G-men and local cops are to be found there now and then. Anyway, it's the golden age of the police business. The Germans and Poles swap tips, clues, hints and secrets with the French and the English. The Italian and the Russian detectives assist one another generously. Of course it is not likely that the lads will form a union; but they scarcely need to. There's plenty of work for all, spying, snooping, hinting darkly, looking wise, glowering mysteriously. You can always tell an international spy or a member of any country's secret police, the waiter told me, because, said the waiter: "They always nod with one side of his head."



ANYWAY a friend of ours introduced us to a German agent who asked us: "How much you give me for Zog?" Everybody seemed to know that King Zog, who fled Albania, taking virtually everything except Albania with him, was due in Paris sometime soon. We told the Gestapo lad that we wouldn't give much for Zog but were still listening. "He will arrive tonight," said Mr. Hitler's trusted emissary. "For a few hours he will remain at a hotel. Then at not more than six o'clock in the morning he will depart for a château. How much you give?" We offered several francs but he didn't seem pleased. "An agent of the police," said he, "cannot afford to hold secrets lightly. I will go then to a better customer."

MEANDERING about like that, we met a Mr. Felting of Indianapolis, Indiana. Mr. Felting had just come from Geneva and was looking for someone to complain to about the trouble he'd had with a portable radio he'd been lugging around Europe. Everybody carrying a radio set courts trouble. But Mr. Felting still had the contraption although somebody had stolen all the tubes out of it. "But that's not the worst of it," said Mr. Felting. "My partner had a camera. Thinking he'd get in right with the customs guys at the border, he asked them to pose for pictures. They did. Then they confiscated his camera, film and all. A good war would do those folks good."



BUT there won't be any war this year. We got this comforting information from a spectacularly uniformed British guardsman who told us not to worry. "No, not this year," he said. "Maybe not next. Don't bother your head about it. We'll drop you Americans a post card when it happens."

HOWEVER, a Mr. Gnerba of Amsterdam told us that peace will be avoided if possible. In Amsterdam, said he, there is—or was—a syndicate devoted to issuing bearish propaganda for and against European stock exchanges. For a consideration certain French, Belgian and Netherlands newspapers and news agencies would be induced to publish pieces designed to injure British, French and American credits and do something unpleasant to currencies. We verified this too, the British official admitting that it was true, saying: "You'll not be pleased to know that several American refugees from Wall Street were quite bright members of the syndicate. It's been pretty well dispersed now though, the American members having disappeared without a trace. There is a rumor that they will not bother us again—nor America either. Something permanent seems to have happened to them. But the newspapers they used seem to survive."

PAGE Harold Ickes. W. D.

Vol. 104, No. 6. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine.
Copyright, 1939, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.
Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.
Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.
Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.
Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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If you had a Million

WE ALL LIKE to dream about what we'd do if we had a million dollars.

But suppose you really *had* a million dollars. How would you safeguard it, over the years, for yourself and your family to enjoy?

In short, knowing that there is no such thing as an absolutely "riskless" investment, how would you invest this million dollars with safety to provide a satisfactory return?

We think you'd try to do just what a life insurance company does. Among other things, you'd try to follow, as far as possible, the wise principle of diversification. You'd "put your eggs in *many* baskets."

Unfortunately, even with a million "eggs," the chances are you couldn't follow this principle far enough—nor would you find it easy to investigate properly the many relatively small investments you would have to make.

But a life insurance company like Metropolitan, holding many millions of dollars for the benefit of its policyholders, *can*, and *does*, do everything possible to help safeguard its investments . . .

To begin with, in selecting the avenues of investment which lie open to it within the limits established by law, Metropolitan compiles a mass of financial and economic information...then weighs it, thoroughly. The placing of every dollar is carefully checked by a staff of investment specialists, each an expert in his particular field. And each investment, after it has been added to Metropolitan's portfolio, is subject to constant study and analysis.

Because the interest this money earns has a very direct bearing on the cost of life insurance to the policyholders, it is important not only that these funds be invested conservatively, but also that they bring in a reasonable interest income...thus holding down the cost of insurance.

Finally, with so many dollars to invest, the company can take full advantage of the safety that lies in diversification. Thus, the dollars which Metropolitan invests are spread over many different types of sound investments, and in practically every section of the country.

At the end of 1938, Metropolitan held more than 100,000 carefully selected, diversified investments . . . reassuring evidence that the company makes every effort to achieve maximum safety for the funds it invests for the benefit of its policyholders and their beneficiaries.

COPYRIGHT 1939—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This is Number 16 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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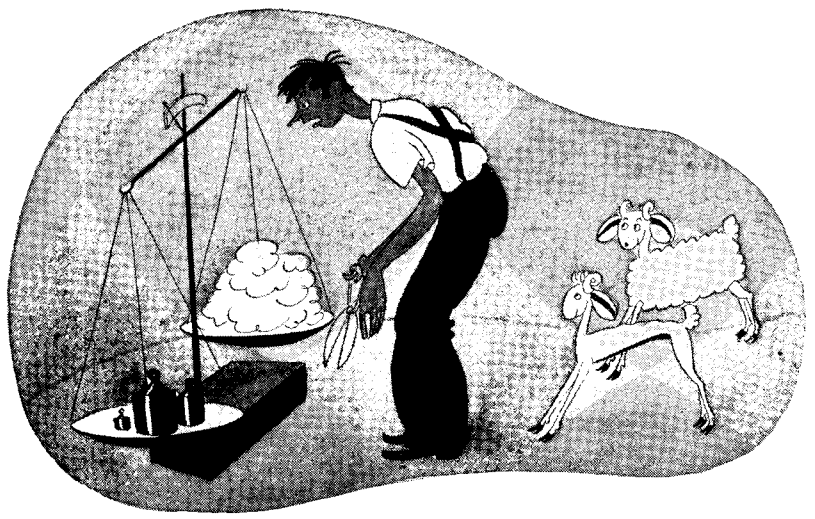
Jean Parker, star of the Republic picture, "She Married a Cop", admires the beautifully designed . . .

. . . observation lounge of the "City of Denver". This Union Pacific-Chicago & North Western streamliner is . . .

. . . the "fastest long-distance train" in the world and has used Sinclair fuel and lubricants for more than a million miles of high-speed operation. Why don't you, too . . .

. . . take advantage of Sinclair's vast lubrication experience? Have your car lubricated by your nearby Sinclair Dealer. You'll ride safer. And you'll like the way Sinclair Dealers treat you.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

When sheep are shorn before they are washed, grease, dirt and other foreign matter may constitute as much as seventy per cent of the weight of the fleece.—*By Marie Hopkins, Evansville, Indiana.*

The iron in some foods is more readily digested and utilized than in others. For example, less than one quarter of the iron in spinach, alfalfa and oysters is useful to us, while more than one half of that in yeast, beef, wheat and liver is available for hemoglobin formation.

Most Mohammedans will not produce a marionette show because, according to their teachings, those who make puppets and pretend they are living characters will be called upon to provide souls for them on Judgment Day.

One of the most lethargic animals in existence is the tuatara, *Sphenodon punctatum,* a two-foot, lizardlike reptile of New Zealand. Not only does it rarely move, but it breathes so slowly that, usually, the creature appears to be lifeless. Those in captivity have been known to stop breathing for more than an hour at a time.

Among the Arabs of Africa and Near Eastern countries, the gratuity or tip, called "baksheesh," goes to the poorer man whether he renders a service to you or you render a service to him. Even if you save a man from drowning, he will demand his "baksheesh" if you appear to be in better circumstances.

A number of Christian altars in various parts of the world do not include the figure of Judas in the statuary of Christ and His disciples.

In Monterey, California, the sardine catches of the fishing boats, sometimes totaling 4,700 tons a day, are dumped into hoppers anchored in the bay and then pumped into packing plants on shore through connecting hoses and pipes.—*By Alexandria Davis, Monterey, California.*

Although a total eclipse of the sun cannot last longer than seven minutes and thirty seconds in any one place, its total duration can be as long as four hours and thirty-eight minutes, as that is the maximum time required by the moon's shadow to travel its course across the earth.

The greatest funeral procession in history was that of the third Tashi Lama, spiritual ruler of Tibet, who died in Peking in 1781 while visiting the emperor of China. The cortege of thousands of monks, dignitaries, soldiers and cooks, with hundreds of camels carrying supplies, made the 2,400-mile journey from Peking to Tashi-lhunpo on foot, over high mountain passes and through raging rivers, in seven months and eight days.

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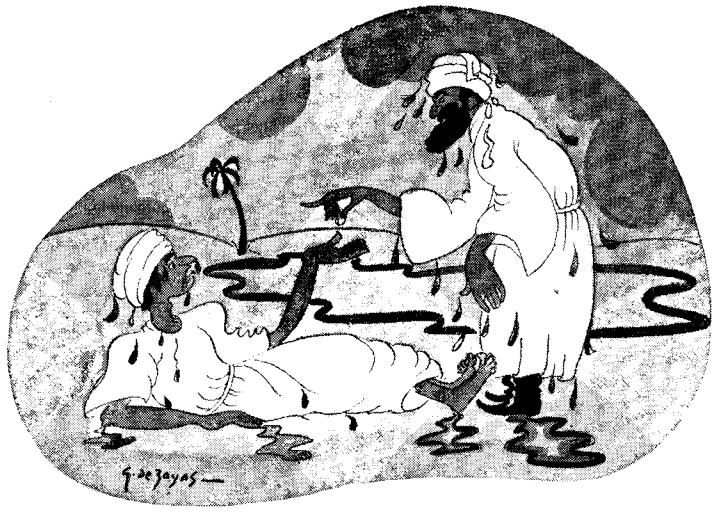

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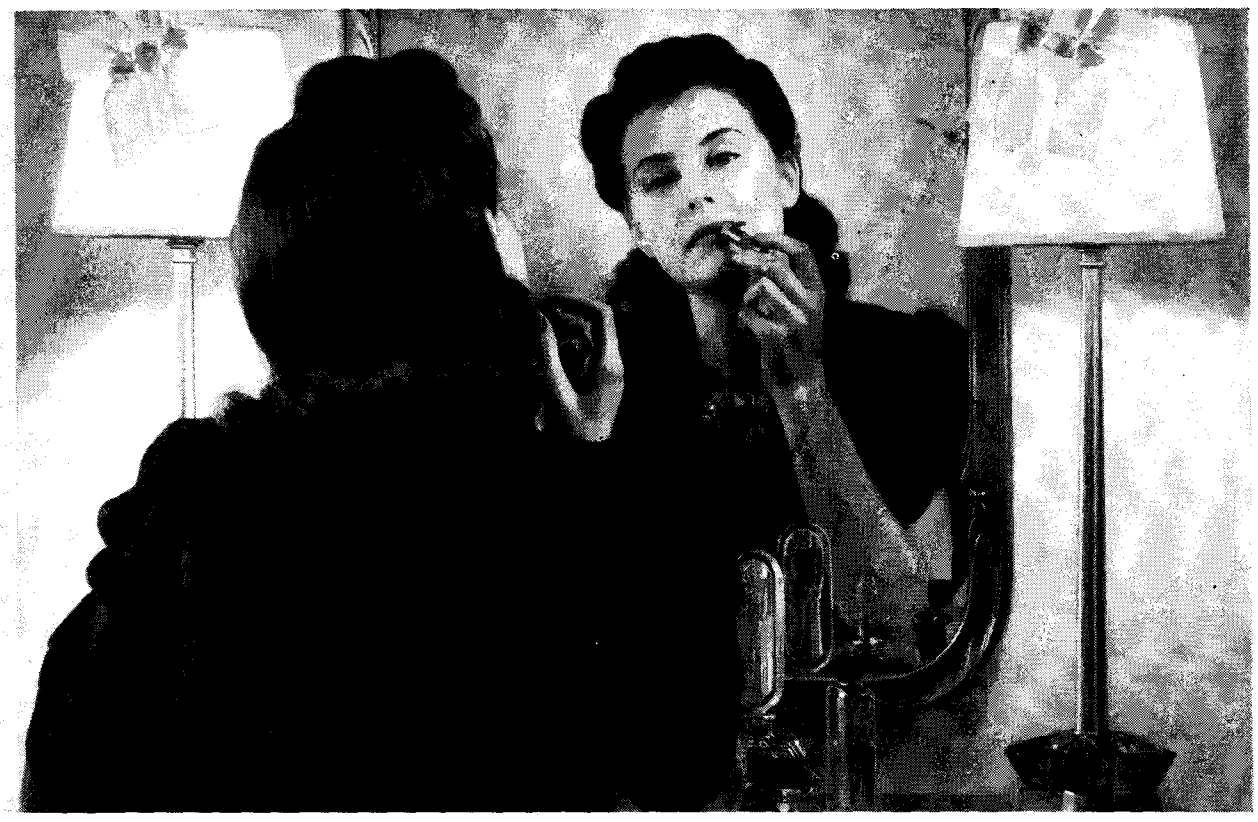
KISS *and* MAKE-UP



...believe it or not

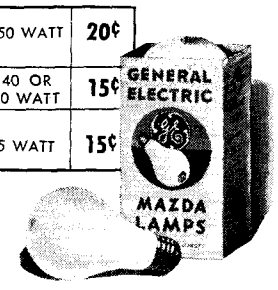
there's a right size lamp bulb for each!

HEAVEN KNOWS, love and dim light go hand in hand. We even make a 7½ watt bulb for the purpose (10¢). But make-up is something else again. So is reading. So is the kitchen!

Look around the house. Find a 40 watt bulb in your reading lamp where a 100 should be? A couple of 25's in your boudoir lamps, when you need 60's to get your face on straight? Check your lights with the handy chart below. Then get the G-E MAZDA lamps you need to prevent eyestrain and headaches caused by bad light. Even the 100 watt size is now down to 15¢, and a penny or two for current lights one all evening! *They stay brighter longer.*

Check your bulbs with these right sizes today!

I. E. S. BETTER SIGHT TABLE, END TABLE, JUNIOR FLOOR LAMPS, LAUNDRY, GARAGE	100 WATT	15¢	KITCHEN, HOME WORKSHOP AND GAME ROOM CEILING FIXTURES	150 WATT	20¢
LARGER I. E. S. TABLE AND FLOOR LAMPS	150 WATT	20¢	BATHROOM—WALL BRACKETS BESIDE MIRROR	40 OR 60 WATT	15¢
I. E. S. THREE-LIGHT FLOOR LAMPS AND FIXTURES DESIGNED FOR 3-LITE BULB	100-200-300 WATT	60¢	2-SOCKET READING LAMPS AND PIN-TO-WALL LAMPS WITHOUT DIFFUSING BOWL	75 WATT	15¢



G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

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PHILCO inventions for 1940 give you New Purity of Tone...New Convenience

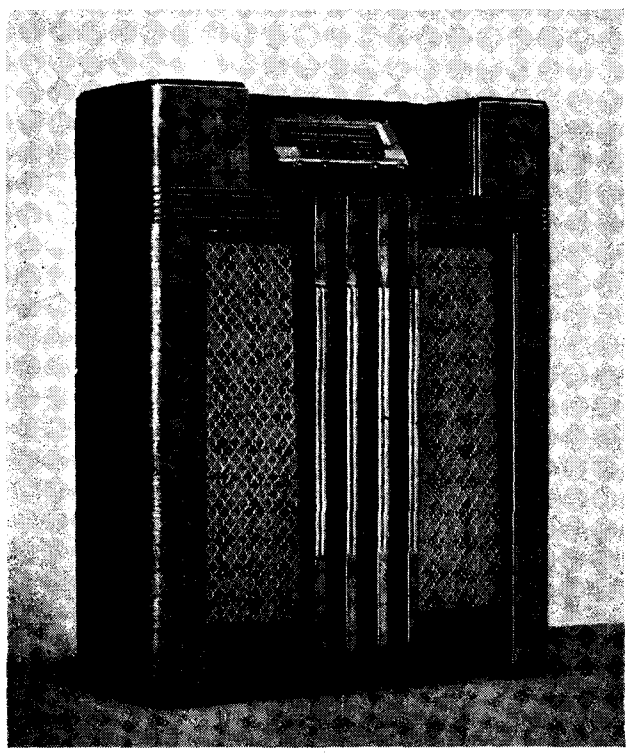
No Installation! No Aerial or Ground Wires! Plug In Anywhere and Play! New Low Prices!

Radio is *entirely new* for 1940! Revolutionary inventions have done away with all installation, bother and expense. No more untidy, unreliable aerial or ground wires. Place any 1940 Philco just where it looks best and is most convenient in your room, plug it in like an electric lamp . . . and play!

With this new convenience, you get new purity of tone and undreamed-of power! Noisy reception is now a thing of the past. The annoyance of man-made static and interference has been overcome. Even in large, metropolitan buildings and difficult locations where radio reception has been limited to a few strong locals, you now tune in stations you have never heard before . . . with pure, clear, *enjoyable* tone!

The Built-in *Super* Aerial System is the Philco invention that has given this new power and purity of tone to radio. It is a *combination of three features* . . . a complete system of super-reception that gets twice the performance from a given number of radio tubes that has ever been possible before! Thus, the new 1940 Philco models are the *greatest values* in radio history. Lovelier cabinets, *LOWER PRICES* —yet immeasurably finer tone and performance for the price you pay!

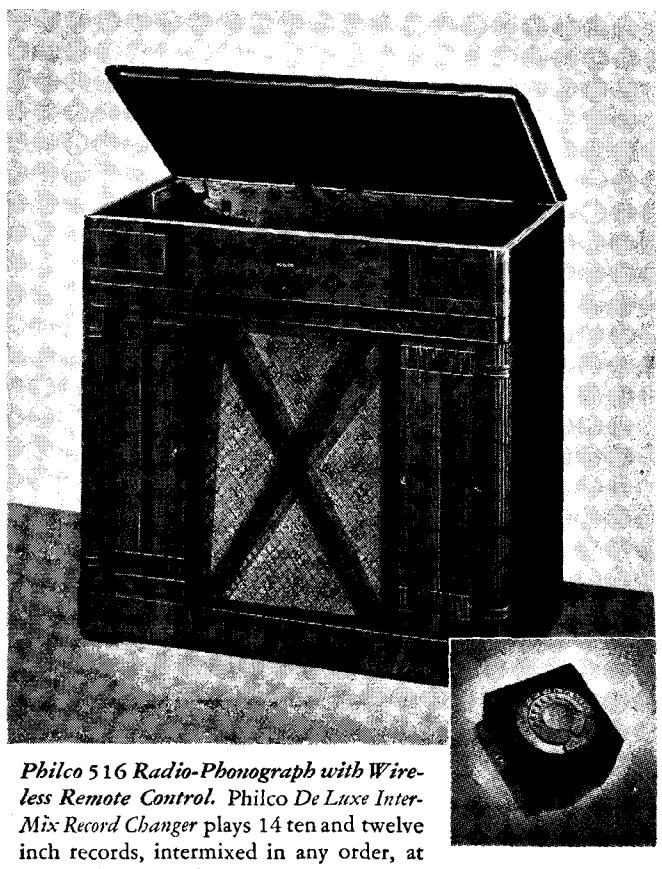
SEE THE 1940 PHILCO NOW. Visit your nearest Philco dealer today. See and hear these amazing new 1940 Philcos. Any one is yours for a small down payment, balance on easiest monthly terms. And, a *liberal trade-in allowance!*



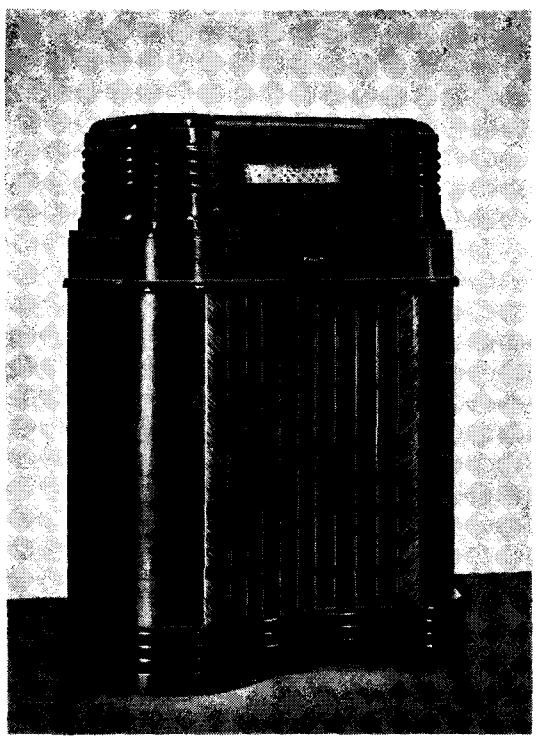
***Philco* 185XX.** One of a great variety of lovely new console cabinet designs, styled to suit every taste and preference. Model illustrated with Built-in *Super* Aerial System, gets American and Foreign reception. Rich, pure tone in any location. Place it anywhere, plug in and play . . . no installation required. Electric Push-Button Tuning for favorite stations. Costly, highly figured Walnut woods, hand-rubbed piano finish. Yours on easiest monthly terms, *only $7.95 down.*

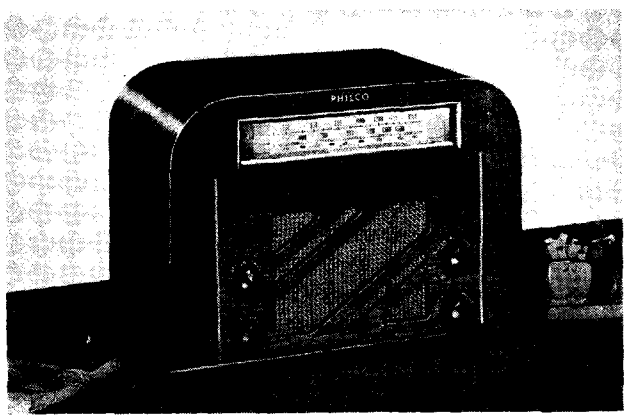
Built to receive Television Sound

The 1940 Philco you buy today is ready for Television when it arrives . . . and in a *new, different* and *better* way! It is built to receive Television Sound. And, when used with a Philco Television Picture Receiver, *you need no wires, plug-in or connections of any kind.* The *wireless* way—another achievement developed in the great Philco laboratories.



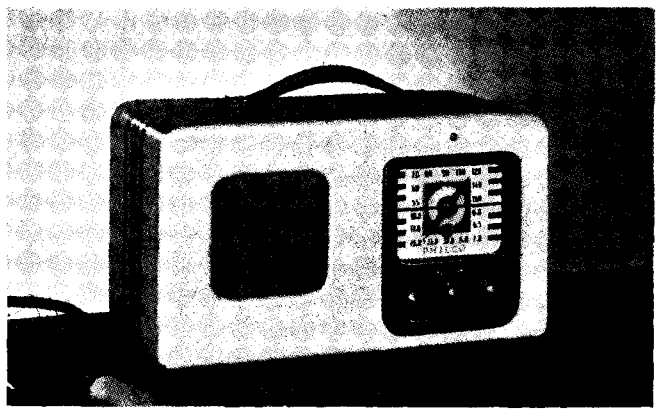
Philco* 516 *Radio-Phonograph with Wireless Remote Control. Philco *De Luxe Inter-Mix Record Changer* plays 14 ten and twelve inch records, intermixed in any order, at one loading . . . a full hour of continuous record music without attention. Wireless Remote Control operates instrument from anywhere in your home *without wires or plug-in connections of any kind,* rejects records, switches back and forth from records to radio.





***Philco* 130T.** The Built-in *Super* Aerial System gives to Philco table models undreamed-of power, performance and clarity of tone in any location. Place them anywhere, carry them anywhere . . . *just plug in and play!* Model illustrated is a powerful A.C. Superheterodyne in a handsome inlaid Walnut cabinet. Yours for *only $2.95 down.*

***Philco* 180XF.** A sensational value in tone, performance and rich cabinet beauty. Has new Philco Built-in *Super* Aerial System . . . place the radio anywhere, plug in and play. Gets American and Foreign reception. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Large, impressive cabinet richly finished, hand-rubbed Walnut. *Only $6.95 down.*



Philco* 88T *Portable. Plays anywhere, outdoors or indoors, without aerial or house current. Super-performance, tremendous power, sensitivity and distance range. Gets standard broadcasts and American and Foreign Short-Wave reception. Special low drain circuit gives *extra* long battery life. One of a selection of self-powered portable radios from *$19.95.*

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Collier's The National Weekly for August 5, 1939

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"Brown beauties! Brown nuisances! Always getting me out of my hammock to settle their quarrels"

The Last Man on Puang

By Pat Frank

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The commander of the Fita Fita Guard prepares to perish as gloriously as possible in defense of his post and a girl named Peggy

THE Marine Corps detachment stationed on the island of Puang, Samoan Archipelago (U. S.), western Pacific, allowed himself to collapse into his hammock, and prepared to read his semiannual mail.

Master Sergeant Dennis Cullinane was the detachment, and the sight of the three-foot pile of letters and magazines depressed him. "Koki," he sighed, "this is going to be an awful job. It is going to take us all day to get through the letters. Furthermore, I will probably have to answer some of them."

"I can take dictation, sir," Koki, his No. 1 boy, suggested.

"And tomorrow there is more work. We have to take the launch to Tongahiki and check up on my four Hawaiians and their weather station. Koki," the sergeant ordered, "fetch me a drink, a long, cold drink.

"It will take me four weeks," the sergeant considered, eying his home-distilled brandy, mixed with lime, "to get through the magazines. But after that there are five months in which to rest until the next mail boat."

True, there would be interruptions. Once a week—at noon each Monday—he would unlock the radio shack, start his gasoline power plant, and pick up Pearl Harbor. Thus the Navy Department would be assured that Puang, on which one day it hoped to build a base, Congress willing, was still on the map, and in the possession of the United States.

In addition, there would be certain personal messages to send for the Reverend Towson, the missionary, and his daughter, Peggy, with whom Sergeant Cullinane was hopelessly in love.

Each Saturday afternoon he would review the Fita Fita Guard, his native constabulary, marching them back and forth, in two squads of six men each, across the baseball diamond. He concluded his reviews by firing a salute from the 37-millimeter antitank gun, while the populace looked on in awe. But now there was the mail.

"Koki," he said, sipping his drink through a bent straw, "read me some letters."

"Which will you have first, sir?" Koki inquired, in an accent suspiciously Harvard. Koki claimed to be a Filipino, but Sergeant Cullinane privately believed he was Japanese, and most likely a spy, just as he suspected the Japanese fishing boats that sometimes bobbed offshore.

"Read me the ones from San Diego."

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There was a marine in San Diego who owed Sergeant Cullinane money, as a result of straight stud.

"Here is one," said Koki, "from Sergeant Spence. 'You lucky stiff,' it says, 'all alone on a tropical isle stuffed with brown beauties. When you decide to come back to the good old U.S.A., please notify me immediately by radio or cable, so I can apply for your post.'"

"Skip those," ordered Sergeant Cullinane. "Brown beauties!" he snorted. "Brown nuisances! Always getting me out of my hammock in the middle of the week to settle their quarrels and perform divorces."

"Here is one," Koki said hopefully, "marked Navy Department, Washington."

SERGEANT CULLINANE stirred uneasily. The last letter from the Navy Department had been troublesome. It had informed him that the Coast Guard was landing four Hawaiians at Tongahiki, eighteen miles to the east, to study the weather, and that he was to look after them.

"Go ahead," he said with resignation, "read it."

Koki began to read, but before he had progressed very far the sergeant snatched the letter from him, held it tightly in both big fists, and read it himself personally. It was from the major general commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps, and it was addressed to Master Sergeant Cullinane.

"Subject," it said very officially: "New orders concerning maintenance of the post at Puang.

"1. Pursuant to recent congressional action appropriating funds for the continuance of the Puang establishment, it is expressly stipulated that the Marine Sergeant assigned to duty as commander of the Fita Fita Guard be a married man, for reasons unnecessary to state here.

"2. The records of your enlistment and subsequent service show you are unmarried.

"3. If there has been a change in your marital status since your last re-enlistment, please advise the department via Pearl Harbor radio. If there has been no change, a replacement will be sent to Puang.

Sergeant Cullinane noticed that the trench was vacant except for the girl and himself. Up the street, the guard was ducking into doorways

"4. Give this your immediate attention.

"5. Native brides don't count."

It was signed by none other than Major General Roland C. Stuart, Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps himself.

Sergeant Cullinane bounced to his feet, and with long, purposeful strides stalked up the sandy, lone street of Puang. At the head of the nameless thoroughfare stood the mission house, church and school, all in one.

It was a house stanchly built, with pillars cut from thick coconut palms, and on the veranda stood a blue-eyed girl whose fair skin had tanned to a golden, coppery shade. She stood there, dressed in brown slacks and a white shirt open at the throat, sturdy as the mission itself. She watched the progress of Sergeant Cullinane with open amazement and, as he came up the steps in two swift jumps, cried: "Dennis, what on earth has happened?"

"Peggy," he began, looking down on her from his full six-foot odd, "we have been friends a long time, haven't we?"

"In a way," she replied suspiciously.

"And you know I love you, Peggy."

SHE reflected for a moment, and then said, her eyes beginning to smolder: "I suppose, in your quaint way, you love me. But there are other things you love better. I refer to that hammock of yours, in which you spend your useless life. And I refer to that vile concoction you drink from morning till night, which you make in that still you think is so well hidden on the north cove."

"That is a fine drink," flared Sergeant Cullinane. "I make it from coconut milk and those wild berries that grow on the north end. I call it Puang juice, because I have not been able to think of a better name."

"Dennis," she demanded, "why did you come to see me, half running?"

"I want you to marry me. It is very important. The Navy Department says that if I do not get married I will have to leave Puang, and I will never see you again."

Sergeant Cullinane looked upon the face of Peggy Towson and started backing down the steps.

"You lazy, unspeakable brute!" she exploded. "I would not marry you if you were the last man on Puang!"

"But I am the last man on Puang," he protested, even as the Reverend Towson poked his round, pleasant face from a window, stared at them through horn-rimmed glasses, and said quietly:

(Continued on page 30)

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PICTURES, INC.

Donna Rachele Mussolini, wife of Italy's dictator, with her daughter and son-in-law, the Count and Countess Galeazzo Ciano. Standing behind them is Party Secretary Achille Starace

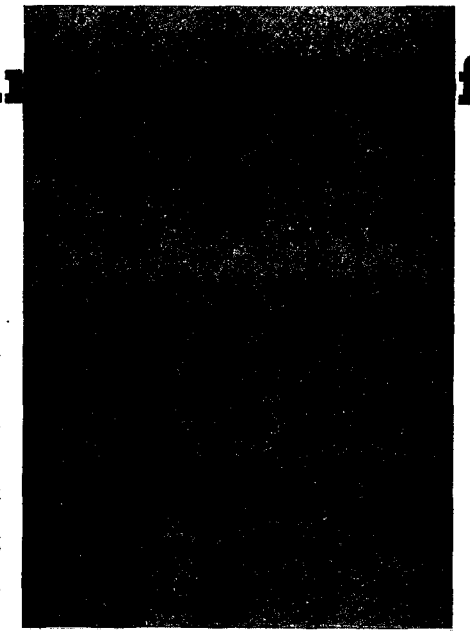
The Care and Feeding of a Dictator

SHE could have caviar and those delicate cocktail biscuits that come in soldered tins all the way from England. But she prefers bread and onions. For, to Donna Rachele Guidi Mussolini, *pane e cipolla* represents toil and poverty and the humility common to those who stem from the spent soil of her Italy.

She has known back-breaking work and the hunger that comes in the wake of parched crops. The placid, rolling ruggedness of the Romagna is stamped on her face. She waddles when she walks, with the short, sure steps of the pack-burdened peasant. And she still eats onions.

Her husband, Benito, has wrought with force or persuasion many changes in the lives of 44,000,000 Italians in the past seventeen years, but he hasn't changed Rachele; neither her ways nor her diet. Benito has tried. Many have been his dictatorial dictums, well-meant but futile, to elevate the peasant Rachele to the stature of First Lady of Fascism. But it's been no go.

Rachele's only concession to her onion-hating husband has been to exercise wifely prudence to keep at a safe distance after she has eaten the lowly bulb so as not to offend his supersensitive olfactory nerves.



To keep at a safe and respectful distance from the man with whom she emerged from the undermost stratum of Italian life, in fact, seems to be Donna Rachele's main desire. Her place is in the kitchen, or hoeing in the garden, and, while her histrionic husband spellbinds the multitudes in Piazza Venezia from his balcony pulpit, Donna Rachele is washing the dishes or feeding her chickens in the back yard of their high-walled Villa Torlonia.

If she is aware of the unique job she holds as the world's only wife of a major dictator, charged with the care and feeding of one of Europe's destiny-shapers, Rachele gives no sign of that awareness. In a country where only the women of the now decadent aristocracy can truthfully say they do not know the sight or smell of the scullery or the laundry, Rachele shares with millions of other wives the position assigned to them by tradition. She cooks, she sews, bears children and is quite happy.

The lowly state of woman in Italy is probably due to the fact that all Italian males are fundamentally Mussolinis. Latin masculine philosophy about women was probably best expressed by Il Duce himself in a remark he made to a friend of the writer.

"Women," said Mussolini, "are like the parenthesis in a sentence. Leave out the brackets and the *meaning* is unchanged."

This same superior Mussolini, however, to whom women are superfluous punctuation marks, finds comfort in stroking the hand of his wife as they sit in the library watching Romano, aged nine, and Anna Maria, seven, play on the hearthrug.

Mussolini doesn't like to admit the extent of Donna Rachele's influence upon him, and of this I have personal experience. I once asked him if he ever talked things over with his wife before making a new move in the diplomatic chess game. He roared at me:

"No—*mai*—never!"

He looked at me as though I were slightly unbalanced, regarding me pityingly as an inferior sort of male.

Women have played an important role in his life. It was Donna Margherita Sarfatti, an auburn-haired and once beautiful Venetian, who is credited with having opened Mussolini's eyes to art, music and books. She, more than anyone, strove to prevent this political genius from becoming a lopsided personality. He learned French at her insistence and it was Lady Muriel Chamberlain, sister-in-law of the present British Prime Minister, who inspired Mussolini to learn English. Recently it was discovered Madame Sarfatti is a Jewess and she is now in exile in Paris.

Up from the Scullery

Rachele and Benito both were born in the Romagna region, near Forli. Benito was born in Predappio and Rachele near by in a mud hut, some fifty-two years ago. Her story is that of any other Italian peasant girl—poverty, hunger, cold, rags and work. She was the daughter of Agostino and Anna Guidi, both typical of millions of their kind. The death of the father wrought the first major change in Rachele's destiny.

The widow Guidi went to work as cook and servant in the *trattoria* of Allessandro Mussolini, Benito's radical father, who supplemented meager wages as a blacksmith by operating the inn. Rachele, skinny, slatternly and grimy, worked with her mother as a menial.

It was in the atmosphere of plot and intrigue of the tavern, a meeting place of the socialistic peasants of the Romagna, that Benito and Rachele first met. Rachele combed her ash-blond hair, brushed it until it shone, put on a clean apron, tightened the laces of her bodice and went after her man. In the tavern kitchen, redolent of wine and thick with the smell of hams that cured in the rafters, their troth was pledged.

The wise eyes of the widow Guidi noticed Rachele's growing interest in the wild-eyed youth who already was being chased by the police and was making a name for himself as an agitator. Anna Guidi consulted with Benito's mother, Rosa Maltoni Mussolini, to whom everyone deferred because she was the learned one of the community, the schoolteacher.

Rosa Maltoni became attached to the girl. She taught Rachele whenever the scullion wasn't mopping floors or scraping grease from tavern tables. Rachele learned to read the newspapers and, today, the morning papers, a few magazines of the true-confessions type and movie journals provide the sole literary fare of Italy's "First Lady."

In 1912, Benito and Rachele moved to Milan. There were times when there wasn't money to pay the rent and their daughter Edda, their first child, howled because she was hungry. Even when

(Continued on page 42)

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Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now

By J. Richard (Dixie) Davis

It was murderous business, the so-called "Americanization" of the mobs. Scores of immigrants died in the mass slaughter which extended from coast to coast. How the job was done is disclosed in this, the third of a series of six articles by "the Kid Mouthpiece" of the underworld

III

A CAR full of cops swung across in front of my big Cadillac and forced us into the curb. A little detective jumped out and walked over to us. I recognized him. His name was Salke. He was plenty sore.

"What you mugs doing?" he growled, flipping back his lapel to show his badge.

Bo Weinberg got out of the car and hunched his shoulders at Salke, very tough. He was the ace killer in Dutch Schultz's mob. Salke was one cop Bo hated.

"Listen, cop," said Bo, pointing his big forefinger toward Salke's badge. "That potsy is what makes you a tough guy. Take it off, and I'll sock you right in the sconce."

Salke fanned Bo quickly over the hips and under the arms, to see whether he had a gun, then turned to us in the car. I was in the back with Marty Krompier.

I couldn't blame Salke for being mad. We had spent the evening with Dutch Schultz, who was a fugitive from justice, hiding right here in New York and still running all his rackets full blast. Cops and federal men had been tailing us for months, trying to find where the Dutchman was hiding. This night as usual we had given them the slip. That burned Salke up.

"Listen, Salke," Bo went on, "I'm a private citizen and I got a right to be out on the street, day or night, and not be bothered."

"He's right, Officer," I said. "If you want to arrest 'em and make charges, go ahead. Otherwise you have no right to bother these boys."

"Who the hell do you think you are?" yelled Salke.

"I'm their lawyer," I said.

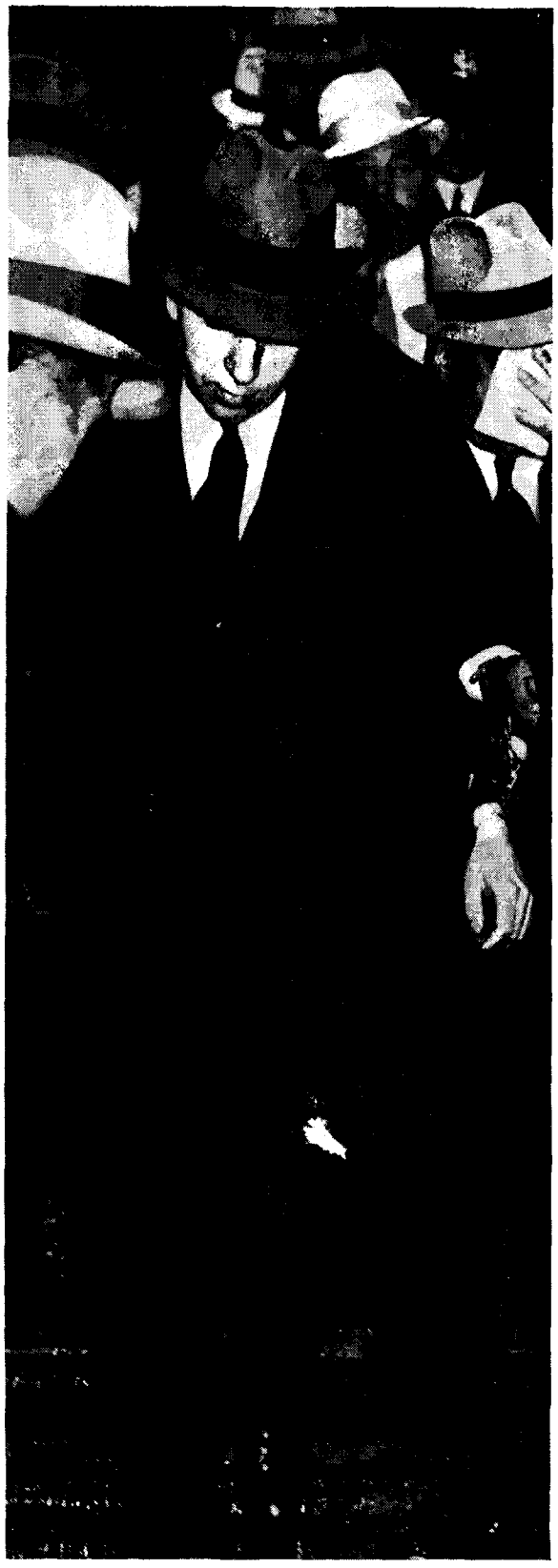
"Well, you ain't practicing law around Broadway and Times Square at two o'clock in the morning," said Salke, contemptuously.

If I had only known it, the cop was giving me a valuable tip. The way to practice criminal law is to see the criminals only in your own office, and then you can get away with plenty. But in those days I was too cocky. I was serving the mobsters day and night, making them not only my clients but also my pals.

"Salke," broke in Bo Weinberg, "nobody's going to pin no medals on you. We moved you once and we're going to move you again. You're going to be back in a bag on Staten Island. Harness will look fine on you."

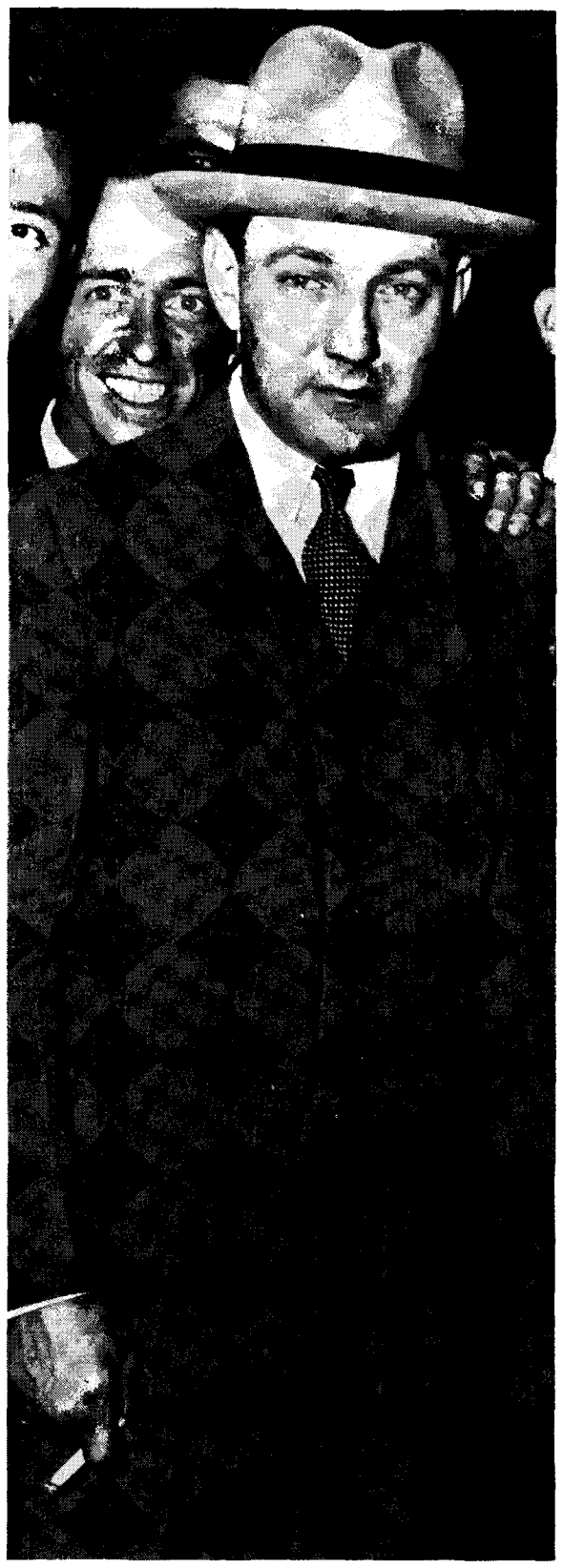
Bo was not bluffing. And Salke knew it. Once before Salke had been transferred out of the Bronx for interfering with the Schultz mob. And within a week after this present run-in the police commissioner ordered Salke off the chief inspector's squad. Salke had his potsy, but we had Jimmy Hines, who was such a powerful Tammany politician he could order the whole police force around.

The unusual thing about this incident was that the transfer didn't stick. Salke had been assigned to help



ACME

Charles "Lucky" Luciano, New York vice overlord now serving a 30-year prison term. Luciano organized coast-to-coast intermob co-operation. Below, Bo Weinberg, Dutch Schultz's first lieutenant



Dutch Schultz at the height of his power began to see himself as a scheming, Napoleonic figure. He refused to believe repeal of prohibition would affect his business. Below, Racketeer Waxey Gordon

WIDE WORLD

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WIDE WORLD

Dixie Davis in 1938, after he pleaded guilty to sharing in the policy racket and became principal witness against Jimmy Hines. Below, Joe Masseria, murdered head of the New York Unione Siciliana

INTERNATIONAL

a little prosecutor at the federal building named Thomas E. Dewey, and when Dewey heard about the order he sent word to the police commissioner that if Salke were transferred the commissioner was going to get a chance to explain it before a federal grand jury. Salke stayed on the job, tapping our wires, tailing us, trying desperately but vainly to find the Dutchman.

It is amazing, looking back at it. Schultz was indicted for tax evasion in January, 1933, but he got the jump on the federals and dropped out of sight. For two solid years he remained a fugitive, while staying right in New York City.

At the time we had our clash with Salke, Schultz was still selling beer, though prohibition was dying. Restaurant and night-club owners were paying him thousands of dollars to avoid union trouble and stink bombs in their places at mealtimes.

And Schultz's policy racket was at the crest, doing a gross business of $65,000 a day. Schultz's regular take out of policy was $5,000 a week, but that wasn't all.

The Dutchman grabbed the reserve profits, too. For instance, Big Harry Schoenhaus was running one of the several banks in the combination, and he had his safe-deposit box piled up right to the top with currency, $200,000 of it. He complained that he was too crowded with money.

"Better give me that, Harry; I'll keep it for you," said the Dutchman. So Harry bundled up $150,000, trustingly gave it to Schultz, and never saw a dollar of it again. When bad luck started hitting his bank, he had to scrape up money elsewhere to pay off.

The Dutchman did the same with Pompez, Ison and the other bankers. He always watched the accounts, and they did not dare hold out on him.

I was in all this up to the ears. I acquired almost a monopoly of the policy arrests as the backbone for my law practice, raised the price to fifty dollars a case and turned the work over to my assistants. I was attorney for the racketeer-dominated Local No. 16 of the Waiters' Union that Schultz used to put on the heat for restaurant shakedowns. But most of the time I was trying to straighten out the Dutchman's income-tax case. I had to see him once a week at least.

Some cynics thought the cops were not really looking for Schultz, but they were, the best cops and the best federal men. We outwitted them easily.

How to Shake off Cops

That night when we met Salke, for instance, we started out early, as usual; Bo, Marty and I. Bo was driving. He eased the car up Broadway until we got to Columbia University, then turned off into a little short street, where the professors lived, called Claremont Avenue. There was no traffic there, so we could see what was going on behind us. Sure enough, along came a car with four men in it.

Bo turned back downtown, dodging back and forth in side streets. He ran through a red light, and a car followed us right through. There were only two men in sight this time. Two men had ducked down on the floor to fool us.

It was the theater rush hour now, and Bo headed for Times Square. He took the car in fast, weaving through traffic. It was wonderful how Bo could squeeze a big car through tight places, shouldering others out of the way, leaving a snarl of traffic behind. It always gave me a thrill.

He went back and forth, into the thickest of it, then swung east and up into the residential Sixties.

Bo turned the wrong way through a one-way street, and nobody came behind. He ran through a couple more red lights to be certain. Everything was okay. We had shaken the tail.

Bo stepped on the gas and headed for the Bronx. Up there, in a remote garage, we had another car, registered by a fellow who was not identified with the mob, which was never used for anything but the final stage of the journey to Schultz.

This was the ultimate refinement the Dutchman had figured out to keep from being found. We could not go near him in any of our cars, because the cops knew them all. We drove down to the Dutchman's apartment, at 89th Street and Riverside Drive. Bo Weinberg himself lived just a couple of blocks around the corner, but he would never think of going near Schultz, or leaving him, without going through all this rigamarole.

We found the Dutchman sitting there in his shirt sleeves, unshaven, playing pinochle with his two beer partners, Henry Stevens and Sailor Ahearn, who were then hiding out with him. The radio was blasting away, but nobody was listening. They were very bored with pinochle, with the radio, with one another. They had a mobster's wife cooking for them, and were becoming pretty well bored with the food, too.

"Hello, Sonny Boy," said the Dutchman to me. "What's new?"

"I've been down to Washington again," I said. "But it's no soap. They say you've got to surrender and go to trial."

"Dick, " he said, "these four walls is driving me nuts. You gotta straighten this out. A quarter million isn't too much for the guy that can deliver. But he's got to deliver."

I told him there was so much evidence in this case that it was tough to fix. He insisted on trying to settle. He didn't know what physical fear was, but he was scared of prison.

"Last night," the Dutchman went on, "I read every item there was in the paper, even the want ads. And then this morning I just had to get out. Say, take a look at the getup." He grabbed a derby off the mantel and put it on; it was far too big, and rested down on his ears, which stuck out fanwise. He put on a pair of horn-rim spectacles, hunching his shoulders. He looked then very little like an underworld boss.

"Umbrella peddler?" I said.

"Maybe something like that," he said. "But I couldn't stand it long outside either. Too many cops know me."

"Say, I've got some good news for you," I said. "I saw Nick the Greek and he is interested."

Schultz Becomes a Father

The Dutchman brightened up, and suddenly he was all high pressure and enthusiasm.

The deal with Nick the Greek, a professional gambler, was for the purchase of the Piping Rock Club, one of the nation's swankiest gambling joints in Saratoga, New York. The deal went through and Schultz had the Piping Rock during both the summers he was on the lam.

There was one other thing that really cheered the Dutchman up for a while that summer.

"Come in here," he said when I arrived one night, and led me into the bedroom. There, of all things, was a little crib and in it was a red, new baby.

"Arthur, this is wonderful!" I exclaimed. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"She's a girl, Sonny Boy," said the proud father. "And you're having a very special honor. Her name is Davis Flegenheimer."

It really gave me a kick, having the kid named for me.

Schultz had the kid with him in his hide-out for two weeks. He was very fond of children. When I first knew him, he had adopted a little boy, a cute little tyke about three years old, with blond hair and blue eyes. They called him Arthur.

At that time the Dutchman was living with a girl named Iva, but later she ran away from him, taking along another man, the little boy and $75,000 she was holding for Schultz. But the Dutchman didn't raise any fuss, because he had already taken up with Frances, mother of the new baby, who had been a hat-check girl in a mob joint in 46th Street.

The Dutchman's parental pride, by the way, was to cause him some embarrassment at a later date, if I may get momentarily ahead of my story. After he had surrendered, and while he was being tried, he announced proudly to the newspapermen that he had just become the father of a fine boy.

"Arthur, are you crazy?" I cried when I saw this in the papers. "You were a fugitive up until six months ago. You go telling things like this and you'll have Frances indicted for harboring a fugitive from justice."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Schultz, and rushed out to see the reporters again, denying vehemently that he had ever made such an announcement, denying that he had a son.

During the two years he was on the lam, I was his main contact with Jimmy Hines, for Hines preferred being seen with me rather than with members of the mob. We used to go to the races together a couple of times a week. We always had tickets to the clubhouse, but did not go there. We would sit in the top of the grandstand and, except on crowded days, we had the place all to ourselves—Jimmy Hines and his retinue. Hines was always losing, betting on impossible long shots, and drawing on me for the money. I thought it was swell to be getting this close to the political big shot. But I was being taken, by an expert.

Hines and I used to talk politics a lot. He had a big red chair in the den at his house where he would sit, and I would sit on the little red footstool. He would be in his underwear and bare feet. He never wore slippers around the house, had the toughest feet of any man I ever knew. He used to lament about the stupidity of Tammany, *(Continued on page 43)*

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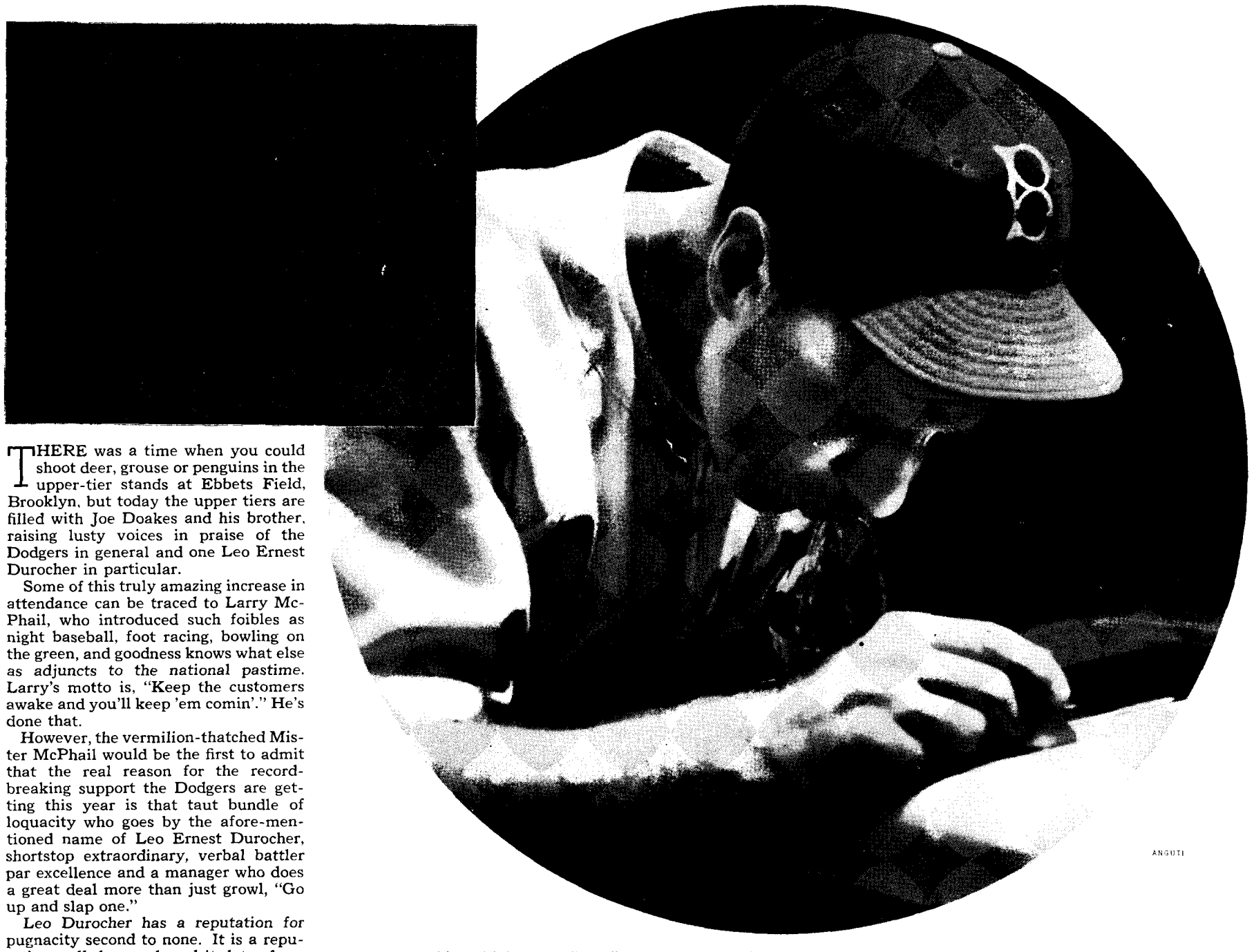

ANGUTI

THERE was a time when you could shoot deer, grouse or penguins in the upper-tier stands at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, but today the upper tiers are filled with Joe Doakes and his brother, raising lusty voices in praise of the Dodgers in general and one Leo Ernest Durocher in particular.

Some of this truly amazing increase in attendance can be traced to Larry McPhail, who introduced such foibles as night baseball, foot racing, bowling on the green, and goodness knows what else as adjuncts to the national pastime. Larry's motto is, "Keep the customers awake and you'll keep 'em comin'." He's done that.

However, the vermilion-thatched Mister McPhail would be the first to admit that the real reason for the record-breaking support the Dodgers are getting this year is that taut bundle of loquacity who goes by the afore-mentioned name of Leo Ernest Durocher, shortstop extraordinary, verbal battler par excellence and a manager who does a great deal more than just growl, "Go up and slap one."

Leo Durocher has a reputation for pugnacity second to none. It is a reputation well deserved, and it dates from the first day of his first full season with the Yankees, which was 1928. The Yanks opened in Philadelphia with the Athletics that year and Ty Cobb was playing out his string with the A's. Tony Lazzeri had hurt his arm and Huggins asked Leo if he had ever played second base.

"Sure, Hug," Leo said confidently, "I've played it more than I have shortstop."

Parenthetically it might be noted that Mr. Durocher seldom had seen second base, even via the base-hit route. So the Yanks opened with a rookie who had never played the position on second base.

Babe Ruth said to Leo, "Listen, kid, if that Cobb rides you, here's what to say to him; say, 'Listen, you penny-pinching . . .' "

The game wasn't very old before Cobb got a base hit. It was two out and Tris Speaker, also playing out his string, was at bat. He slashed a grounder between second and first. Before the ball had hit the bat Cobb was off. Durocher came in for the ball and he met it on the base path. Leo gave Cobb a gentle push with his hip. Cobb had to lose a split second and then run around him. Durocher fielded the ball, shot it to second, and Cobb was an easy out.

With cold fury Cobb turned to Durocher and said, "If you ever do that again I'll cut your legs off."

Durocher remembered his instructions from the Babe. He drew a deep breath and in a shrill voice that could be heard from here to there yelled, "Say, listen, you penny-pinching old (censored) . . ."

He went on from there. Cobb was wild, and he shouted back that he'd be waiting under the grandstand after the game. He was, too, but as he came up to make mincemeat out of Leo the huge bulk of Babe Ruth intervened.

"Look, Ty, you wouldn't hit a kid, would you?" the Babe wheedled. "Look at the size of him. He didn't know what he was saying. Now, kid, you run along to the clubhouse and get dressed."

"Me calling Ty Cobb anything was great, wasn't it?" he grins now. "He was the best there ever was and I should have called him Mr. Cobb. You see, Ty had sense enough to save his money and invest it and today he's wealthy. Some of the guys who used to call him 'penny-pincher' are looking for jobs as coaches in very minor leagues.

"It was Babe Ruth's fault. That's how he played the game, God bless him. He'd get me into an average of two fights a game, but he'd always get me out of them. He got me out of a thousand fights."

How Ballplayers Are Born

Funny thing about Leo: he wouldn't be playing ball today if it hadn't been for a big kindly Negro factory worker up in West Springfield, Massachusetts. His name was David Red.

Leo had four brothers and all of them played ball. During the early 1920's the industrial leagues in New England outdrew many organized minor leagues. Every factory had its ball club; every factory owner liked to bet on his team.

Leo was working for the Wyco Electric Company learning to make motorcycle batteries, and of course playing shortstop for the team. One day he got a letter from Jim Clark, who managed the Hartford team, asking him to report for a tryout. Leo laughed at that. Why, Hartford was just about the best team in the world. He told big David Red about the letter and also added that he was not going.

But big David Red, who worked alongside of Leo, decided otherwise. "Listen, boy, that's your chance. Get on down there to Hartford."

"But that's a fast league," Leo protested. "Why, even Benny Traske couldn't make it. Neither could his brother Eddie, and there's the two best ballplayers I ever saw."

"Listen, boy," big David Red said, "you go to Hartford and try out like Mr. Clark says. I'm telling you, boy, you're as good as any of them. Yes, suh."

Leo listened for a couple of days and then the Negro's persuasiveness won him over. He decided to go to Hartford.

That was 1925 and Leo has been playing professional baseball ever since. Hartford was a Yankee farm and at the end of the season the Yanks brought Leo down to look him over.

He was the freshest rookie ever to come up to the big show, and he was with one of the toughest of all clubs. Ruth and Meusel and Aaron Ward and Joe Dugan were always ready to throw a punch at almost anyone. Those Yankees had just won the 1927 pennant and had climaxed it by murdering the Pirates in four straight games. This was a rough, hell-bent-for-leather club and Durocher fitted in fine.

At first the players, who didn't like rookies much, didn't like Durocher, but after that opening game when he put the blast on Cobb and after Ruth had put his stamp of approval on the kid he was in.

A Tribute to Miller Huggins

"I was lucky to break in under Hug," Leo says now. "A lot of people thought that the players ran Hug. That wasn't true. We all felt pretty bad when Hug went. We were playing on a raw, cold day in 1929. I went into the locker room between games. Hug was standing there in front of a mirror looking worried and fingering a sore spot on his cheek.

"He said, 'I don't feel very well,' and the way he said it scared me. I said, 'Go on home, Hug, we'll win this next one without you.' So Hug went home and a few days later he was dead. We missed Hug a lot. Me especially. Hell, he made a ballplayer out of me. In his quiet way he could teach you more than almost anyone. Hug made you play better than you knew how."

That winter Leo had a run-in with Ed Barrow, who didn't like pop-off kids much. Leo didn't like the contract that was offered him and he told Barrow. Barrow told him, "Take it or leave it."

Leo said, "I'll leave it," and then he slammed the door of Barrow's office—hard.

Barrow had him waived out of the league in about two minutes. Before

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Flotsam

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

The Story Thus Far:

OUSTED from Germany, because his father is a Jew, nineteen-year-old Ludwig Kern—separated from his parents in the course of his wanderings and with no rights of citizenship in any country—tries to hide in Vienna. But the authorities find him, and—with a new-made friend, Josef Steiner (likewise a victim of German persecution)—he is escorted into Czechoslovakia and told never to return.

Steiner, a self-reliant veteran of the World War, steals back to Vienna. Kern pushes on to Prague. And again he makes a friend. This time it is a girl: Ruth Holland. A Jewess, she too had been forced to get out of Germany. Because she is lonely, she welcomes Kern's timid advances. And happy in each other's company, they are together often. . . . Kern's father is in hiding in Prague. He calls on his son. He has aged greatly—the boy is shocked by his appearance. He is, he says, managing to exist by keeping books for a coal dealer. When he slips away, Kern feels sure that they will never meet again.

Ruth's permit to stay in Czechoslovakia is expiring. Kern sees her off on the train for Vienna. Then, a few days later, he follows her. Arrived in the great Austrian city, he is lucky enough to encounter Steiner, who informs him that he is working in an amusement park—as a magician by day and a watchman by night. He insists that Kern be his guest for the night. And presently the two men are in Steiner's "home"—a gypsy wagon in the amusement park.

V

DIRECTOR POTZLOCH was a lively little man with a ragged mustache and eyeglasses that were always slipping off. He was constantly in a great rush, particularly when there was nothing to do.

"Quick, what's up?" he asked as Steiner and Kern appeared.

"We need another assistant," Steiner explained. "To act as a cleaning man during the day and help with the telepathic experiments in the evening. Here he is." He pointed to Kern.

"Is he any good?"

"He's just what we need."

Potzloch squinted. "One of your friends? How much does he want?"

"Board, lodging and thirty schillings. For the time being."

"A fortune!" screamed Director Potzloch. "The salary of a movie star! Do you want to ruin me? Why, you'd pay almost that much to a legally resident day laborer," he added more calmly.

"I'll take the job without pay," Kern answered quickly.

"Bravo, young man! That's the way to become a millionaire. Only the modest get ahead in life." Potzloch blew through his nose, grinning, and made a quick grab for his slipping glasses. "But you little know Leopold Potzloch, the last of the philanthropists. You will receive wages, fifteen schillings cash a month. Wages, I say, dear friend. Wages, not salary. From today on you are an artist. Fifteen schillings wages are more than a thousand in salary. Has he any special talents?"

"I can play the piano a little," Kern said.

Potzloch jammed the glasses violently onto his nose. "Can you play softly; set the proper mood for an act?"

"My soft music is better than my loud."

"Good!" Potzloch suddenly turned into a field marshal. "Have him practice something Egyptian. In the scene where the mummy is sawed in two and the one with the woman who ends at the waist we can use a little music. *Allons, enfants*—"

He disappeared. Steiner looked at Kern and shook his head sadly. "You confirm my theories," he said. "I have always considered the Jews the dumbest and the most blindly trustful people in the world. We could easily have got thirty schillings out of him."

Kern smiled. "There's one thing you don't take into account—the feeling of panic that a couple of thousand years of pogroms and ghettos have bred into us. If you make allowance for that, the Jews are really insanely brash."

Steiner grinned. "All right. All right. Come along now and eat. We're going to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles. Lilo's a marvelous cook."

POTZLOCH'S show consisted of three parts: a carrousel, a shooting gallery and the Panorama of the Wonders of the World. Steiner immediately introduced Kern to the first part of his duties. He was to sweep out the carrousel and polish the brass parts of the horses' trappings. Kern went to work with enthusiasm. He didn't stop with the horses but went on to the stags, which careered to the music, and he also polished the swans and elephants. He was so absorbed in his job that he did not hear Steiner come up. "Come along, kid, time for lunch."

"Are we going to eat again?"

Steiner nodded. "Yes, again. You've got out of the habit, haven't you? Now you're among artists; they have the most bourgeois customs in the world. There's even a collation in the afternoon—coffee and cakes."

"This is Utopia," Kern replied, creeping out of his whale-drawn gondola. "Here's hoping it lasts a long time!"

"It's a lifetime job—at least for three months. Until it gets too cold."

Lilo had set up a shaky table on the grass in front of the gypsy wagon. She brought out a big dish, full of vegetable soup with meat in it, and joined Steiner and Kern at the table. It was clear weather with a hint of autumn in the air. Some pieces of laundry were hanging in the field and between them played a pair of greenish-yellow brimstone butterflies.

STEINER stretched his arms above his head. "A healthy life! And now off to the shooting gallery."

He showed Kern the guns and how to load them. "There are two kinds of marksmen," he explained, "the ambitious and the greedy."

"Just as in life," bleated Director Potzloch, who happened to be going by.

"Those with ambition try the trick shots," Steiner went on with his explanation. "They're not dangerous. The greedy ones want to win something." He pointed to the shelves in the background which were filled with Teddy bears, ash trays, bottles of wine, bronze figurines and a variety of household goods.

"And they are supposed to win something. Something from the lower shelves, to be exact. But if anyone gets fifty or above then he has a chance at the upper shelves, where the prizes are worth as much as ten schillings. In that case you put one of Director Potzloch's original magic cartridges in his gun. They look exactly like the others. We keep them right here at the side. The man will be astonished when he suddenly makes a

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GEORGE HOWE

Kern laid his hands around the slender neck in front of him and it came back eagerly to meet him

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Red Gardenias

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

They started up the stairs, keeping close to the wall on the right

The Story Thus Far:

WEALTHY old Simeon March, Marchton's leading citizen, suspects that his son, John, and his nephew, Richard—both killed by gas fumes—were murdered. He employs the brilliant William Crane to look into the matter. Crane—assisted by Ann Fortune, who poses as his wife, and Doc Williams—goes through the motions of holding down a job in Simeon's refrigerator company. And, accepted socially, he soon meets everyone who may give him information of value: Peter March, Simeon's son; Talmadge March, Richard's brother; Alice March, who had jilted Talmadge to marry Richard; Carmel March, John's beautiful widow; and Dr. Paul Woodrin, an old friend of the Marches.

The most obvious suspect is Carmel. Her favorite perfume is gardenia—and the scent of gardenia had been strong near the bodies of both victims! Pursuing his investigations, Crane establishes the fact that someone had murdered John and Richard by pumping carbon monoxide into their cars. . . . At a Country Club dance, Alice March tells Crane that Peter—in love with Carmel and jealous of Richard—had killed his cousin. While they are conversing, someone murders Talmadge March *by pumping carbon monoxide into his car!*

A short time later, Simeon is found—apparently dying of carbon-monoxide poisoning—in his garage. He is rushed to City Hospital. Realizing that the killer is sure to make another attempt on the old man's life, if he believes that Simeon will recover, Crane cleverly inveigles an afternoon paper into announcing that the old gentleman will be all right in the morning.

That night Crane secretes himself in the old man's hospital room—and waits. The room is dark. At about three o'clock, a man steals in, prepares to give Simeon a hypodermic injection. Crane turns on the light, covers the "intruder"—Dr. Woodrin. And Woodrin has been attending Simeon, making desperate efforts to save him. Later, a large woman tiptoes in. When she sees Crane, she produces a revolver. A lively gun battle ensues, and the woman succeeds in reaching the automatic elevator. As the elevator starts down, Crane rushes to a telephone and sends orders to some guards he has stationed below to detain the woman.

Conclusion

CRANE dropped the receiver. Miss Edens was bending over the floor nurse.

"Is she dead?" he asked.

"I don't think so."

The golden arrow reached I, promptly starting up again. Gray smoke swirled through the corridor. Miss Edens lifted the nurse's head, pushed a black leather chair pad under it. The nurse moaned softly. The golden arrow passed II.

Crane stared at it. "She's coming back."

Miss Edens said, "She's not!"

Crane looked at the .38. He had two shots. "Maybe she'll get off at three," he said.

The woman in 417 screamed. Her voice was shrill with terror; it made shivers run along Crane's spine. She screamed, caught her breath in a sob, screamed again.

The golden arrow went by III.

"You better get the hell out of here," Crane said to Miss Edens.

He pulled the reception desk from the wall, put a foot against one leg, with his free hand sent it to the floor on its side. Temperature charts zigzagged through the air; pencils, erasers, paper clips, chewing gum, a thermometer slid to the floor; the telephone smashed on the cement.

The woman in 417 screamed.

He slid the nurse's feet out of the way, knelt behind the table. The nurse had on half-length silk hose, her thighs were bare. He could see a light behind the semiopaque glass doors of the shaft. He steadied his revolver hand on the upper edge of the table. Miss Edens was standing in a doorway farther up the corridor.

With a metallic *click*, the elevator reached IV. Crane crouched behind the table, aimed the revolver at the door. Squeeze the trigger, he kept thinking, squeeze the trigger. The nurse was conscious. She watched him through eyes bright with fear.

The elevator door slid open and Alice March stepped into the corridor, a sweet smile on her plump face, white flowers in her arms, a floppy hat on her head.

IN THE porcelain-walled hospital canteen, Crane brooded over coffee liberally laced with whisky. He felt very bad. He blamed himself for the woman's escape; he still didn't know how to pin the crimes on the murderer; he felt he had failed Ann. He wished he wasn't a detective.

At his table, having coffee and hamburger sandwiches, was practically everyone in any way connected with the case. Dr. Rutledge had returned after four hours' sleep, and the others were staying all night in the hospital, despite the fact that Simeon March had passed his crisis a few minutes after the shooting and had briefly regained consciousness.

Alice March was telling the others in her sweet, malicious voice how she felt when she was confronted with Crane's revolver.

"I really thought he'd run amuck," she said. "Especially when I saw the *(Continued on page 38)*

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I Stick Pins in People

By Natalie Visart

Riveting armor on Henry Wilcoxon, coaxing Akim Tamiroff through a first fitting, costuming Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea —that's what Natalie Visart calls a job. She also admits it's a break

CHARLES KERLEE

Designer Natalie Visart fits Joel McCrea for his role in Union Pacific

I THINK they like it. But when I first present myself and say, "I am Natalie Visart, Mr. De Mille's designer, and we'd better discuss your clothes," the gentlemen inevitably look startled. Well, it is out of the ordinary, a female designing men's clothes even in Hollywood, where practically nothing is extraordinary.

Cecil B. De Mille is a name that is synonymous with historic epics. If your star or leading man is playing Caesar or Wild Bill Hickok, you can't say, "Just wear your sports clothes for this scene or are your tails in good condition?" That's where I come in. I coped, for instance, with Joel McCrea, Brian Donlevy and Bob Preston in Union Pacific. I know what you are thinking. "That's not work, that's a break." You're right. It is. However, they pay me for it so I call it a job.

Of course I do the women as well, but the men are more fun. I find they have confidence in a woman's opinion, and why not? I'm just one of the gals who's going to sit in a darkened theater and get palpitations. Besides, though they care about the general effect, men are never so fussy as women, though they, too, have their figure imperfections.

Are you gals surprised? Perhaps it never occurred to you, as you struggle with your too-narrow shoulders or your short waistline that men have those problems also. Well, they do. It wouldn't be professionally ethical for me to go into that little matter in detail, but rest assured it's true because I'm the lady who knows. Not all of them, of course. Take Joel. I've known him since the old Beach Club days when I used to see him playing volleyball, while droves of debs and subdebs followed, with adoring eyes, the McCrea body beautiful. So, when he was cast for the part of Jeff Butler in Union Pacific, I said to myself, "Visart, my girl, that means ten less gray hairs for you."

Of course not all the men whose costumes I make are the heroes. There are character actors like Akim Tamiroff, for instance. A first fitting with anyone is dismal, but with Tamiroff it assumes the proportions of a national calamity. He stands gloomily in front of the mirror, surveying himself with a suicidal eye.

"Eet stinks. I haf not enough stomach—my legs they are not bowlegged like the sketch—I haf no character—I look too new, too silly. The sketch, ah, the sketch is beautiful; it has character. But I, I am a musical comedy—" he groans.

In vain I explain that it is only a first fitting. That of course the costume isn't aged yet. That I will pad him more—slope the soles and heels of his shoes so that he will be more bowlegged.

He sadly shakes his head. "Eet stinks!" And we are submerged in Russian gloom the consistency of pea soup.

A fitting with Gary Cooper is sheer joy. No one could be more charming or easier to work with. I will never forget one morning on The Plainsman. I arrived at Mr. Cooper's dressing room to see him dressed in the finished costume before he left for the set. He stepped into the living room. We exchanged cheerful good mornings and then I began my inspection. My eyes got as far as his knees and—I blanched! From the knees to the moccasins, something was dreadfully wrong. His legs seemed to be on backward and bowlegged at the same time.

"Gary," I said when I could manage to speak, "what is the matter with your leggings?"

He glanced down, yawned a little and said, "I think they made them backward."

It was then about a quarter to nine and he was due on the set at nine promptly. I knew that the job of remaking the leather leggings would take at least half an hour. I was frantic. We sent for the leathermaker and the little man arrived in nothing flat, breathless and almost apoplectic. His hands shook and so did mine. But Gary was superbly unperturbed; and as we ripped and pinned we calmed down, too. We got the job done quickly and the leggings whisked away to be stitched in a hurry.

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Hot Shot from Texas

By Roark Bradford

Play Mamma manages the build-up of a glamor boy

The river-bottom cotton scared him and he almost wished he had not run away from Della

THE small, meek stranger looked smaller than he actually was. His neck turtled out of the new, stiff overall jumper, and a new pull-down cap engulfed his simian-shaped head. He came up to ask for a job as Giles, the foreman of Little Bee Bend Plantation, was supervising the spotting of empty cotton wagons along the turnrow.

"Whar de bossman at?" the stranger wanted to know.

"You kin tawk to me to de bossman git hyar," Giles answered. "Speak."

"I hyars," fumbled the little man uncertainly, "dat y'all needs some cotton pickers."

Giles studied the applicant. True, he did need cotton pickers and the requirements were few.

But this strange little man wore brand-new overalls, new shoes and a new cap: When a man left the chain gang up in Arkansas, he usually got a new outfit like that; and the last chain-gang graduate Giles had hired turned out to be a troublemaker.

"Us might need a heap er things," Giles said, "which us kin weary along widout hirin'."

The stranger shifted his weight. "Yessuh," he said sadly. "I figgered hit might be like dat. Only I sorter hoped I c'd git me a job—"

His throat went dry and, try as he would, no further word came. It had taken him four days and a heap of practice to work up enough nerve to come and ask for the job, and before he was half finished with the asking his voice had left him.

"Kin you pick cotton?" Giles demanded.

"Y-y-yassuh," the little man stammered.

"You ain't got to lie to me," Giles told him. "Hold out yo' hands."

THE man's hands were gnarled and calloused, but his fingers were long and tapering and the cup of his palms set well back toward the wrists.

"Yep," Giles concluded, "you got hit in you to pick cotton. Fo' hund'ed a day wid dem hands, efn you knuckles down. And us got a heap er cotton to pick. I'm gonter give you a job, and we pay six bits a hund'ed."

The little man almost grinned and tried to say something by way of expressing his thanks, but Giles talked him down.

"Us is mostly church fo'ks around hyar," the foreman told him warningly.

"I ain't no rogue," the little man said weakly.

"I ain't axed you," Giles snapped. "I'm tellin' you, I hired a rogue dressed up in new overhalls like you, one time, and befo' I got done wid him, he wished he was back up yonder in Arkansas, draggin' a ball and chain. And one bit er roguin' outn you, and I'll give you some er de same."

"I ain't no rogue," the stranger repeated.

"Efn I b'lieve what fo'ks tells me," Giles said, "ain't nobody no rogue. You might be and den agin you might not be. But as long as you minds yo' business, and picks cotton for me, well, you might be f'm Texas, 'stid er de chain gang, for all I knows. Is dat satisfied?"

"Yassuh," agreed the little man eagerly. "But I ain't never been on—"

"I'm speakin," Giles cut in. "I don't want to hyar you say whar you ain't never been. I don't hardly never hire chain-gang niggers, cause mostly dey be's evil. Den, on de yuther hand, hit's a heap er good cotton pickers comes f'm Texas. So I says you's f'm Texas, and you don't say nothin'. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh."

Giles turned in his saddle. "You, Doc!" he called. "Give ole Hot Shot f'm Texas one er dem twelve-foot sacks, cause he claim he pickin' fo' hund'ed pounds er cotton befo' de sun go down."

The man walked over to the wagon to get his sack.

"Hot Shot!" he repeated to himself in bewilderment. "F'm Texas."

It seemed foolish. His name was Albert and he came from the hills of Red River parish. That talk about chain gangs because he had on new clothes—that was strictly foolishness.

"I buyed my overhalls and shoes in Coushatta," he mumbled. "Wid my own cash money dat Della had done hid under de hearth f'm me." His mind made a picture of Della and a sour taste came into his mouth. "Unh!" he grunted.

"Hyar yo' sack, Hot Shot," the man on the wagon told him. The longest cotton sack he had ever seen fell awkwardly over Hot Shot's head and shoulders.

"Hold on, Doc," Giles ordered. "You, Hot Shot, git dat sack on yo' neck and git to pickin'. And you, Doc, leave him be."

As soon as the new man was out of earshot, Giles explained: "A nigger fresh offn de chain gang might kill somebody, and I ain't gonter have no killin' take place ontwell us git dis cotton picked out."

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"Dat de way hit is, hunh?" Doc was impressed.

"You mind yo' business," Giles advised, "and he ain't gonter bother you none."

Hot Shot unwound the long sack, adjusted the strap on his shoulder and walked over to the first unpicked row of cotton. He was amazed. The stalks were high as his head, and the limbs from one row lapped over the limbs from the next. Opened bolls ranged from a few inches above the ground to near the top of the stalks. Hot Shot had heard tall tales about the river-bottom cotton but he had never put much stock in them. Where he came from, cotton seldom grew even waist-high and there was always plenty of open space between the rows. The river-bottom cotton scared him and he almost wished he had not run away from Della and the scanty knee-high crop he had left.

Giles came up. "I reckon you been used to takin' two rows at a time," he said, "but us takes a row-and-a-grab, down hyar. Hit's mo' pleasurable. You takes a row and a lady takes a row, wid a odd row betwixt you. Den de one which git his own row picked ahead, turn and grab offn de grab row. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh," said Hot Shot.

"Us got us some pretty fair cotton pickers," Giles continued, "but us only got two *ray-ly* good'ns. Joe Boody and Newman Dyke. Dey kin git fo' hund'ed pound a day in dis kind er cotton. Efn you outpicks 'em, I'll give you a dollar extra."

"Yassuh," said Hot Shot. Nobody where he had come from could pick half that much in a single day in his life.

"Hyar, Play Mamma," Giles called. "Come hyar and grab wid Hot Shot."

THE willowy little black woman came over, adjusting her sack.

"Hy-dy, Stuff," she greeted.

"And you?" replied Hot Shot politely.

Play Mamma stepped into the second middle. "Dey calls me Play Mamma," she volunteered, "on account er I'm so friendly with might' nigh ev'ybody."

"De man yonder call me Hot Shot," the new man explained, "on account er he say I'm f'm Texas and got to pick fo' hund'ed pounds."

Play Mamma nodded wisely. "Efn Giles say you's Hot Shot f'm Texas, well, dat's all okay wid me. Hit was man comed hyar last fall, name er Bulger. He claim he f'm Texas, too, but when de law found him, he had done kilt a man and broke away f'm de Arkansas chain gang."

"Did, hunh?"

"Yea-uh," Play Mamma giggled. "Kilt a man. Kilt two mens. He kilt a man to git on de chain gang and den kilt a man to git offn hit. Dat great big ole handsome devil. But he didn't do much tawkin', neither. He jest picked cotton and grunted stuff like 'Did, hunh?' at me when I was tawkin' to him. Nobody didn't know he was bad ontwell de law comed and got him. But he was bad, jest like I bet you's bad."

Hot Shot could think of nothing to say. He only picked faster.

"You ain't big like him," Play Mamma went on, "but you looks stout."

"Yeah," said Hot Shot.

By noon, Hot Shot's reputation was set. Strict application to his job, linked with his natural ability, had filled his long sack many times. Each time his sack was weighed and emptied, Giles wrote down the poundage and grinned. "He a cotton-pickin' fool," Giles announced. "A cotton-pickin' fool!"

In the field, Play Mamma started another kind of talk. Hot Shot's grunts left Play Mamma's imagination unhampered latitude.

"Sho', he a cotton picker," she told Mamie T, who was picking near her. "But dat ain't what he ray'ly be's."

"What do he ray'ly be's?" Mamie T wanted to know.

"He ray'ly be's a little shut-mouf bad man," said Play Mamma.

"Mmm," said Mamie T. "Den maybe dat tale I hyared about him might' nigh killin' Doc, dis mawnin', ain't no lie."

"What tale is dat?" asked Play Mamma.

"I hyared," Mamie T related, "dat he didn't like de way Doc chunked his sack down offn de wagon. So dis little Hot Shot crawled right up after Doc."

"For a fack?" asked Play Mamma. "And what happened?"

"Nothin'," said Mamie T. "Cause by de time Hot Shot clam on de wagon, Doc was ha'fway to de barn."

By night Hot Shot was tired and hungry. He stood up, pulled his sack so *(Continued on page 35)*

People at once drew back, running to hide behind wagons or lying flat on the ground

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Part Payment

By Charles Hoffman

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Connie Whittaker made the mistake of giving the ardent young man a check. A case of blackmail and its antidote

ONE thing about Milo they will always tell you—they will always tell you that he is good to his friends.

They may tell you a lot of other things.

They may, for instance, tell you that he's a bounder or a blighter or a blasted fool. They may go into slightly stronger and more acid stuff, and tell you that he is a rat or a louse or a snake. Or they may even lapse into a strident and purple vernacular that is unrepeatable, but doubtlessly apt.

Milo is a society columnist. Rather he is *the* society columnist.

They will tell you that he is a dangerous enemy because the written word has a deadly power. They will tell you that he has a flattering list of foes, but they will never tell you that Consuela Whittaker is among them. The story of Consuela and Milo is a story that can be told a little later, but the story of Consuela (and Warren Whittaker, her husband) and Geoffrey Dravo is a story that begins now. It is a story that will never reach Milo's columns.

At last—after the endless trivialities of arrival—Consuela was beside Warren in the car, her gloved hand in his, the softness of her furs against his shoulder.

He said, "It's been in here, in me, like this, Consuela. And I want to get it out. Geoffrey Dravo!"

Consuela turned to him and smiled and patted his hand. Even when it had come to her over three thousand miles of ocean, that morning two weeks ago when she had sat at the little white desk holding the white phone and looking down at Hyde Park, green and damp, awakening to an English morning, his voice had sustained that same note.

That morning, she had said, "Warren . . . angel!"

And then, when he had sprung the question in that subject-predicate-object way he went about things, no fuss, no feathers, not even a warning ("Consuela, that you? What is this I hear about you and some fellow named Geoffrey Dravo?") She had laughed and said, "Warren, do you mean to tell me you called all the way over here for that?"

He said, "That's right. What is it?" And she replied, "He sculps, Warren. He's doing a bust of me, but that's all. Who's being nasty?"

His voice went lighter, easier, more relaxed, and he had said, "Oh, Consuela, I . . ." But he couldn't bring himself to say it (she knew); not, "I was jealous," or "I was afraid," or "This thing we have, Connie—I can't let it go!" So he hung a pause at the end of, "Oh, Consuela, I . . ." and she had said, "Darling, you can't have an affair when the traffic goes the wrong way. Now hang up and let me get some sleep, and I'll be home in two weeks to tell you all about it."

NOW the two weeks were over, those two weeks that had run such a gamut, and here his voice was beside her instead of over the transatlantic phone, and she was saying, "Warren, you're nothing but a silly boy. I met Geoffrey Dravo through Frances Mainwaring. You remember Frances. That one with the teeth. Geoffrey sculps, and he started a bust of me. But that is about what it was, so I let it go."

"And Geoffrey Dravo?"

"A very attractive young man. But he's only a child, Warren. He's five years younger than I am. I tried my best to start an affair, but it was no go. So here I am. Like that woman in Dodsworth, remember? Fay Bainter, wasn't it . . . ?"

He put his arm around her then, not as if they had been married eight, nine, ten years now, and they both caught the driver's eye in the rear-view mirror, watching them, turning away. They laughed.

But the morning columns had it, of course, as they always had it—people like Consuela and Warren and Geoffrey Dravo are public domain—and the gospel was spread in a terse black-and-whiteness that was both impersonal and private, casual and determined.

"Consuela Whittaker comes in on the Queen this morning. Are you meeting her, Warren? Or have you let this streamlined Donatello . . . ?"

"Are you declaring him at customs, Connie, or are you breaking him to Warren lightly?"

"Man-About-Manhattan" in the Post-Herald, "Heard-Around-Town" in the Gazette, "Footnotes" in the Globe (even Milo: "What are these whispers? Consuela and Warren? Impossible! But they do say . . ."). The morning papers had it, and two hours after she landed, Consuela scanned them at her dressing table. Warren had gone to his office. Behind her, Jenny, her maid, was unpacking what luggage had already come from the pier.

ACTUALLY, it had been very simple. Frances Mainwaring had said, "Connie, this is Geoffrey Dravo. He's fascinating, and young enough to be your son, and he hasn't a moral to his name." And then to Geoffrey, "This is Consuela Whittaker, Geoff. She was a New York model, and she married money, and that makes her *haut monde*. She'd love an affair, but at the end she might be very Butte, Montana. She was born there. Her mother had a laundry." And in that white room in the amazingly modern flat off Piccadilly, Consuela had looked up into those dark eyes, cynical, amused, flattering, and something within her had tumbled.

They were a gay group on the Continent, all of them: her friends and Frances' and even his—his so frighteningly young, frighteningly suave, frighteningly debonair and terrifically expensive—and sometimes they were a gay twosome, just she and Geoffrey, at Longchamp, at Ciro's, at the Ritz. But it had gone no farther than that. Not her part. And then one day . . . well, it had been more as though he were floating a bond issue than himself, he was so cool about it, so calculating, so very, very confident that his hands and his eyes and his shoulders . . .

At the end, she *was* very Butte, Montana. She said, "I'm sorry, Geoff. It's all been grand fun, and I know it's primitive to have morals, but—well, you see . . . well, after all I *am* married."

His face had gone very pale under his tan and then flushed suddenly and he had let her go, rising and crossing to a table for a cigarette. "You mean . . . ?"

There was something in his voice she hadn't heard before, and she tried to laugh, following him and turning him around to her. "I mean, Frances was right, Geoff. I . . ."

Now, she couldn't remember the words. Not the words themselves, but the tone of his torrent came back to her as surely as she could hear traffic below. She stood away from him, and when he was through—his lips telling her he was through, and his eyes—she had said, "Get out! Get out, and get out now!" and he had smiled, sauntering over to a mirror to adjust his tie, taking his hat, bowing a little as though he were saying, "Thank you," and then closing the door softly behind him.

And after he had gone, she stood in the middle of the room waiting for something to happen. The woman betrayed! The woman discarded! But nothing happened. No anger welled within her, no withering despair. Instead, suddenly, it seemed rather funny. As he offered himself to her, one of his shoelaces had come untied. A curtain had flapped,

He looked at her with a tolerant wisdom. "The main secret of my trade, Consuela, is silence," he said. "There's nothing to worry about"

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crackingly. In another room, a servant was running the vacuum.

And suddenly, too, she missed Warren. Not Warren and Wall Street, or Warren and Park Avenue. But Warren and that day in the little church in Greenwich when she had worn a dark blue suit and a little blue hat, and they had walked out of the tiny church into a cold winter rain, sweeping down the slippery walk to his limousine and skidding back to town with motor sirens howling openings for them in holiday traffic and the tires on reporters' cars screaming shrilly behind them on wet corners. HEIR MARRIES MANNEQUIN. It had been a sensation!

She thought of Warren, and their wedding, and she thought of Warren and the way he moaned in his sleep and the salt he used and the trouble he had with his collar buttons. These things.

So she called Frances: "Darling, we're through. Geoff's left me. It was all very brittle, and the exit was early-Barrymore, and I should be withering. But Butte, Montana, won out. Do you send checks for half-finished statues?"

Frances had said it was a shame, he was so beautiful. And then, well maybe she could find someone else for him—she, herself, being somewhat occupied for the nonce with an Austrian ski jumper—and goodby, darling, say hello to America and all that plumbing for me, and of course you send checks to men like Geoffrey for everything. And hung up.

That had been the affair with the streamlined Donatello. It had left few scars. No broken heart. No aging woman. She had sent a check for a hundred pounds for what he had done on a bust that would remain forever half-finished, and on the back of it she had noted, "In payment for work partly completed."

WHEN she sailed from Southampton, standing on the wind-swept deck of the ship as it moved slowly down the Solent, she had felt no regrets. After the low green hills of Hampshire faded in autumn mists, she went below to unpack, and to prepare herself for the voyage back to Warren. For the voyage back home. As it should be.

Two hours after Consuela landed, she read about her affair, fabulously colored, in the gossip columns. And two days after she landed, she read something else—the first of the cables. That, though, gave her no warning of what was to come, nor the second cable, nor the third. And it was almost a month, that amazing morning when he called—his voice containing the windy gaiety of Auteil and the suave surety of Piccadilly and a sly allusive equivocalness—before she had any suggestion, any inkling, of how it was going to happen.

Over the phone, she said, "Geoffrey! What in the world . . . ?" And he said, "Just landed this morning, Connie. Thought you would be glad to know . . ."

She interrupted him: "I'm delighted! We must see each other, of course. How long are you going to be here? Tell me . . ."

He interrupted her, too: "We'll see each other, all right." He said it pleasantly, but just as November clouds covered the sun then beyond her windows, so was something shadowed and secret in his words.

After he rang off, a few minutes later, she sat there looking at the phone and then at the face in the wide, clear dressing-table mirror, and the face looked back at her, gray eyes serious and frightened, scarlet lips pale under their color, and tense.

She said: "This isn't happening. Not to *you*. Not to Consuela Whittaker. These things only happen to women in novels and in plays. Only to women who are . . ." She paused because she couldn't say it—common! cheap! tawdry!—about herself, and the voice came back: "It *is* happening, though. You've gotten yourself into something that's going to be damned hard to get out of."

Then, for an instant, the face smiled. "Of course, you could tell him. Before it gets too late. You could say, 'Warren, the most amazing thing is happening. I'm being blackmailed! Geoffrey Dravo . . .'"

BUT the smile faded and the face in the mirror, because the straw it had grabbed for floated away, shook its head. You couldn't do that. What it would take—what fortitude, what mental stamina, what courage, what complete control—*you didn't have*. You weren't modern, really. Even if you were Consuela Whittaker.

It couldn't be that way because this wasn't a book or a play and you weren't Ina Claire or Gertrude Lawrence or Lynn Fontanne playing for a second-act curtain or an effective exit. Where Noel Coward might say, "Darling, how mundane. Affairs are becoming so effete!"—immaculately white-tied at the Booth or the Circle or the Hudson or the Martin Beck, programs rustling in the smart limousined darkness; "everyone going on to Elsa's afterward" . . . where he might say that, Warren would botch his cues, frowning, stumbling with words, and making it serious and heavy. Which it was, God knew.

It had only been a sentence, her "payment for work partly completed." Not even a sentence, really. And now these words, written on the back of a check drawn on her London account, had boomeranged, filled with new meaning. When he said, "I came to complete the work, and receive the additional payments," he really hadn't said that at all. He had said, "Look, it may not be pretty, but it's as good a game as any. You've gotten yourself into it this far, Consuela, so don't be a little fool. Come on—give." That's what he had said, with his accents and his innuendoes, that easy smile in his voice, that superb nonchalance.

She couldn't go to Warren. There was only one person she could go to. Consuela studied the face in the mirror as she picked up the phone again.

WHEN Milo was a cub reporter on the Express-Tribune, Consuela Whittaker was a model in The Paris Shop on Fifth Avenue. She wasn't Consuela Whittaker then, but Connie Browning, and—as Frances Mainwaring was to say to a lean, dark bounder so many years later in the white drawing room off Piccadilly—her mother ran a laundry in Butte, Montana.

Milo, in his way in the middle twenties, was in love with Connie; as much in love with her as he would ever be with anyone except himself. But Connie wasn't in love with him.

Connie lived in a boardinghouse in the West Nineties, and Milo lived with his mother in three rooms in Brooklyn (when he didn't sleep on his desk), and Warren Whittaker was the town's fair-haired boy.

She dreamed about him, and Milo dreamed about him. And in a way, their reasons weren't so different. Connie dreamed of marriage to the man, and Milo dreamed of marriage to the idea, to the "thing" itself, to the image. And then, one November morning, Connie met Warren Whittaker when he came in for furs with a blonde whom she and Milo had seen, from the balcony, in a current show.

That was in 1928. Consuela was twenty-four and Warren was almost thirty. The furs, it turned out, were for his aunt; and the blonde, it turned out, had been talking a real-estate contract

(Continued on page 52)

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Mystery Man

By Katharine Roberts

Alfred Hitchcock, who recently won the New York Film Critics' Award for *Best Direction of the Year*, serves up thrills, chills and suspense. No wonder his fans can't sleep of nights

OUR first encounter with Mr. Alfred Hitchcock took place with the usual formalities, and then he said the best time to talk with him was when he was getting up, so for several days we appeared along with the morning mail and the coffee. In this manner we learned that Mr. Hitchcock is spherical even when relaxed in sky-blue pajamas and blue silk dressing gown. His gestures fit into the circular composition too. When he points, he curves his finger. Conversationally, he also throws a curve.

Going ahead on the spherical plan: You may have noticed that his pictures—The Lady Vanishes, Thirty-nine Steps, Secret Agent, for example—often start by shooting apparently unrelated scenes all around a given point and then suddenly they are brought together with an abrupt focus on a salient bit. His method of making them, he explains, is to start with a seventy-five-word statement of the plot as a nucleus, expand it and add innumerable details.

IFOR THOMAS

The result is something done with an economy of line and a maximum of speed that can easily be reduced again to its original seventy-five-word plot when Mr. Smith goes home and tells his wife what he saw at the movies. Mr. Hitchcock considers this essential.

If there's anything Mr. Hitchcock loves, it's timetables, which probably accounts for the fact that most of the characters in his films are globe-trotters and do their murdering on trains, and their kidnaping errands by plane.

The delight with which Hitchcock leaves his hero in a tight place at a crucial moment to jump into another part of the picture while the audience sits on the edge of the seat and breaks out in a clammy sweat would lead one to believe that he would not object to a little suspense in his own life. This is not so, however. For instance, take that little trip he made to Greece just before making Secret Agent.

He arrived in a small border town and was having a fine time photographing everything in sight with his pocket camera. He wanted to take home pictures of street signs and the thousand and one little things that you can't find in books. At the station he was busily photographing the door handles of the train compartments when some representatives of the law arrived. It soon became clear that they thought he was a spy. It was also clear that they did not believe he was only checking details for a spy picture—it didn't sound so convincing. He tried to appear nonchalant. The station agent helpfully explained to the Law that the rotund foreigner had said he had permission from Salonika.

"Have you?" asked the Law.

"Oh, yes. Yes—certainly." Hitchcock smiled winningly.

"Written?" the Law persisted.

Well, no, it wasn't written. So the Law went inside the station to telephone Salonika, and Hitchcock and his small party promptly jumped into their waiting automobile. "Because," he explains, "Salonika had told me not to go there under any conditions."

Just Like a Hitchcock Movie

The next morning it was necessary to take the train, and as the party approached the station in another small village our hero was all jelly. For this other station was surrounded by gendarmes. He was sure they were there for him. Then he was told he couldn't go on the platform till five minutes before the train arrived. Their glances were oblique, the train pulled into the platform, they let him get into the train. Cat-and-mouse, that's what they were playing with him. Prolonging the suspense. He knew the trick. But the train started, and no one bothered him. He made a few cautious inquiries. He found out the reason for the guards—there had been a revolution. "And I didn't even know it," he chuckles.

Hitchcock's method with actors is to break down all resistance at the beginning. He frequently sounds brusque, rude and dictatorial until he has accomplished it. After that, they discover he's human and they like him. When he was ready to shoot Thirty-nine Steps with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat, he decided to start off with the handcuff sequence. In this, Madeleine and Robert were to be shackled together, spending hours dragging each other up hill and down dale—not to mention a night at an inn.

Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat had never met. They arrived on the set one morning at eight-thirty, were formally introduced by Mr. Hitchcock and then handcuffed together. Whereupon the key was lost. Miss Carroll and Mr. Donat, having arrived without breakfast, were slightly annoyed. By ten o'clock they were distraught. "No key," said Hitchcock. They stayed together. By late morning they never wanted to see each other again, dignity had long since vanished, and they were both thoroughly disheveled and out of temper. Hitchcock was cheerfully getting exactly what he wanted in the scene. The picture was a high point in both their careers.

Hitchcock's interest in films began when he was fourteen. He not only went to see most of them, but he read the trade papers as well. He early abandoned his idea of becoming an engineer and, partly because he was a good draftsman, got a job with the London office of Paramount, designing "art titles." As time went on he worked in almost every department of motion-picture production, handling a camera, designing sets, writing scripts, becoming an assistant director.

Triangular Collaboration

His first assignment as a director with complete responsibility for his film came when he was twenty-five. Those early pictures made for a German company required all his ingenuity. He had to make the most of the materials at hand. The Riviera became the tropical background for Pleasure Garden, and the Austrian Tyrol served as a stand-in for his second script, which had been written in America with the Kentucky mountains for a locale.

He and his wife, Alma Reville, were working together even then. She has written the continuity for every picture he has directed, including The Lady Vanishes.

All of his films are put together through a sort of triangular collaboration. Miss Harrison, a pleasant-looking blonde, breaks down the novels, weeds out the extraneous matter and turns over what is left to Mrs. Hitchcock, who puts the film story together. The whole thing, of course, is done with many conferences in which all three talk for hours. Sometimes they call in an outsider to write dialogue, but more often the gentleman called "Hitch" does it himself. Miss Harrison, according to Hitchcock, is also their "no woman."

Hitchcock's first real acclaim came when he made a film in London called The Lodger, which had in it what is now recognized as a typical Hitchcock shot—a dark house, with the camera pointing down the black well of a stairway, following an eerie white hand as it moved down the banisters, flight after flight, the hand of the murderer on his way to do away with another blonde.

It was the forerunner of the technique used in Thirty-nine Steps, Secret Agent and others, including the new Jamaica Inn. And his version of Daphne du Maurier's Rebecca will have its share of chills and thrills, you can be sure.

While Hitchcock makes his pictures on what, in Hollywood, would be a small budget, he isn't so good at managing his own finances and has a manager for that purpose. But still he says he will argue dutifully about paying twenty-five dollars a night for a hotel suite rather than twenty-six, and then he'll offset it by ordering quantities of champagne for everyone.

In England, Hitchcock has a house in Surrey where he spends most of his free time in his garden, which he loves. In London, the Hitchcocks live in the same flat they've occupied since they were married, a fourth-floor walk-up. He thinks climbing stairs keeps his weight down. In the last half year he has lost thirty pounds, and he is anxious to report that he is not a heavy eater. In fact, he eats very little. Be that as it may. If you add his two hundred and sixty pounds to his wife's ninety-five you haven't such a bad average.

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"I can't tell you, Monsieur, how—how sorry I am," she said.

"They were beautiful letters. It was a beautiful romance"

Good Salesman

By Edward L. McKenna

THE French newspapers carry dozens of these advertisements. There is very little difference between one and the next. Take this, for example:

"Who will have pity for a young soldier of the Battalion of Africa? I am dying of boredom. Please, someone, write to me. Pierre Meras, General Delivery, Oran, Algeria."

Few enough receive an answer, no doubt. It happened that Pierre Meras did. The paper and envelope were good, delicately scented, too; the penmanship was feminine.

"I'm glad to write to you," the letter said, "and perhaps I'll write again if you send me a nice letter in return. I'm tired of living in Paris, to tell the truth; perhaps I'm just as bored as you. Tell me about Africa; would I like it there? And tell me all about yourself. Very truly yours, Germaine Fargues."

He wrote at once:

"I'm twenty-two years old, and serving my first enlistment. It would be very nice if you'd send me your picture. We're going on an expedition into the interior soon, and I'd like to have a picture of my new friend to take with me. Please don't forget, and thank you, thank you. Pierre Meras."

Sure enough, she replied, and there was a picture enclosed: a fine, sturdy little girl dressed up for her first communion. "This was taken five years ago," she said. "I was thirteen then, and I lived in the country. Now I'm living in Paris with my aunt. She is very good to me, but she wants me to make a good marriage to a rich young man, and I don't want to. . . . Haven't I been good to send you my picture right away? Now you must send me your own, my new soldier friend. Yours, Germaine."

Breathless, he wrote to her:

"Germaine, dear Germaine. You mustn't marry him. You must wait until I come back to France, at least. It isn't much longer. Here is my picture. I warn you that it flatters me. Germaine, if you love someone else, my heart will be broken. Please say that you love me a little and that I have a chance—"

And at last a long letter from her:

"Yes, Pierre, I know that I love you, I'm sure that I do. . . ."

The letters went back and forth very quickly then; it was a beautiful romance. Then Pierre Meras wrote:

"Germaine, darling, I'm coming home. Two weeks from now I'll be knocking on your door, and we'll see each other. Surely your aunt won't try to stop our marriage. But, darling, I must confess something to you: I was wounded a year ago, and it has made me look older than my picture. But you won't mind, will you, Germaine? It's me you love, the real me, and you're the only one who truly knows me. Darling, darling—"

And so on and on.

So Pierre Meras came to Paris. He left his train at the Gare de Lyon. He was a short, stocky Frenchman, wearing a well-fitting new suit of clothes.

He was not twenty-two. He was thirty-five. He had never been wounded. How could he have been? He was no soldier in the Bat d'Af. He had bought the picture of the dashing young soldier for ten francs. He was a novelty salesman, traveling in North Africa, a very lonesome sort of fellow who had written his little advertisement to try to find a friend, if only a long-distance friend. He had found instead something that seemed so real that he had returned to France with the faint, desperate hope that he could make it his to keep.

But he was nervous.

"I've deceived her," he said to himself. "What will she say when she sees me? . . . Perhaps if I tell her at first I'm someone else, so that she'll get used to me without any shock until she comes to know me—"

HE CAME to a neat little house: Germaine's address. His heart was beating wildly as he pulled on the bell.

The door opened. A comely, buxom woman in her mid-thirties stood before him. "Yes, Monsieur?" she said.

"I am looking for Mademoiselle Germaine Fargues," he said. "I have a message for her, from Africa."

It seemed to upset her; he saw her lip tremble.

"You can give me the message, Monsieur. I am her aunt. I am Mademoiselle Alice Fargues—"

"May I not give it to her in person, Mademoiselle? It is—it's very important. You see, I am Jacques Meras. My young brother, Pierre, has been corresponding with Mademoiselle Germaine. He is a soldier in Africa. I have been in Africa too—a salesman, Mademoiselle. My brother thought that he would be returning, but he has been transferred for another six months. He could not bring himself to write it to Mademoiselle Germaine. He asked me to tell it to her instead, to tell her of his love—"

"She was married two weeks ago, Monsieur. She is now in Lyons with her husband."

Something throbbed in his temple, then was still.

"But—they loved each other, Mademoiselle. She told him—my brother told me she had promised him to wait. Mademoiselle, did—did you compel her—?"

She smiled sympathetically.

"Won't you come in, Monsieur? You look a little tired. . . . No, I did not compel her. I told her she could do as she wished."

"I see," Pierre said.

"I can't tell you, Monsieur, how—how sorry I am. They were beautiful letters. It was a beautiful romance."

He could see how deeply she was affected. It helped his own hurt.

"I wish," she said, "I do wish I could help him in some way—"

"You can help me, Mademoiselle," Pierre said suddenly. "I confess, I'm a stranger here now. I've been away so long. I have no friends. May I call on you again?"

She smiled at him. "I'll be very glad."

NOW, three months after this, they were married. First there was a decision for him to make. He loved her with his whole heart, and thought that she loved him as much; but if he told her of his deception, would it destroy it all? Why take the risk?

He signed the marriage register stoutly, signed it "Pierre Meras" while she watched. He loved her too much to have the lie remain between them. Awkwardly he turned to her.

"There was never any young soldier, Alice. It was just that I thought it sounded better, a young soldier, rather than an ordinary salesman—"

He felt her hand tighten on his arm and he saw the lovely smile on her face and the tears shining in her eyes, and he knew he was forgiven.

But there are shy and lonely people everywhere, in Paris as well as Africa.

She signed the register as bravely as he. "Germaine Fargues," she wrote.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

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Family on the Make

By Stanley Paul

The way a girl plays tennis depends on what she wants for keeps—the gallery or the man

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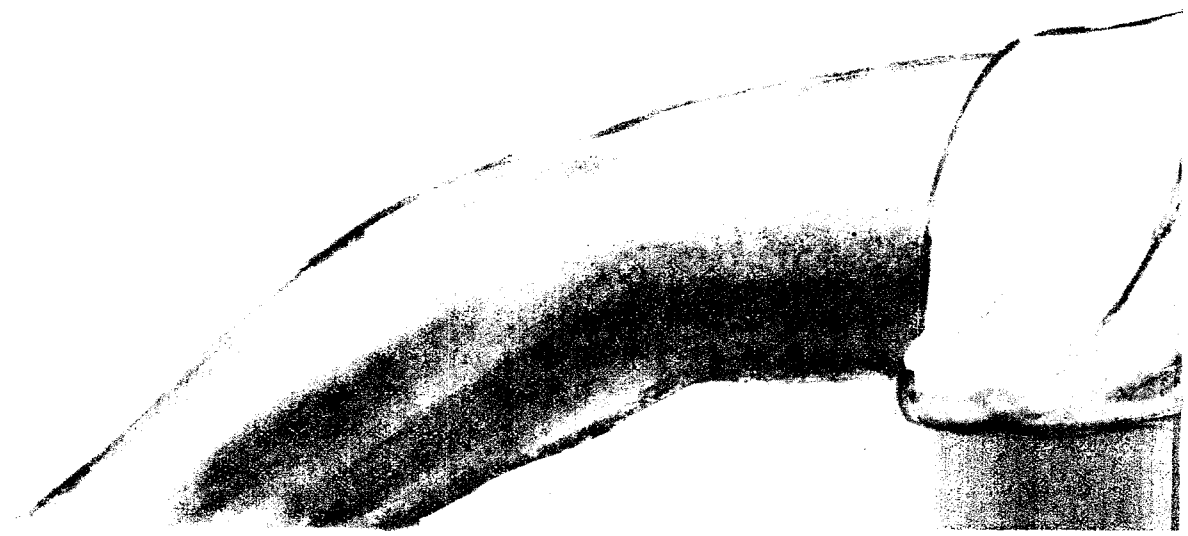

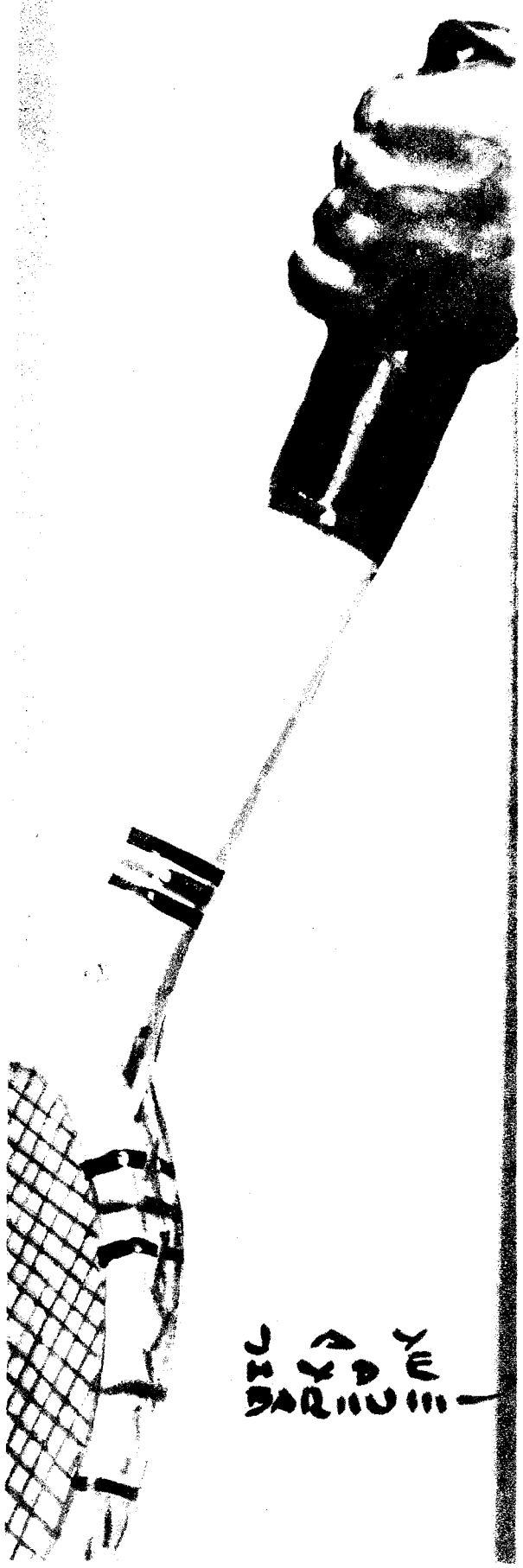

IT WAS tennis week again at Bonnet Bay and the prospect left Sook Emery cold; for tennis week meant lots of company, and company meant lots of work for Sook.

They would swarm, assorted tennising males, like gnats around her older sister, Rae.

Rae, utterly lovely and demanding, ranked right up there with the sun-tanned, top-flight maidens, and Rae was one of the best. On critical days she was presented to critical game-wise galleries while Sook was shooed into the kitchen to stand guard over critical roasts; critical because they had to be done just so to last—like some company—for days.

Mother bought the roasts in chain stores in which she absent-mindedly used her Bonnet Bay Market accent, where the Emery credit had run out. Sook thought this an error in tactics, as an overworked, class-conscious butcher could always counter a broad-A customer with the narrow part of the cow. But she never chided Mother. Buying gave Mother some sense of importance, and the Lord knew she'd needed it since the Emerys had lost the Boston house.

You had huge roasts when you had company if Dad was being clever about stocks—clever like a Hawaiian on a bobsled—but you couldn't say Dad didn't *try;* he arose from each spill cheerful and smiling and, if there was margin left, ready for more.

This business of keeping Rae in tennis, to which all Emery resource was turned, was ostensibly because of tradition: Dad had a slight history in the game. Nothing so glamorous as cupping down under in the Tilden and Johnston days; but he had journeyed to Longwood and Seabright and his exploits had grown with the years.

But Sook knew, and *they* knew that Rae's roadster and her up-to-the-moment clothes and her expenses for travel north and south were maintained in hopes of a man. Better-type man—Emery synonym—Sook had a word for it: bucks.

LIKE this house guest whose arrival was imminent. Rae'd said to them all one night: "There was a lad at Tedesco who gave me a rush. Really amusing in a way. He practically begged me to remember him if I had an open mixed-doubles date. Said he'd sacrifice his amateur standing for a chance to play with me *once.* His name was Durant. Alec Durant, and his family is something in wool."

"Something!" said Dad, brightening. "Summer Street's biggest house! Yes, indeed, Durant & Co. Hm-m-m! . . . Why not have him down, Rae?"

"Do, dear," Mother had chimed right in. "Have him for tennis week."

"The Varneys," said Rae, "are having John Brixter. I had ideas about John."

"A bird," said Sook sagely, "in your own house is worth two in the girl's next door."

"But Alec works!" Rae protested.

Dad laughed lightly. "Doesn't have to, if he's a Durant."

"I suppose I *could* wean him away from his job—he's the internationalist type. Tall, good-looking, nice manners . . ."

"Well, listen, Rae," Sook had said. "If you decide to mark him for conquest be sure you don't frighten him off with that aggressive languor of yours. It's true!" at her parents' quick protest. "The last one thought he was courting the Sleeping Beauty. A man likes some whuff in a girl. And Rae only whuffs on a tennis court."

So this one—the taxi from the station turned into the Emery drive. Sook saw it from her post in the pantry where she was assembling a garden salad to offset the awful reality of the roast. This one at least must be eager—coming down on the early train.

Sook went to the door, which stood open to the warm summer afternoon air, to the distant gleam of white sand bar that came out to bask at low tide, and to the glittering track that the hot sun paved on the waters of Bonnet Bay.

THIS newest tender-of-the-embers for Rae's undeniable charms didn't give the outward impression of a gilt-edged Charley Success. His clothes were nice, not expensive; his luggage was battered, not new.

His chin, though, was wholly adequate to the brim of his jaunty straw, which was black and blue beribboned—college club colors, Sook guessed. His shoulders were easy in flannel, unpadded, but rangy and lean. His long legs took the steps easily.

"Slightly Yale Club," Sook decided. "Brother, maybe you'll do."

Aloud she said: "Hello, there! Aren't you Alec Durant?"

"Yes, I am, Miss . . . uh . . . ?"

"Emery. I'm Rae's younger sister, Susan. You can call me Sook and save time. Mother's downtown. Dad's not due. And Rae, of course, is at the club. But I know your room, so come in, please. I'll have myself help you with your bags."

He said: "Could we wait?" and looked hopefully down the veranda to a jutting bay in the rail filled with weathered wickerwork. A faded, fluttering awning gave promise of air from the sea. "It was hot on that train, Sook." He mopped his brow.

Sook suggested cordially, "Go down and collapse on that glider. I'll revive you in just a minute with a glass of lime juice and gin."

"No, thanks," he said. "Just sit with me while I sort of cool off and pant."

"I'll bet," Sook thought sardonically as he made for this haven of rest, "that somebody's tipped the lad off on the quality of the liquor we serve."

She sat in a chair near the glider and gave him a moment to get his breath. He smiled at her then. It was a nice smile. The genuine kind that *took.* Something within her warmed to it. She gave him her best smile back.

As she expected, he began on the old refrain: he immediately asked how Rae was.

"We're off!" thought Sook and settled down to it. "Rae's very well indeed, and she's so glad you could make it, Alec!"

"Who wouldn't make it?" he said. "After all, when you've wanted all your tennis life to play as a partner of Rae's, you wouldn't let *anything* stop you. Sook, that sister of yours is going right up to the top in this game—she'll be playing in Europe next year. Now, I've never been a champion, and I've

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never played against Budge, or with Perry or Helen Wills. But when I read about your sister at Wimbledon, I can say: 'Well, I played once with *her!*' "

"You sound," said Sook, "as if you were giving up the game."

"I am," said Alec Durant. "At least, the big-time tournaments. I'm going to Texas to buy wool."

Sook decided to humor him; it wasn't *her* place to change his destiny in life. "I suppose," she said, "you feel you *have* to, being a Durant & Co. Durant."

"Oh, *those* Durants!" said Alec Durant.

Sook sort of gulped for some air. Had Rae been jumping at conclusions? "What do you mean," she asked, "*those* Durants?" in a highly contingent way.

"In the wool business," Alec informed her, "there are as many Durants as sheep. I'm not a member of the bell-wether branch. Could keep on with the game if I was. Fact is, I don't even work for them. I'm with Studley, Draper & Brown, a younger and more aggressive house." He said this with definite pride; then politely shifted the talk to Sook. "Do you play tennis?" he asked.

"Oh, some. Just to keep Rae's game tuned up. Mostly I like to cook." She always got this in early so guests wouldn't be surprised when they found her up to the knuckles in butter or with flour tipped on her nose. She said: "Look, Alec, does Rae know that she's to be a page in your memory book?"

"No."

"WELL, I wouldn't tell her—yet. That is, if you want the page to dream over on some lonely Texas ranch."

"It isn't a ranch. It's Del Rio. A smart little Texas town."

"Well, just the same, you keep quiet until after the tournament's done."

Far down the road where it circled to skirt a salt-water cove, Sook caught the sharp gleam of chromium moving under the sun. That would be Rae returning. Sook leaned forward and looked at Alec. He had, she thought, very nice eyes with their high little brown-flecked lively lights.

"I'm serious, Alec," she said to him. "Take a tip from a girl who's been around. . . ."

Had he heard her? She didn't think so. He was up at the sight of Rae's car. Rae had Vi Farney with her, the giggling bit from next door who went for spectator sports with rapturous squeals, and the Farney's house guest, John Brixter, the flashing Australian ace. How Vi Farney had lured him for tennis week

Sook let herself explode. That's what it was: an explosion in white with an outswinging slender brown arm at the end of which was a racket that met the ball with a boom

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was more than Sook could understand.

Alec had descended to the driveway and gone around to Rae, who looked rather weary and lovely and dangerously close, Sook thought, to that cloying state of languor now that the day's tennis was done.

Alec looked weak and drooping in that way peculiar to men when confronted with Rae's smoky-eyed slimness. Rae held forth a hand, one of the best hands in tennis.

"Alec!" Sook heard her positively croon. "Sook should have taken you in for a swim."

"Oh, sure! Oh, certainly!" Sook thought. "And have cinders and gravy for dinner!" She flew for the roast.

MOTHER got off that bromide at dinner about keeping servants down here, nothing to amuse them, and anyway: "We adore going gypsy in the place."

This talk was always the prelude to Sook's getting up to clear off. To her amazement, Alec followed her kitchenward, bearing dishes in his hands.

"Hey," she hissed in the kitchen, "this isn't your act, Sonny Boy. You stay at the table and stroke your lyre and keep those eyes on Rae."

"My mother," he said, "brought me up to help. Where's the knife? I can cut that pie in five delicious segments."

Of course he cut his finger also. And that meant a bit of delay while Sook found iodine and fixed it. And it brought out a high-headed Rae, who said, when Alec had left them, "Darling, are you by any chance—?"

"No," flared Sook. "But darling, if you can't hold your men at the table, don't come complaining to me."

Dinner was barely over when the mob began to arrive.

In the vanguard there came John Brixter, tall, good-looking, nice manners. And Vi Farney was looking anxious now that the sun had gone down; it was so easy to lose an attractive man on reaches of moonlit lawn.

With more feet on the porch and more brakes out front Sook flew to her job, to whack up a punch in the kitchen. Punch was the Emery solution to mass drinking. It was cheap and you could keep it going with sorties of fruit juice and ice, which made the liquor furtive, but nobody seemed to mind.

Sook emptied ash trays and filled glasses and smiled when anyone looked her way, especially Alec, who looked often.

THEN there came at ten a brief hiatus, when she knew that for some few minutes nobody'd be wanting a thing.

She escaped to the side veranda in search of a moment's rest, and there was Alec parked by the rail looking positively sunk.

"You told her, you dope!" Sook accused.

"I had to," Alec said.

"Why did you have to?"

"She said to me: 'Alec, if we win this tournament, we'll lay out a season's campaign—you and I in mixed doubles.' After all, Sook, what could I say? I couldn't let her go on believing that I was going to stick in the game."

"Then what did she do?" Sook asked.

"She just sort of walked off and left. She's gone to find Johnny Brixter and get him to enter the mixed-doubles play."

"Well," Sook challenged, "do you fight or give up?"

"Fight?" Alec dolefully asked.

"Surely! I wouldn't take it that way. Just lying down." Sook found a fierce exultation in this vicarious kind of rebellion. "Know what I'd do?" she said. "I'd go back in the house and grab someone, say someone like Maida Faunce. Maida's tops in Virginia and possibly Wightman Cup stuff. She's only entered in the singles. Go on in and proposition her. You and she in mixed doubles could give the whole field a go, and maybe come up against Rae and John and, brother, there's your revenge! After all, Rae asked you down here to play in this match with *her*."

"I could use a little," Alec said. His eyes were no longer distant, they were alive and looking in Sook's. "You know you say things with feeling. You're a pretty high-powered lass. You've given me quite an idea, Sook. Who's taking entries for this match?"

"Major Andrews. He's in the library having a drink with Dad."

Alec stood away from the rail and gathered Sook's hand in his own to lead her in through the doorway and down the hall to the library where the two gentlemen sat at Dad's desk. Rae and John Brixter were standing there. Sook heard the Major say: "You two are lucky. A first round bye. We've fifteen team entries now."

"We'll make it sixteen, Major"—Alec advanced to the desk.

"You and—"

"Miss Emery. Miss *Susan* Emery."

Sook gave a tiny gasp. "Oh, Alec . . ." it trailed off despairingly.

Rae's eyes flashed a quick, high light. "But how quaint," she said, "to retire and announce a comeback all in one night. Has Sook told you, Alec, how inexperienced she is in tournament play?"

Sook lifted her chin at that one. Alec quietly said: "She's decided it's time that she had some."

John Brixter said: "Oh, how jolly! A regular family go!"

Dad himself began to come around. He reached for the bottle and glass. He'd get off any minute on sentiment like: "My daughters! May one of them win!"

If Alec had only talked to her, mapped out some sort of campaign—but all that Alec said was: "You just shoot whatever works you have. I've a pretty good idea that we'll click, Sook"—and that on the way to the club.

DAD had stayed home for the match and Mother had trembled all day at the imminence of actual conflict between these daughters of hers. Sook sort of caught it from Mother. She was trembling when they walked onto the court.

She continued to tremble through rallying, stabbed at the ball, let it pass. She raged at herself for futility.

If Alec had chided her, it might have helped. But he didn't. He said, "You're doing all right," and they were dropping game after game!

The sight of Rae, so collected, so fresh, like a lady lancer riding down on the ball, was too much for Sook. It knocked her apart. They dropped the first set at two-six.

Alec grinned as they walked by the referee's chair.

"Don't let it scare you, Sook."

"I'd say you just about broke even" GARDNER REA

THEN Rae detained her, a hand on her arm, and said in a voice just loud enough for the whole darned gallery to hear:

"Darling, just steady down a little. It isn't *crucial*, you know."

Sook heard the appreciative rustle that ran through the chairs around the court. Rae Emery being sweet to her sister, the poor little frightened kid.

It was too much, really! Fear dropped away and something rose to a boil. Her mind came out of it crystal clear.

Rae, she sensed, in this second set was pulling a gallery act. Her whole manner suggested boredom as she swung back and forth on the turf. "This," her attitude seemed to say, "is child's play. Let's get it done and over."

Alec snared one and drove it deep and Rae moved across to return, and the ball came streaking toward Sook.

Sook had a sudden pulsing thought that surged as she moved toward the ball: "*This* for my years of obbligato in the Emery family quartet. *This*—!" She let herself explode. That's what it was: an explosion in white with an outswinging slender brown arm at the end of which was a racket that met the ball.

It flicked at the net tape and whistled across and spanked up a small puff of lime dust from an unguarded line. It caught Rae and John Brixter far afield and left them obviously amazed.

"Baby!" said Alec, and whistled. "Wherever you found that, reach down in the bag and pull out more."

Sook and Alec began to play tennis, a co-ordinate, rushing pair. They went down to the net together. Before Rae and John could get back to that swift, sure mastery that had won them a set, Alec and Sook walked through.

"I told you we'd click," grinned Alec, with the score at one set to one. Sook was panting with a heady delight, a sweet sense of joy in her breast. Rae looked the least bit grim. Her manner had changed as they faced off again, there was nothing casual now. They'd fooled her, had they? Well, just look at this set and see. The way that she whipped at service gave promise of pace to come. Spectators drifted from other courts and deepened the gallery edge. The Emery sisters were getting hot.

RAE and John put the pressure on and shot all they could right at Sook. Sook stood and took it, smashed when she could, and fought back, and grew crafty with floating defensive lobs, teasers they couldn't reach; then Alec and she would storm down to the net to meet returns with half volleys; staccato, neatly placed shots.

If you won a point you felt glorious. If you dropped one you muttered, "Damn!" But won or lost, there was Alec, saying, "It's all right, pal!" Or, "Nice going, Sook!"

Sook felt a mounting exhaustion as the score reached five games to four with Rae and John forging out in front. Sook prayed: "Don't *let* me let him down! Let this set go to deuce, *please!*"

Behind her Alec's shoulder dropped down as he tossed the ball for service. Sook heard his racket strings smash. The ball whistled by to John Brixter who gave it a looping return a foot beyond Sook's thrusting racket.

"Love-fifteen," from the referee's chair.

Alec contrived two aces, then Sook dropped another point. John Brixter got off a chop shot that *no* one could race up and get. The score stood at thirty-forty.

"This," Sook thought sadly, "is *it*, unless—"

She had to move quickly. The ball was in play and Rae was driving it her way. Sook met it with cross-court craftiness, but John Brixter was there with his chop. Alec raced down and retrieved it, the ball went to Rae again.

Rae slammed it at Sook, and slammed it again, and slammed it one time more. Each time Sook's racket was ready, but the terrible pace forced her back. Rae kept it coming down Sook's alley with blistering, smoking speed.

Sook danced to the ball and banged it again and again, feeling that each desperate stroke might be the very last. Then Rae, with sage experience of years, followed her own shot to the net, came down and was waiting, trapped Sook's careful return with a short soft chop that landed maddeningly left.

Alec came skittering over; Sook came

(Continued on page 37)

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to sluggish, "spark-weary" motors

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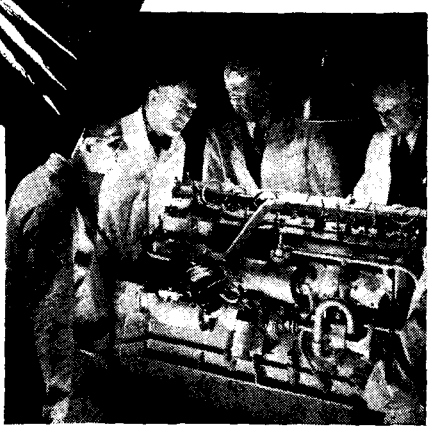

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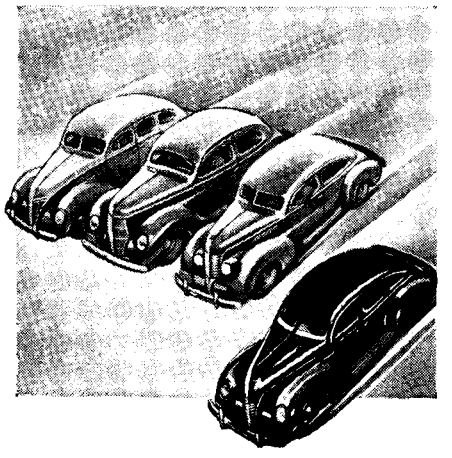

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Leading Traffic

"SHARE THE ROAD" will reduce

"It is astonishing that a well-behaved man so often becomes selfish and irresponsible—when he drives. Teach him ordinary good sense and good manners, and you can reduce all 'stop-and-go' driving 25%."

Murray D Van Wagoner

State Highway Commissioner of Michigan and President, American Road Builders' Assn.

"Aside from the danger to life and limb, discourteous driving habits are a major cause of today's traffic congestion. I believe about 25% of all 'stop-and-go' could be eliminated by courteous driving—by sharing the road."

Gene Kelley

Traffic Engineer

"I believe most drivers want to share the road. When parking, they find a place at the curb. When driving slowly, they keep to the right. At a stop light, they keep in line. If all drivers observed such rules, 'stop-and-go' could be cut 25%."

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Chief, California Highway Patrol

"A big part of traffic congestion—25%—coul be wiped out. An improvement in 'motorin manners' won't cost a cent and will pay imme diate dividends in time and fuel savings."

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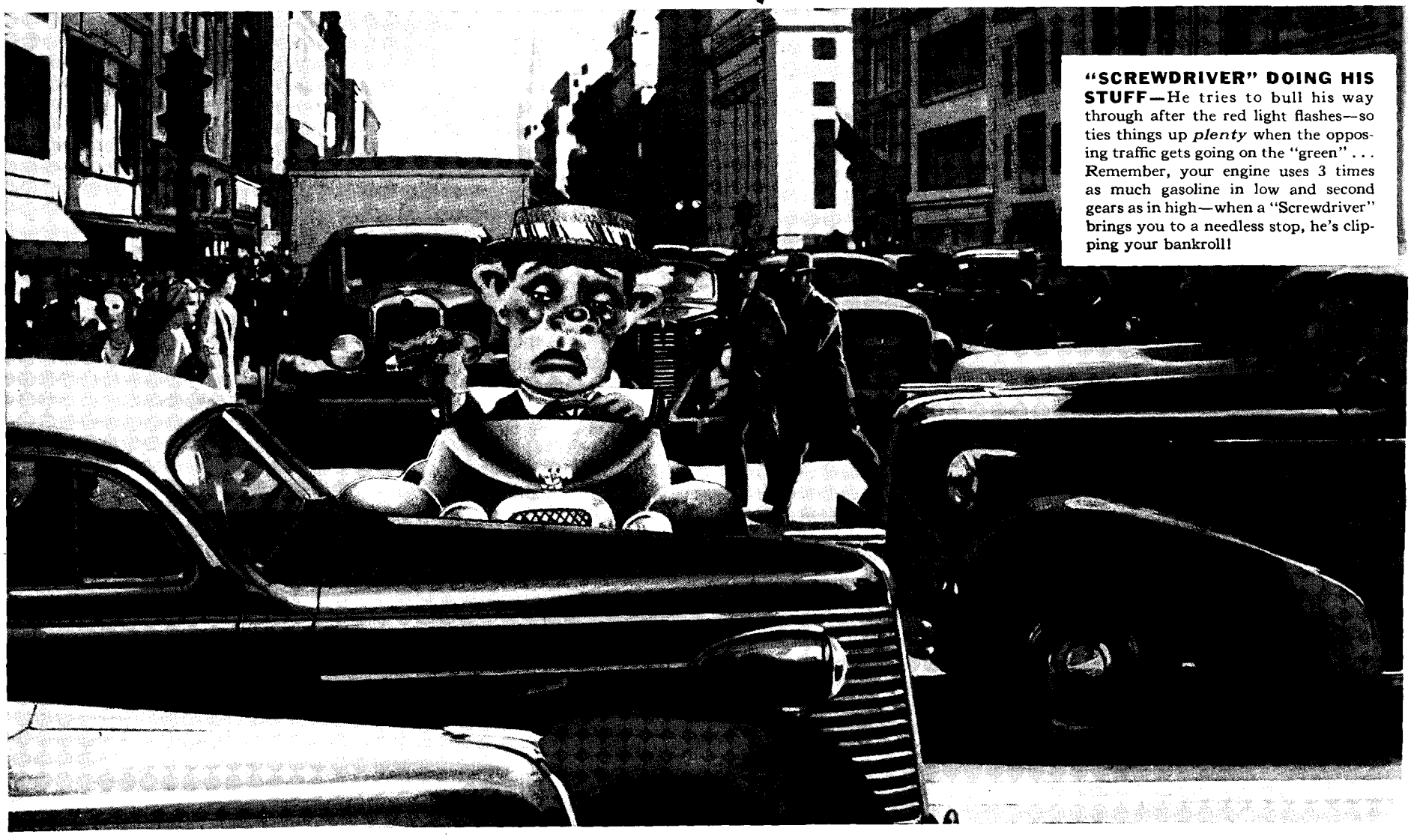
Director, Public Safety Divisio National Safety Council

Join the Shell crusade against SCREWDRIVERS



"SCREWDRIVER" DOING HIS STUFF—He tries to bull his way through after the red light flashes—so ties things up *plenty* when the opposing traffic gets going on the "green" . . . Remember, your engine uses 3 times as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" brings you to a needless stop, he's clipping your bankroll!

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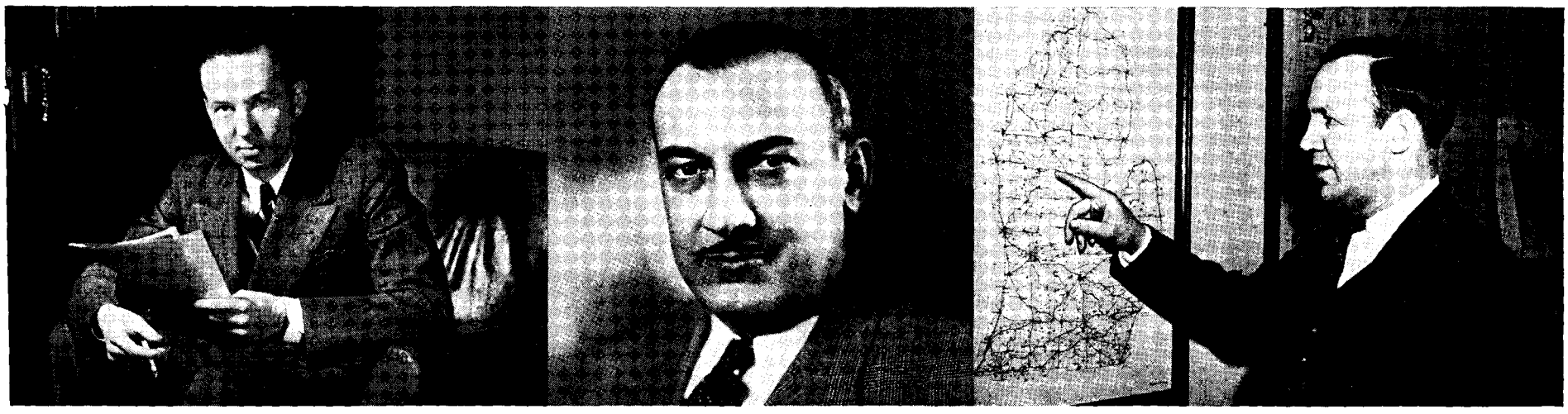
Authorities Agree:—

STOP-and-GO driving 25%



A substantial part of all 'stop-and-go'—25% is a fair estimate is the direct result of inconsiderate driving manners. Improper parking, for example, greatly impedes the flow of traffic."

Traffic Engineer, American Transit Association

"Discourteous, thoughtless driving practices are one of the major causes of our present-day 'stop-and-go.' A movement that will cure them will, in my opinion, reduce 'stop-and-go' by fully 25%."

President, Institute of Traffic Engineers

"Thoughtless or incompetent drivers are themselves responsible for at least 25% of the traffic delays. Without rebuilding another mile of road—without spending a dollar—one-fourth of all our 'stop-and-go' could be eliminated."

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THE FIRST GREAT ADVANCE to come out of Shell's engineering research and study of traffic conditions was Super-Shell—a gasoline especially refined to cut the *cost* of Stop-and-Go.

Now—from the same scientific research—a plan to reduce the *amount* of Stop-and-Go fully 25%!

Curb "Screwdrivers"! Stop traffic boners! Public opinion cracked down on dangerous driving and cut our accident rate. It can also keep "Screwdrivers" off the highways.

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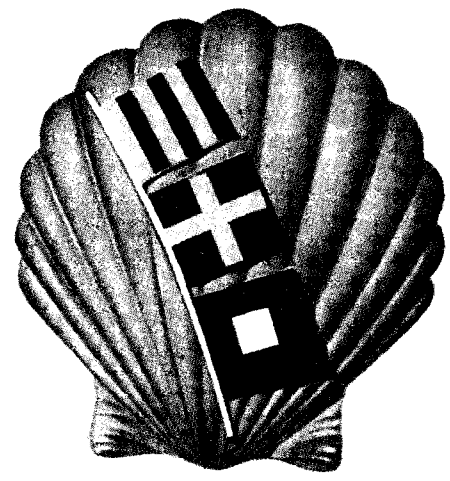

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He's a good neighbor—friendly and willing—ready to give your car complete care.

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but, in the pinch, my car seemed HALF-DEAD

"I wasn't reckless, officer. It's my first accident in 150,000 miles. I thought I had plenty of time . . . but my car was half-dead. It was a terrifying moment when my car didn't have enough pickup to pass the other car. A split-second faster getaway would have saved me. I'll never drive a half-dead car again. It's too dangerous. You've got to have fast pickup to be safe on today's highways."

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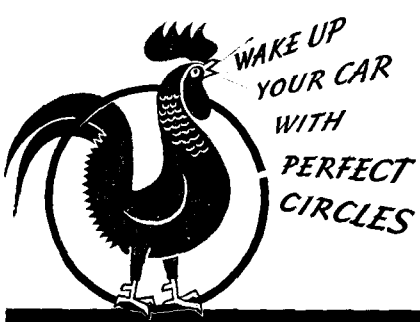

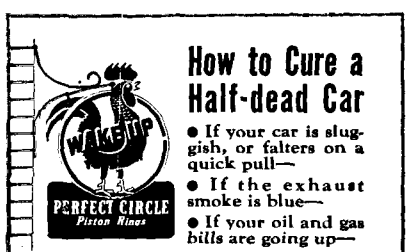

How to Cure a Half-dead Car

- If your car is sluggish, or falters on a quick pull—
- If the exhaust smoke is blue—
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The Last Man on Puang

Continued from page 10

"I wish you two would calm down to a riot. How's a man to write? Marry him, Peggy, and end this ceaseless bickering. He could be worse."

"I will marry him," she said, arms akimbo, "when he becomes a man instead of a beachcomber. I will marry him when he does the job he was sent here to do. That barefoot Fita Fita Guard is the joke of the Pacific."

SERGEANT CULLINANE retreated down the street at his usual pace, which was somewhat faster than a complete halt, but not as fast as a walk, and ambled into his bungalow. "Koki," he said, "I have four days in which to marry Missy Towson or leave Puang, and I do not wish to leave Puang. But Missy Towson likes me no better than a hammerhead shark."

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Koki, se d a boy to the north cove for today's run of Puang juice." . . .

The sun already hung bright and glaring over the flat, hot sea when Koki awoke him, and said: "Beg pardon, sir, but today is the day you go to Tongahiki."

Sergeant Cullinane showered, marveled that he had no headache, breakfasted on shrimps and rice, and ordered Koki to summon the two corporals of the Fita Fita Guard.

He checked off a list of articles his four Hawaiians might need, and ordered them sent from the stores to the launch. He donned his blue uniform, thankful that no moths had ever been seen on Puang. Corporals Abu and Tongi waited on the wharf, leaning on their rifles, and shifting from one bare foot to the other as the hot, oozing resin burned their toes. He motioned them into the launch and climbed in himself, followed by Koki.

In two hours he saw Tongahiki ahead, a nearly treeless atoll four miles long and half as wide. The speck in the middle—the only projection in its utter flatness—he knew was the square, jerry-built barracks that housed his four Hawaiians. From the center of the structure rose a flagpole, needle-small in the distance, and at the top a flag glittered in the sun.

Sergeant Cullinane often suspected that the four Hawaiians had been placed on Tongahiki for other purposes than the study of the weather. He suspected that the four Hawaiians were placed there to establish the sovereignty of the United States by colonization.

As the launch grew closer, he failed to see the Hawaiians, which was not usual. Then a breeze flipped the flag from its inert posture on the pole, and Sergeant Cullinane stared, and felt his heart thumping in his throat. The flag was not the faded but familiar stars and stripes. It was a white flag, with a flaming red, round spot in its center.

"Koki," he barked, "do you see what I see?"

"Yes, Sergeant," said Koki quietly.

"That's the Japanese flag, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Hey, you two," he yelled at his corporals, "load up your rifles."

"We have no cartridges, Mister Sergeant," said Abu, moving as far back into the launch as possible. "We have not had cartridges since target practice two years ago."

Sergeant Cullinane ripped open a box of regulation .30-caliber bullets destined for the Hawaiians, and divided the box between the corporals. They loaded, clumsily, with trembling fingers. The sergeant took his forty-five from his holster.

THEY landed, and approached the barracks stealthily and bent over, with the sergeant occasionally yelling, "Hey, you guys in there!" without an answer.

The barracks was empty. It was obvious the four Hawaiians had departed, completely and in a hurry. Missing were the instruments for the study of the weather. Missing were guns, fishing

"Beg pardon—are we eating your lunch?" FRANK BEAVER

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poles, blankets and clothing. Most of the food was gone, and what remained was scattered over the kitchen. "Captured," said Sergeant Cullinane, "captured and looted."

"Mister Sergeant," said Abu, "I think I go."

"Like hell you will," said Sergeant Cullinane. "You and Tongi will stay here and defend this island against all enemies whatsoever." He pulled down the Japanese flag, its edges wind-whipped and torn, and carefully folded it and put it in his pocket. He found the American flag crumpled in a corner and hoisted it again. It looked sweet, up there, and he felt better.

"Mister Sergeant," said Tongi, "we cannot stay here, our families . . ."

"You will stay here," the sergeant said, delicately fingering his automatic. "You, Abu, will be commander. And my orders to you are to defend this island to your last drop of blood." The two corporals shuddered, looked at each other, eyed the sergeant's pistol, shrugged and sat down on the floor.

"Come on, Koki," said Sergeant Cullinane, "we have got to get back in a hurry, organize our defenses, and radio Pearl Harbor for reinforcements."

THE sun, like a fat orange, was sliding into the great mouth of the Pacific when he slammed the launch against the wharf at Puang, ran to the firehouse, and ordered the siren sounded three times, the signal for the gathering of the Fita Fita Guard. He continued up the street, banged through the door of the radio shack, started his generators, and began to key Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

For ten minutes there was no answer. He envisaged a cloud of bombers blowing up the Honolulu power plant, and he himself isolated in the Pacific, with the whole Japanese fleet around him. He felt very lonely. Then his call began to drum into the headset.

"What's the trouble?" Pearl Harbor was asking irritably. "This isn't Monday, you dope."

"Urgent to Colonel Commanding Marines, Hawaii," he tapped out, disregarding the insult, and not bothering to code it. "Four Hawaiians missing from Tongahiki, American flag pulled down and Japanese flag raised."

"Wow!" said Pearl Harbor. "Hold it a minute! Don't leave key." The sergeant noticed Koki standing behind him, his ordinarily placid face unnaturally tense.

"Koki, get me a pitcher of Puang juice," he ordered, "and divvy up some cartridges among the Fita Fita Guard. Now get fast, I've got work to do." He felt better without Koki at his shoulder.

Pearl Harbor was calling him again. "Admiral Winship and Colonel Courtney here with me now," the operator rapped off. "Request full details." And then as an afterthought: "For your sake, hope you haven't been drinking too much that Puang juice you talk about."

Sergeant Cullinane sent details. He ended with: "Concluded island seized by Japanese."

The answer came back:

"Well done. Dispatching aircraft carrier and destroyers, now maneuvering near Howland Island. Should reach Puang in twenty-four hours. Resist and hold Puang all costs. (Signed) Winship."

Koki brought the Puang juice, and Sergeant Cullinane lifted the pitcher to his lips, and then strode off to the firehouse. The Fita Fita Guard reclined on the ground, their unloaded rifles leaning against the wall. "Atten-shun!" roared Sergeant Cullinane. The Fita Fita Guard staggered to its feet in surprise, and reached for the rifles.

"You won't need those," said Sergeant Cullinane ominously, "yet. What you need now are shovels. You, and every man on Puang, are going to dig in."

He was staking out the trench, which he had set just back of the beach so that a grove of small palms acted as a partial shield, when the Reverend Towson, disheveled and worried, puffed his way toward him, and with him was his daughter Peggy.

"I heard it," she said, her eyes taking in an active, determined, uniformed Sergeant Cullinane, "on the short wave from San Francisco."

"This," said Sergeant Cullinane, "is no place for women. Go on back to the mission." When she didn't move, but kept her eyes on him as if she wished to stay, and perhaps come closer, and when the Reverend Towson took to bossing the sweating diggers, he asked: "What did they say about it?"

"It was a flash," she said. "They cut in on Benny Goodman to give it. They said the Japanese had taken Tongahiki, but that you had recaptured the island, and were holding it, and that the Fita Fita Guard was ready to defend Puang to the last man, and that the Navy was rushing to the rescue. It was very exciting and, Dennis, I was proud of you."

Sergeant Cullinane reached out and took her into his arms. He would have held her thus for a long time had not the Reverend Towson and the Fita Fita Guard stopped their work to stare.

"I am going to stay," declared Peggy, "for there are things here I can do. Maybe," she inquired, "you would like some Puang juice?"

"No," said Sergeant Cullinane, "I do not want Puang juice any more. However, you might leave the pitcher handy. And you might find my No. 1 boy, Koki, and bring him here. I'll be wanting him as a messenger."

The trench was finished at midnight, but before that time Peggy brought news that she could not find Koki. "He is probably up at the north end hiding the still," said the sergeant.

"Now you boys," he told the guard, "will go home and sleep. But you will get up at dawn and meet at the firehouse with all the ammunition you have got."

WHEN all was still, and he alone on Puang remained awake, he pulled the little .37-millimeter gun to the trench, and carefully cleaned it, and oiled its breech, and tested its sights. Plenty of blank shells, he thought, fumbling in the ammunition cart, but only eight of the real thing. "Like a cap pistol," he grumbled, juggling a round-nosed shell in his fingers, "against a battle wagon. Been laying around in the damp for years. Bet they won't detonate." Then he took off his jacket and lay down upon the beach and slept.

The rustling of palm leaves woke him, and far off, in the morning's haze, he saw the black streak he feared would be there. It was the greasy black smoke that comes from the funnel of a warship under full speed.

The siren on the firehouse let loose three times. "That will be Peggy," he thought, "routing out the Fita Fita Guard."

He squinted into the sun at the growing smudge on the sea. "A big boy," he murmured, "a great, big boy."

Then Peggy was beside him, and he felt her hand steal into his and grip firmly. "What is it?" she asked.

"Battleship," he said. "Nagato class. Eight sixteen-inch guns in the main battery."

The battleship came closer, and three miles off the surf veered to starboard and reduced speed. "They are going," warned Sergeant Cullinane, "to blast us with a full broadside. Peggy, get out of here." She didn't move.

At four thousand yards he imagined he saw the squat turrets beneath the

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LATER
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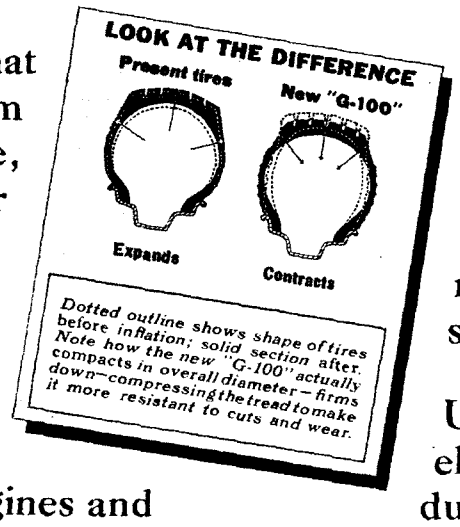
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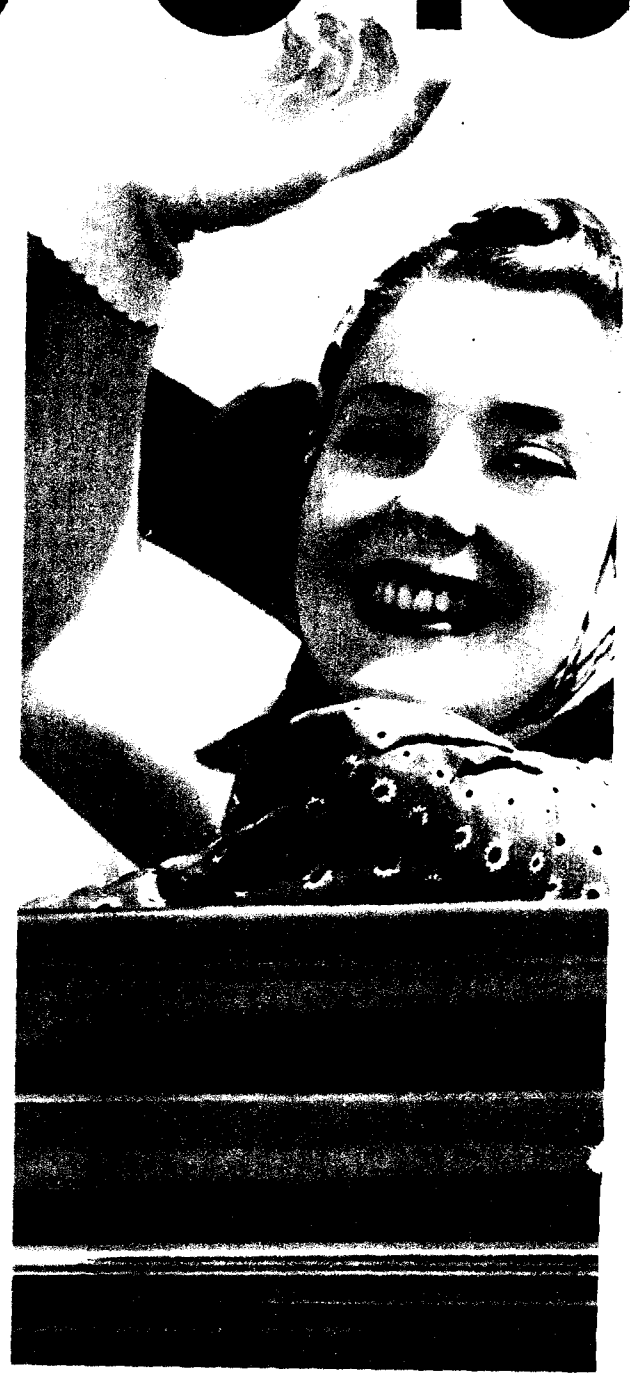

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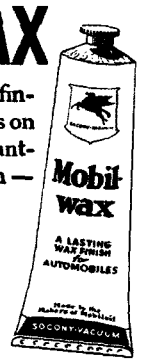

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awesome superstructure begin to swing. "Well," he said, "here goes nothin'."

He fitted one of his miniature shells into the breech, turned up the muzzle to its full 45-degree elevation, to get all the range he could, aimed at a point in the sky above the ship, and fired.

"Plop," said the 37-millimeter, curiously muffled, and the shell lobbed like a football into the breakers three hundred yards distant. "Powder's dead," said Sergeant Cullinane, and swore. "Percussion cap worked, but the powder was dead."

He watched the ship expectantly as he fitted another shell into the breech. He saw a flash, immediately swallowed by a white balloon of smoke, on the battleship's massive bridge. Presently he heard the thud of the gun, but no shrapnel burst near him. "That one," he said, "must have been over. But they'll soon get the range."

"Look at the guard," said Peggy. Sergeant Cullinane noticed that the trench was vacant, except for the girl and himself. Up the street, the guard was ducking into doorways.

"It was announced," said Sergeant Cullinane, "that the Fita Fita Guard would fight to the last man, and I am the last man." He fired the second shell. There was a sound like the bursting of a paper bag with the hand, followed by an insignificant puff of smoke. The second shell floated into the air, came down on the pebbles at the edge of the beach, and rolled sedately into the sea.

Once again came the roar of a gun, unmistakably from the battleship, but Sergeant Cullinane, his eyes on the little gun, did not bother to look up.

"Something," said Peggy, "is wrong."

He raised his head and saw that the battleship, incredibly, had turned away from Puang and was steaming toward the China Sea.

"Maybe we frightened 'em away," he said, brightening. "Maybe they know our Navy is coming, and they are running. But whether they are or not, I am going to teach that Fita Fita Guard to be more afraid of me than of a battleship."

He progressed up the street, stopping at each house, and doing terrible things within, and by the time he reached the radio shack the Fita Fita Guard was at his heels and marching in step. He tersely, and modestly as possible, reported to Pearl Harbor that the Fita Fita Guard had "put a battleship to flight."

"SERGEANT," said a voice at his elbow, and he knew Koki had returned from the north cove, "I think you have made a mistake."

"What's that?" asked Sergeant Cullinane. Koki looked very superior and complacent.

"I think you will find later," said Koki, "that the battleship was firing its saluting battery. It is too bad, too bad for all of us."

"How did you know," demanded Cullinane, "what I was sending?"

"It does not matter now," said Koki, "because when your fleet gets here it will be all over for both of us. But when you fired that infinitesimal fieldpiece, the battleship thought you were saluting, and courteously returned the salute. It was one of our finest ships," Koki added with some pride, "and had it wished, of course, could have blown this island from the face of the earth."

"My gosh," said Sergeant Cullinane, "then you are a spy!"

"It is true that I am Japanese," said Koki, "but I am not a spy. I do not like war. I am what in your country you call a conscientious objector, and that is why I came to Puang."

At noon there was a sound like many hornets overhead, and three specks dove from the sky. Before they flattened out and revealed the red, white and blue stars on the under side of their stubby wings, the populace had taken to the brush.

"Scouts from the carrier," Sergeant Cullinane told the Fita Fita Guard. "The ships can't be far off."

Before nightfall, their guns stripped of canvas covers and gleaming with open muzzles, they rode at anchor off Puang—a long, swift carrier and four wicked destroyers. Overhead the scouting planes still held their vigil. The carrier derricks dropped gray landing launches and the rear admiral's own sleek, gleaming barge to the water, and they sliced their way to the pier of Puang. Sergeant Cullinane, at the head of the Fita Fita Guard, advanced to meet them.

"This is going to be worse than the Japanese," he told himself.

When the admiral stepped from the launch, the sergeant barked, "Present, arms!" and he noted with relief that the Fita Fita Guard, after a fashion, obeyed.

"Sergeant Cullinane," said the admiral, "you are either the damnedest fool the Marine Corps has produced or the greatest hero the Navy has known since Hobson. You're under arrest."

It reminded Dennis Cullinane of stud. There came a time when you shoved in your last chip, and tried for the case ace. If you hit, you kept on winning. If you didn't, you got out of the game. He pulled from his pocket a white cotton flag with a bright red circle in the center.

"I brought this back from Tongahiki," he said, "as evidence."

"Do you know what that is?" the admiral inquired. Sergeant Cullinane wondered why the admiral should be laughing.

"I do, sir. It is the Japanese flag."

"It is that, and it is something else, too. What else does a red ball mean in Oriental waters?"

"Skating?" ventured Cullinane.

"Skating!" the admiral gulped. "Wind—gales! From Japan to the Marianne and Marshall Islands a red ball is the weather signal for wind!"

"But there wasn't any wind," Cullinane protested. "Why, we haven't had any wind since . . ."

"I know it!" roared the admiral. "It was those four Hawaiians. Or, rather, it was their barometer. One day the barometer dropped away to 27.80. It leaked, their barometer. They decided a typhoon was coming and cleared out for Fiji. We just heard from there. But first, because they took their weather work a little seriously, they hoisted a storm warning."

"Storm warning?" said Cullinane.

"Yes. They didn't have regulation storm signals, so they made one. Took their nearest hoist, a white pennant with a red ball in the center—it's the signal for number one in the International code—tore off the edges, and ran it up. Any fisherman would recognize the red ball to mean big wind coming. Not bad—for four Hawaiians."

"Oh!" said Sergeant Cullinane.

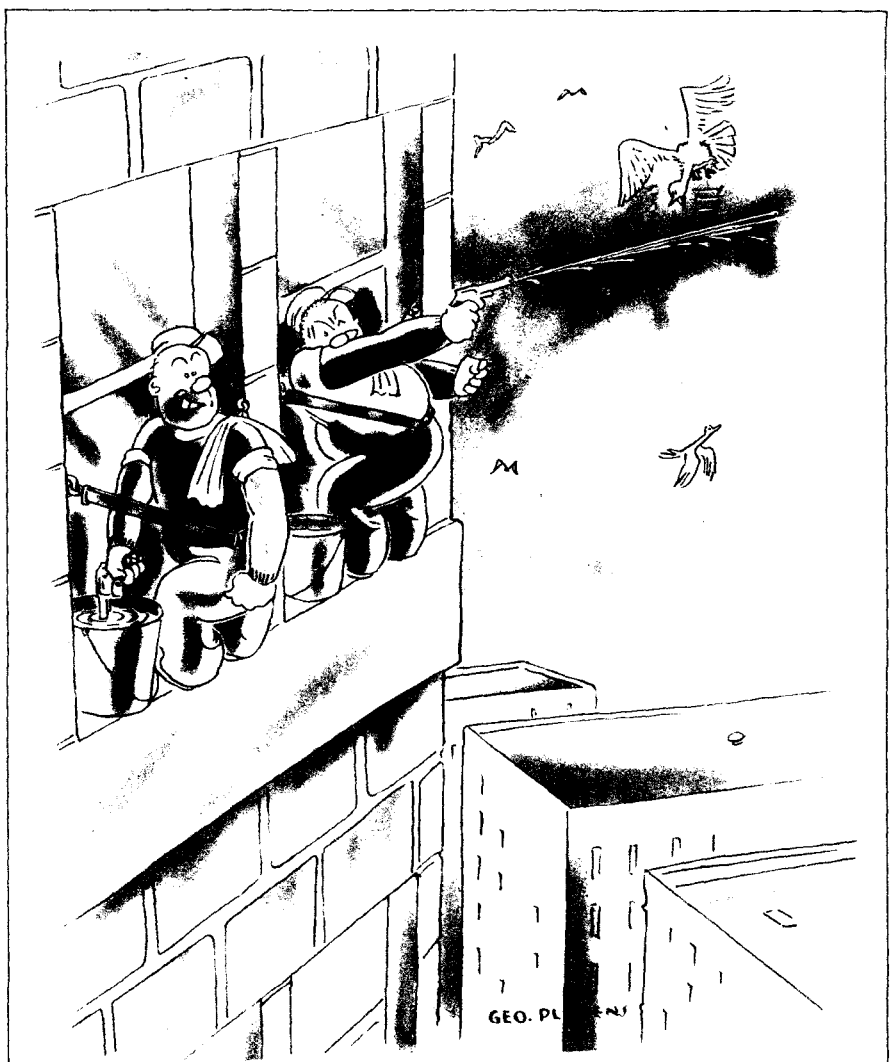
"Oh!" said the admiral.

THE Court of Inquiry didn't last long. "In view of all the circumstances," the report said, "it is apparent that Master Sergeant Cullinane took proper action, according to the facts at his disposal."

"You have given us a good workout," the admiral privately told Sergeant Cullinane later, "under actual war conditions. I guess you can stay here and run your Fita Fita Guard. But please," the admiral pleaded, "put shoes on them."

In the files of the Marine Corps is a radiogram:

"Please send by next mail boat two dozen assorted pairs regulation shoes, hundred rounds 37-millimeter shells, and medium-sized gold wedding ring. (Signed) Cullinane, Commander Fita Fita Guard."



"Tsk Tsk! Missed again!" GEORGE PLAGENS + R. A. G.

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Hot Shot from Texas

Continued from page 19

as to relieve his shoulder, and sighed.

"I'm hongry," he announced. "Hongry as a dog."

Play Mamma beamed. "You kin eat supper at my house," she offered. "What you like to eat?"

"Don't make me no diff'unce," Hot Shot said. "I kin eat what you got."

"You c'd sleep at my house, too," Play Mamma offered, "only I and you ain't married up, and I'd git churched right outn de church."

"I kin sleep in de barn," said Hot Shot, completely ignoring Play Mamma's proposal.

"Us could drap by de blacksmith shop and git B'r Charlie to marry us up," Play Mamma suggested.

"I done got married up one time," Hot Shot said gloomily, "to a lady name er Della." The recollection made his mouth taste like a green persimmon, and he shuddered.

"Woman troubles," Play Mamma guessed, but she was tactful enough not to press the subject.

WHEN the day's totals were added at sundown, Hot Shot had picked more than four hundred pounds, but Newman Dyke, with four hundred and sixty pounds, got the dollar bonus.

"You had him dis mawnin'," Giles told Hot Shot. "When de bell rung, you had two hund'ed and fawty-five, but Newman finishes strong. You wants to eat heavy tonight, and you'll git him tomorrow."

Hot Shot walked down the turnrow with the other workers. He felt relieved of the heavy drag of the sack on his shoulder, and pleased that he had picked more than four hundred pounds of cotton. He was the center of attraction, for the first time in his life, and it made him want to sing. He felt almost bold and he sang a bold song:

"Gonter shoot my pistol in de middle er town,
Gonter keep on shootin' to my woman slow down."

"Bad!" exclaimed Play Mamma proudly. "He done kilt a woman name Della, cause she do'ed him wrong. And now dat little bitty ole bad thing is jest a-singin' 'bout what he done!"

At supper, Hot Shot ate steadily and silently. When the meal was finished, he said:

"I'm gittin' sleepy. I'm goin' out yonder in de barn and bed down in de hay."

"All right, bad stuff," said Play Mamma. "Is you got you a pistol?"

"Naw," said Hot Shot. "Cou'se not."

"Well, I'm gonter gi' you mine," Play Mamma offered. "Hit ain't right for a little man like you not to have none."

"I don't need no pistol," Hot Shot protested.

"I knows you don't need none," Play Mamma said, "but efn you got one, you kin run somebody off, and you won't have to wring dey necks wid yo' bare hands."

"I ain't fixin' to run nobody off," Hot Shot stated. "Ain't nobody did me evil."

"Take hit, jest for me," Play Mamma pleaded, shoving a small pistol into his hand. "I hyared all about what you done to Doc, dis mawnin' when he chunked dat cotton sack at you. And Doc kin git sort er bad, when he git r'iled up."

Hot Shot was too sleepy to argue. He took the gun and started toward the barn. It was dark along the bayou path and Hot Shot stumbled over unfamiliar bumps.

"Crazy fo'ks," Hot Shot told himself. "Chain-gang tawk, Texas tawk. Badmans tawk and pistol tawk. Humph! I might' nigh wisht I was back wid Della. She was quar'lsome, but she wan't crazy."

Hot Shot crawled into the hay and went to sleep.

Next morning he felt rested and well-fed, but he stopped at Play Mamma's cabin for coffee, fried bacon and mush.

"Doc didn't devil you none, last night, did he, Stuff?" Play Mamma asked.

"Naw."

"I tole him to leave you be," Play Mamma said. "Quick as you left, I slipped up to Doc's house and tole him you had a pistol. I tole him hit was a fawty-fo' 'stid er jest my thirty-eight. And I tole him what you said you'd do efn he come messin' 'round."

"I didn't said I'd do nothin'," Hot Shot denied.

"Aw, Stuff, I knows you didn't speak hit wid yo' mouf, cause you don't speak much. But I knows what you had in yo' mind. And I knows how 'shamed Doc is for what you done him, too."

"I ain't did Doc nothin'," Hot Shot insisted. "I jest minds my own business."

Play Mamma laughed.

"I sho' would hate to see you git ray-ly quar'lsome," she declared. "I bet when you gits mad, things take place."

"I ain't never got ray-ly quar'lsome," Hot Shot told her.

The modesty of the man overwhelmed Play Mamma.

"Darlin'," she told him, "you's a dog! You's jest a little bitty ole sweet dog. I'm gonter marry up wid you efn you's de last man I ever marries up wid."

Hot Shot shrugged indifferently.

"Now," went on Play Mamma, "le's I and you git to de fiel' and make all de yuther ladies jellies er me, on account er you is my jelly be."

Hot Shot's reputation had spread considerably during the night. People stood back and watched him and Play Mamma walk down the turnrow.

"What you twistin' 'bout, Soul?" the Widow Duck asked Play Mamma. "You's twistin' like you had somethin' to strut about."

"I'm is got somethin' to strut about," Play Mamma replied. "I and Hot Shot is fixin' to git married up."

"Efn I twisted like dat ev'y time I was fixin' to git married up," the Widow Duck said facetiously, "I'd 'a' twisted my backbone out er j'int long ago."

IT WAS a good joke and everybody laughed. But Play Mamma knew that the Widow Duck, who was the Senior Usher at the Old Ship of Zion Church, was voicing her disapproval. Play Mamma stopped strutting and began to walk with just the right combination of dignity and dog to suit the Widow Duck, and at the same time let everybody know that she was highly satisfied with her social position as the fiancée of the baddest man on the plantation.

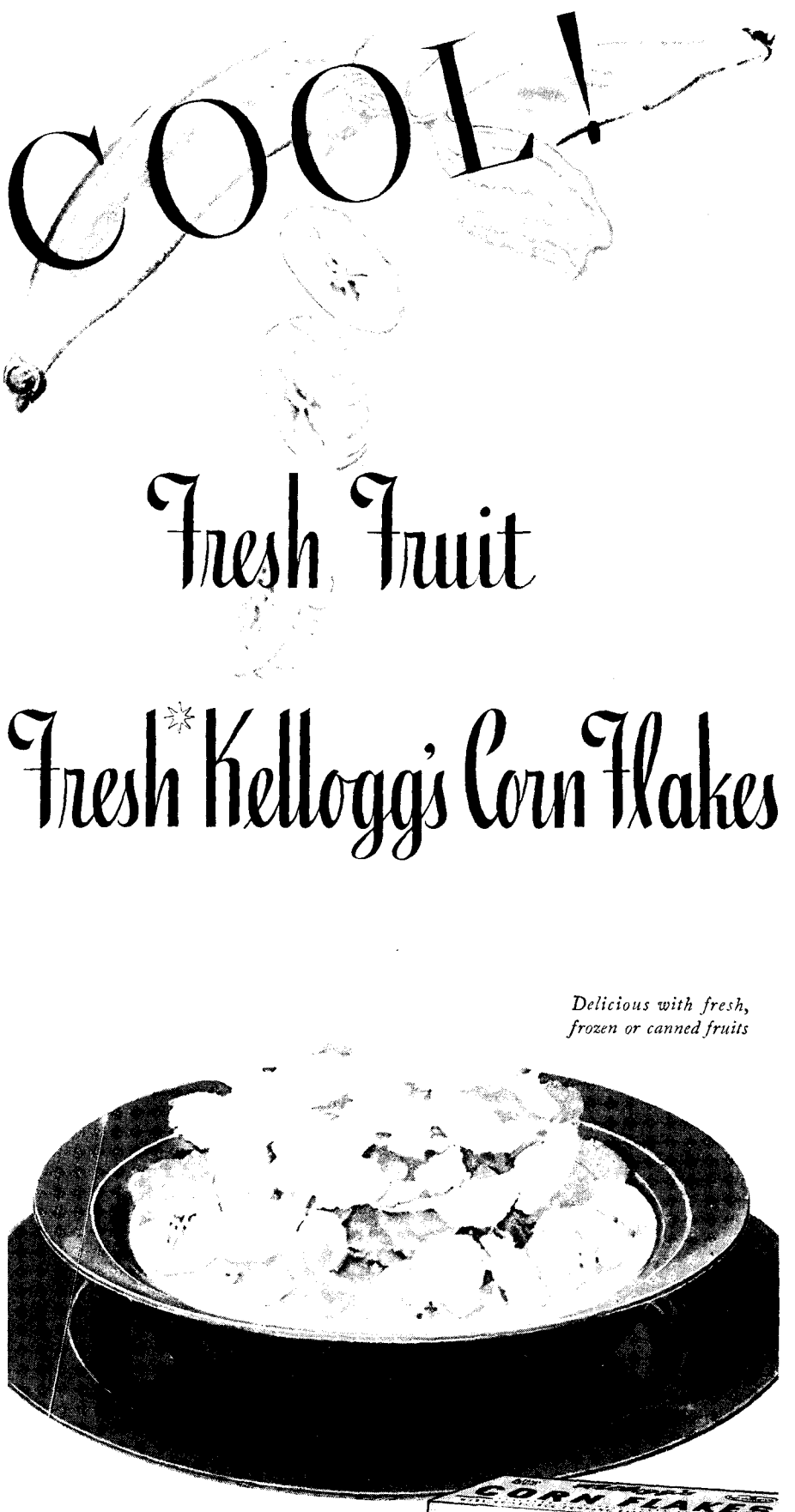
Even Hot Shot felt the glory of it, and for a moment he considered doing a little strutting himself. He gave up the idea, after a few steps of raising his left foot high and drawing back his elbows, and retired into his usual meek silence.

At the wagon, Doc was coldly impersonal. He looked sullen but said nothing.

When they began to pick cotton, Play Mamma attempted to put handfuls of her cotton into Hot Shot's sack.

"Mind out," Hot Shot protested.

"Aw, honey, I'm he'pin' you beat Newman," Play Mamma explained. "Dat's de way Carrie do's for New-



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man. Dat's how come Newman beat you yistiddy." She dropped in another handful.

"Take away," ordered Hot Shot. "My sack heavy 'nough wid what I puts in hit."

"He's a dog!" Play Mamma decided. "Fixin' to beat ole Newman widout nobody he'pin' him."

As the morning wore on and Hot Shot's sack grew heavier, he felt a strange discomfort over his right hip, where the sack pulled down hardest. He put his hand into his hip pocket and blinked. The pistol! He had put it there, the night before, and forgot it. Now, it was heavy and rough and digging into his leg. He straightened, took the strap from his shoulder, caught a hitch over the end of the sack and started toward the wagon.

"You fixin' to weigh now, Stuff?" asked Play Mamma.

"Yeah."

"I ain't hardly got enough to pull de scales down," Play Mamma objected.

"Dat ain't all you ain't hardly got enough of," stated Hot Shot flatly. "You ain't hardly got enough brains in yo' haid to come in outn de rain, efn hit was to start rainin'."

"Aw, darlin'," Play Mamma protested.

"And don't darlin' at me," Hot Shot said angrily. "I put up wid stuff I didn't like for fo'teen long years, and I broke away to come hyar. And now ev'ybody hyar is crazy as screech owls!"

PLAY MAMMA trembled with fright and admiration.

"Fo'teen years on de chain gang," she said admiringly, "and he don't aim to put up wid no mo' foolishness. And I bet he don't, too. He's little, but he's loud."

Hot Shot's anger subsided as suddenly as it had boiled up. And when, midway to the wagon Giles met him, he was the same meek little man who took fourteen years of an overbearing wife named Della before he could drum up the courage to leave.

"Albert!"

"Yassuh," said Hot Shot.

"I figgered dat was yo' true name," Giles told him. "Hit was a lady name Della come up to de house a while ago."

Hot Shot's knees trembled and his chin sagged.

"Dat's her," he said feebly. "I knowed she'd hunt me down. You didn't tell her I was hyar, did you?"

"I tole her," Giles stated, "dat I didn't know nobody goin' by dat name."

"Aw," said Hot Shot, relieved. As he neared the wagon, he came upon Newman Dyke. He was twice as big as Hot Shot, and he tossed a big sack of cotton to the ground as though it weighed less than nothing.

"You de hot-shot picker which kin beat me, hunh?" Newman challenged.

Hot Shot dropped his sack but said nothing. He looked and felt bored by all the crazy stuff he was hearing.

"You claim," Newman went on belligerently, "dat I didn't win de dollar fair, for bein' high man yistiddy? You claim Carrie picked in my sack, so's I didn't pick all er dem fo'-sixty. Well, de dollar is in my pocket. You kin take hit when—"

"Hey, Newman!" Doc yelled. "Come hyar."

Doc whispered in Newman's ear. Newman shook his head. "Not me," he told Doc. "I don't want none er dat stuff." Then he turned to Hot Shot and handed him a silver dollar. "No hard feelin's," he said. "You outpicked me, and you wins. I wa'n't feelin' so good, yistiddy, so I had Carrie and her mamma he'pin' pick in my sack."

Hot Shot took the dollar, stared at it openmouthed, and then stuck it into his pocket.

"Newman," Doc said coldly, "is skeered er dat gun you's packin'. But I ain't."

The pistol! Hot Shot had forgotten it since now the weight of the cotton sack was not mashing it into his leg. Instinctively, he reached a hand toward it.

"Tetch dat gun," Doc threatened "and I'll knock yo' haid off wid dis brick."

Doc drew back his hand and Hot Shot saw in it a half brick. He didn't like that. A man could hurt you with a brick.

"Don't let him bluff you, Stuff." It was Play Mamma who spoke. "He ain't got de cheeks to chunk hit."

"Who ain't got de cheeks?" Doc demanded.

"You, Albert!"

The voice screeched across the field and almost split Hot Shot's eardrums. It was unmistakably Della. She was coming out of the field, running and yelling, with a cotton sack over her shoulder.

"Mist' Giles!" Hot Shot pleaded desperately. "You said you tole her I wa'n't hyar!"

"I tole her dat," Giles said, "but she claim she a cotton picker needin' bus fare back to Coushatta, and I needs cotton pickers. So I hired her."

"You hadn't ought to did dat!" Hot Shot was getting mad once more.

"You stole my money f'm under de bricks!" Della screamed. "And you runned off and left me. I'm gonter mash yo' haid!"

"Hit'll be two of us at de mashin'," Play Mamma put in. "Any time you mash him, you's mashin' me. And I knows you ain't fixin' to mash me."

She squared off in front of the irate Della.

"He my husband!" Della shouted.

"He might er been, one time. But you's divo'ced off, now. 'Cause I and him gonter git married up, dis day."

The fuss and confusion were more than Hot Shot could stand. He had been putting up with so much crazy stuff for so long that now he was desperate. He began to wave his arms and shout:

"I'm mad! Somebody done made me mad!"

PEOPLE at once drew back, running to hide behind wagons or lying flat on the ground. But Hot Shot saw nothing. He was in open revolt after fourteen years of quarreling from Della and two days of crazy chatter from the people on Little Bee Bend.

"I ain't fixin' to marry wid nobody!" he told them all. "I'm done quit Della, and I'm done quit Play Mamma and I'm done quit ev'y yuther lady! I'm—"

He stopped suddenly and saw the pistol was in his hand. Without realizing it, he had drawn it from his pocket and was waving it about. Then he noticed that everybody was hiding. So he raised his left foot high, drew back his elbows and fired into the air.

"I'm mad clean to de ground!" he yelled. "I shoot my pistol in de middle er town, and I'll keep on shootin' "—he fired two more shots—"to de po-lice shoot me down!" He fired again, three times, and emptied the chamber.

Giles came from behind a wagon.

"Now, gimme de gun, son," he said kindly. "You done spoke yo' piece, and we all hyared you. Empty yo' sack and git back in de fiel'. And as long as you picks good cotton for me"—he looked squarely at Della—"well, ain't nobody gonter bother you."

Della shrugged. "He ain't wuth de patience," she said. "I kin get me a rale husband, up hyar."

Play Mamma watched Hot Shot empty his sack and start back to the field. She gazed fondly at him and smiled.

"Ain't he a dog?" she wanted to know. "Little but loud."

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Family on the Make

Continued from page 26

racing despairingly down. It was the good old all-out college try for both of them, but the ball dribbled over the turf.

The crowd stood up and applauded. Sook felt Alec's hand on her arm, heard his: "You did all right, Sook; you were marvelous."

But it didn't help much. Nothing could. Sook's head was high and she smiled, but as her small hand met her sister's her heart struck bottom.

RAE'S vindictiveness was apparently discharged in the torrid session upon the court. She was very sweet to Sook before dinner, mostly, Sook really thought, because she wanted help with a hair-do. It was while Sook combed out Rae's strands that their father knocked and entered. He obviously had something on his mind. "My dear," he said to Rae, "this young Durant—ahem!"

Sook decided to help him out.

"Is not a Durant of *the* Durants; isn't that what you're trying to say?"—she caught a small, triumphant flicker in Rae's calculating eyes.

"Precisely," said Dad. "Precisely. But I had a drink with Johnson Studley after the match at the club.

"Studley, Draper and Brown—yes, indeed, very fine house—and he told me that young Durant was a comer—just the word he used—if he does well on this Texas job, they have him slated for bigger things. South America next year."

"Hm-m-m!" breathed Rae, and tapped a finger.

"Yes, indeed. Thought you should know, Rae." Dad tried a light, careless laugh. "Tennis, you know, in South America. Quite the casino life in places like Buenos Aires. Well—splendid showing you two girls put on this afternoon."

It worked all right. At dinner, Rae *creamed* him, and Alec grinned just like a cat—a very wise cat, however.

"Your game today, Alec," Rae told him, "was superb. Thought you had us more than once."

"Thanks! But did you notice Sook's game? There was something for the book."

Sook shook her head at him faintly. Alec waggled his eyebrows right back. He trapped her in the kitchen after dinner.

"Toss me a towel," he said.

"Listen, my lad," Sook told him. "Rae's open. I know the signs. You can still gratify that ambition—there's the South Shore tournament next week. But you'll not get anywhere with her, tagging around after me."

"Don't want to," Alec said. "I meant it. Tennis is over for me. Tournament tennis, anyway."

"I'll say it is!" Sook muttered bitterly. "I sort of forced you right out. In the first round, too. Oh, Alec, I'm so *terribly* sorry!"

"Nonsense! You were terrific; sensational for your first time out. If you want to go places in tennis, you can; but *I* hope you don't. I mean I'd rather you'd . . . well, listen . . . why don't you go places with me?"

"Places with you?"

"Like Texas. Oh, I know I'm kind of abrupt—but there isn't much time, really." He waved at the dishes in the sink. "You can say goodby to that sort of thing. I could afford a Mexican maid, and . . ."

"What *are* you talking about, Alec?" asked Sook, refusing to believe. All the same, her heart was doing nip-ups.

"About how lucky I am to have admired Rae's tennis. If I hadn't, I wouldn't be here; wouldn't have met you, Sook." He looked directly at her, slightly red. "Ah, listen," he said with deep feeling, "come on down to Texas with me. It's hot and dusty and you'll be lonely, but maybe we can find a nice place; a house with a fountain and patio . . ."

HIS voice tumbled on and on. Sook stood there, hands idle, eyes staring, and her mind racing in thought: "Why, he *wants* me. He *does*. Look at him, it's written all over his face. It's *real*. *It's happening*. And it's *mine*. And the family *could* do without me. In fact, it would do them all good. And it's one daughter off their hands. And that's what it's all about. And Rae can keep on shopping. John Brixter. Or somebody else. She would, anyway. . . ."

Alec had fallen silent, a suspenseful look on his face.

"Well?" he asked impatiently.

"Well, what?" Sook repeated in a fog.

"I've been trying to sell you Texas."

Sook came out of it then. She smiled tremulously at him. "Alec," she chidingly said, "you may be a very good buyer, but you don't *know* when you've made a *sale*."

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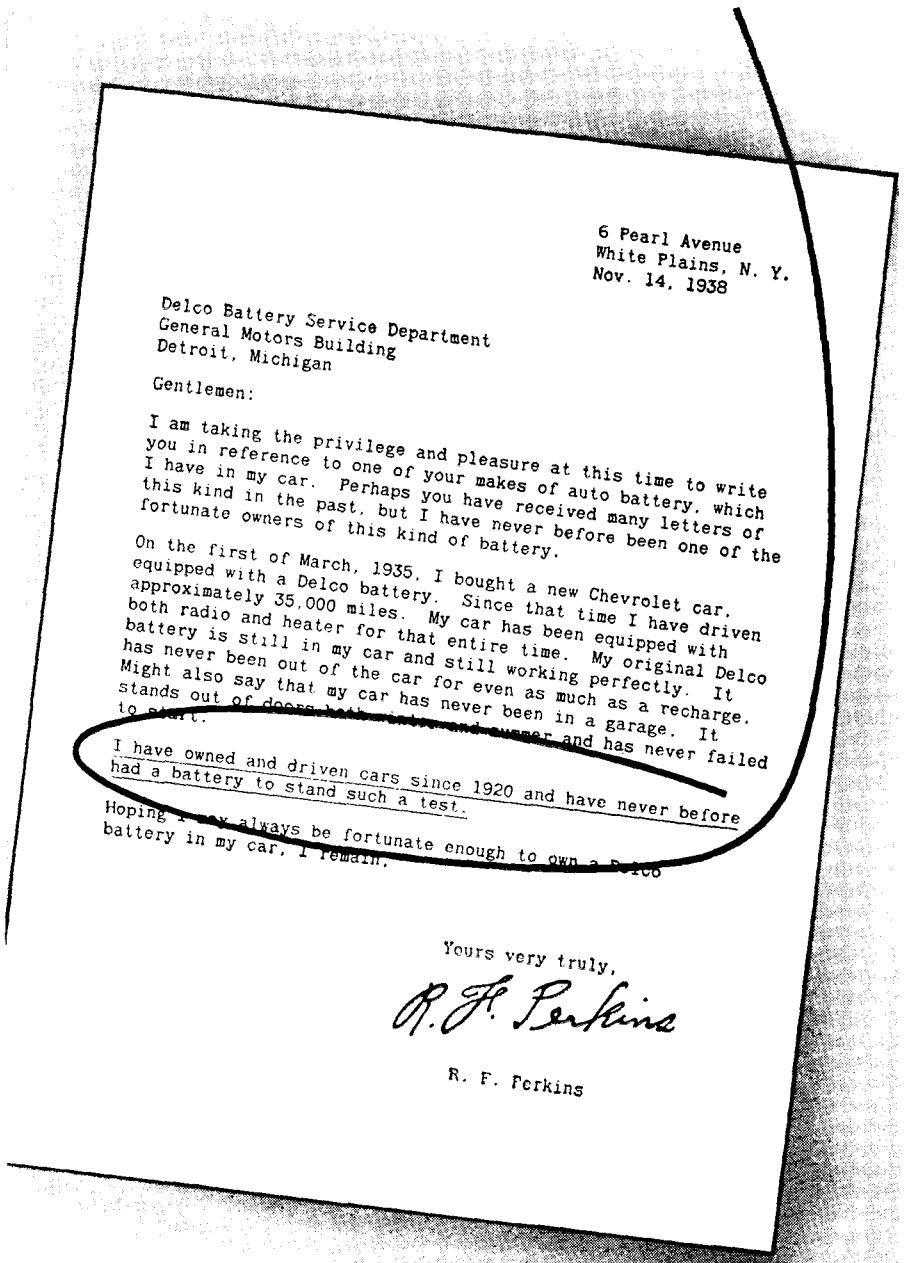

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Red Gardenias

Continued from page 16

nurse lying in a pool of blood."

Peter March, his skin dead-white under a blue growth of beard, listened to her with a bewildered air.

"I still don't understand all this," he said.

Between bites of hamburger, Dr. Rutledge told the entire story from the time he had agreed to put Crane in Simeon March's room to the escape of the intruder. He talked mostly to Carmel, whose lovely face again reminded Crane of a tinted mask, aloof and serene, yet somehow watchful.

Farther down the porcelain table was Dr. Woodrin. His round face looked tired and some of the pink had faded. He listened to Dr. Rutledge and drank black coffee.

"Crane thought the murderer might come back . . ." Dr. Rutledge said.

Well, the plan *had* worked, Crane thought, drinking some of the coffee. Only he had muffed it. He supposed a braver man would have been closer behind the intruder, close enough to see her take the metal emergency stairs leading to the roof.

He'd just about got straight in his mind what had happened. The woman, after driving him into the room with the screaming lady, had run for the elevator, only to find someone (Alice March) had called it down. So she had ducked through a door marked EXIT and had run up on the roof.

He'd been so dumfounded when Alice had walked out of the returning elevator, Crane admitted, that he hadn't thought of the possibility of another exit. He'd felt as if the woman had blown away like a puff of smoke. He'd just stared at Alice's astonished face.

A SECOND later the guards from March & Company had arrived by way of the regular stairs, and he learned from them that Alice was already going up in the elevator when they reached it.

And it was Alice March who had finally said:

"Couldn't she have gone through that little door?"

On the metal stairs they had found traces of blood. A few drops on the steps, and there were two maroon smudges on the steel handrail.

"Must have winged her," one of the guards said.

"Not bad, though," the other said.

There had been a guard at the foot of the outside fire escape and for a time Crane had hoped he might have caught the woman. But the trail of blood drops led two stories down the escape, then perilously crossed to an open window in the Nurses' Home adjoining City Hospital. Once in this building, the woman had walked down the back fire escape into the alley.

Crane took another drink of the spiked coffee. He had only himself to blame. Still he couldn't be expected to surround all the buildings in the neighborhood; he didn't have enough men, anyway. He . . .

Dr. Rutledge had finished his story. Peter asked Crane, "Where's Ann?"

Crane said, "She's home, I think." He suddenly felt sick inside.

"What would she think if she knew you were mixed up in this shooting?" Carmel asked.

Her attitude toward the attack upon Simeon March, and the revelation that his being gassed in his garage was not an accident, Crane saw, was like the other Marches', and Dr. Woodrin too. They appeared to have known all the time something was wrong and were relieved it had finally been pointed out. But they still weren't discussing the matter.

He supposed he understood that, especially when the person you were discussing it with might be the murderer.

He answered Carmel's question: "She'd be surprised."

ALICE asked, "Doesn't she know you've been acting as an amateur detective?"

Crane shook his head. He wished they wouldn't talk about Ann. He said, "Excuse me," and went to the telephone and called his house. His heart fluttered as the bell rang and rang. There was no answer. He wondered where Williams was.

They were talking about the floor nurse when he returned to the table.

"All that blood," Dr. Rutledge was saying, "was a simple nosebleed. She's all right now."

Dr. Woodrin said, "Too bad she didn't get a good look at the woman who hit her."

"She apparently creeps up behind her victims," Dr. Rutledge said. "Simeon March didn't see her, either."

Mr. March's brief account of the events in his garage, Crane admitted, had substantiated Williams' theory. The old man told them he was getting into his sedan when someone threw a blanket over his head. He struggled, but he was easily overpowered. He was thrown to the floor, tied, and someone started the engine in his sedan. Presently he began to breathe gas . . . and then he woke up in bed.

Crane's mind went back to Ann. Why had she disappeared? Was she a prisoner? Could she still be alive? Or was she dead of gas?

Carmel asked Dr. Rutledge when Simeon March would be able to go home. The doctor said not for several days.

"We'll have to keep the guards here, then," Peter said.

Alice March said, "That woman will never come back now."

"I'm not taking any chances," Peter said.

A white-coated attendant tapped Crane on the shoulder. "You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Crane."

It was Williams. He was very excited about something.

"I can't hear you," Crane said.

Williams' voice sounded as though he was trying to shout through a long section of pipe. "Damn it! I'm telling you I've got the dame spotted."

"What dame?"

"The dame who raised all the hell in the hospital."

Crane was silent and Williams said:

"Can't you hear me? *The dame who raised . . .*"

"I hear you, but I don't believe you," Crane said.

"But, Bill, I spotted her when she came down the fire escape back of the Nurses' Home. I saw the gun she had, so I followed her. She went . . ."

"Where are you?" Crane broke in excitedly.

"It's quite a feat of engineering. They tore down the old jail and are building a new one and didn't even have to move Wilbur"

REAMER KELLER

"State highway 20—the first farmhouse to the right after the intersection of the Charlesville pike."

"Anybody with her?"

"She went in alone, but the place may be loaded down."

"We'll be along in ten minutes."

"Like hell you will! It's twenty miles."

"Fifteen minutes then."

WILLIAMS was sitting on the running-board of a rented coupé. His black eyes blinked at the array of automobiles.

"You call out the militia?"

Crane got out of Dr. Woodrin's car. "Everybody insisted on coming."

Carmel March, with Peter in her convertible, called out excitedly, "Where to now?"

"Women, too?" Williams asked disgustedly.

"We couldn't keep 'em at home."

"There'll be shooting."

"They'll stay back."

"Well, let's go."

Williams had them drive without lights a half mile down the cement road, signaled for all the cars to stop. About one hundred yards ahead was a side road, a gray streak against the black countryside.

"We'll walk from here," he said.

Peter March told the women to wait with the cars. He left a guard to watch the side road. "Stop anybody who drives out," he said.

In the party were three guards, Dr. Woodrin, Dr. Rutledge, Peter March, Williams and Crane.

While the others discussed plans for the attack, Crane took a flashlight, covered it with his coat so there would be no glow, examined the drive. He felt great excitement when he found a series of small craters on the soft earth. The treads were exactly like those made by the marksman's car at the Duck Club.

Dr. Rutledge, coming over to him from the group, asked, "What are you doing?"

"I've found some fresh tire tracks."

They stood together while the whispered discussion continued.

The plan had evidently been decided upon, because Williams touched Crane, said, "Let's go."

They started and Peter March, just ahead, whispered to Williams, "You're sure she's there?"

"I know she went in."

THE road seemed to be descending. At the same time it began to wind. Clumps of trees, bushes, tall grass lined both sides. They had to halt now and then while the leaders felt out the way. It was very cold and still.

"How'd you follow her?" Peter March asked.

"She drove slow, to keep from being stopped by cops, I guess," Williams said. "I was able to keep up with my lights off."

"I mean through this," Peter said.

"Oh. I didn't come in here. When she turned off I stopped and watched her headlights. I could see her drive down to a house and switch off the lights."

"And then you went to a farmhouse and telephoned?"

"Yeah."

They had got off the road again. One of the guards lit a match. The orange flame showed trees, white faces; then someone knocked the match out of the guard's hand. "You fool!" Dr. Woodrin said. "Want to give us away?"

Williams found the road. It wasn't completely dark, and Crane could see Peter's back, just ahead of him. The sky, above a tangle of half-bare branches, was mauve. It was only an hour till sunrise. Suddenly Williams halted.

"There's the house."

Directly ahead of them was a very faint rectangle of yellow light. For a moment it looked as though the light was floating high in the air, then they saw the gray outline of a two-story farmhouse. The rectangle was a window on the second floor.

"Somebody's up," Williams said.

Whispering, they decided to send four men around the house. The other four would try to get inside without attracting attention. At the sound of shooting, the four outside would rush the house.

Williams took it for granted he would be one of the four. Everybody took it for granted Crane would be another. Peter made it three. That left one more. Dr. Rutledge said he'd go, but Crane objected.

"It's not your show," he said.

Dr. Woodrin had been examining the house at a little distance from the group. He returned and said, "I'm going. John and Richard . . . Talmadge

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. . . they were my best friends. It's certainly *my* show."

A cautious examination of the farmhouse disclosed locked windows and doors. Williams led them to the front door, tried a master key in the lock. After a moment it turned and they followed him inside.

The hall had a musty smell, like that of a room shut up for a long time. There was a smell of dry leather, of dust, of mildewed fabric, of mice, of rotting wood. The air felt moist and warm on their faces.

Under their feet, the floor creaked faintly. They halted, holding their breaths.

THERE was talking upstairs. The voices were muffled; it was impossible to tell if the speakers were men or women. The conversation was leisurely; a rumble of words, a long silence, a murmured reply.

A rod of light extended from Williams' fountain-pen flashlight to a green rug, so worn that cross threads of the fabric showed through the nap. Further ahead were stairs and a ten-foot landing. On the left the oak balustrade had been partially torn loose from the stairs. It tilted crazily, like a section of railroad track uprooted by flood. Over the landing a tattered piece of muslin partially cloaked a square window.

Williams touched Crane's arm. They started up the stairs, keeping close to the wall on the right. On the landing Crane was surprised to see that the square window was made up of small, colored panes; green, red, blue, orange and brown. The next flight of stairs looked safer.

A cold draft flowed along the second-floor hall, numbed their wrists and ankles. The voices were louder now, but it was not possible to distinguish the words. Light stained the hall floor through a crack under a door fifteen feet to the right.

Suddenly a man laughed hoarsely in the room with the light.

They went along the hall to the door. A woman was laughing with the man; both sounded a little drunk. The man, between laughs, said in a deep voice:

"Like a boiler works, by golly!"

He pounded a table with his fist, then they both laughed.

Williams' mouth was against Crane's right ear. "The doc hasn't got a gun. He'll bust the door with his shoulders, bust in, and you and Peter and me'll cover. . . ."

Vicious snarls, loud barking broke out somewhere in back of the house. A pistol went off twice. Crane could see the flashes through the colored window. The dog yelped once and was silent. . . .

Dr. Woodrin said, "Come on." He hit the door with his shoulder; it gave with a crack like a big firecracker; he staggered into the room. Crane, beside Williams and a step ahead of Peter March, followed.

Two flickering oil lamps on a bare table threw jaundiced light over half the room. They held in uncertain rays a carrot-haired woman in a gaudy cotton wrapper; a quart of rye whisky and two partially filled glasses; a mussed bed on which sat a man wearing a blue skirt and an underwear top. The woman was Delia Young. She was seated on a chair across the table from the bed; her face was turned in the direction of the shots. The man was looking that way, too; but his face was in shadow. There was a shapeless bundle of clothes in a corner of the room. A tight bandage circled the man's left arm just above the elbow.

It seemed, to Crane, the action was like that in a prize-fight motion picture that has been halted for an instant to let the audience see a particular punch. The crack of the door was the signal for the halt; their arrival in the room started the reel again.

Delia Young screamed. The man bent over and fumbled among the bedcovers. Dr. Woodrin's voice shook the windows.

"We've got you this time."

Delia Young screamed. The bundle of clothes in the corner moved. The man's hand came around in a swift arc. A sliced second before his pistol went off, Dr. Woodrin, almost between Crane and the man, dropped on the floor. Like an echo, Williams' revolver answered the pistol. Crane fired at the man, too. They both fired again. "You . . . you . . ." the man muttered. His body suddenly flabby, he pitched forward on the floor. Delia Young screamed again.

"Pipe down, Toots," Williams said.

Crane moved a step forward, his smoking revolver still pointed at the bed. Dr. Woodrin got off the floor. Crane looked down at the body. It was Slats Donovan and he was dead. Peter March hurried to the bundle in the corner. Crane lifted the bottle of rye from the table. It was half full. He wiped the neck with the palm of his hand, took a long drink.

"My God!" he said when he finished. "Oh, my God!"

Delia Young stopped screaming. Her eyes were frightened behind smears of blue mascara. Williams put his hands under Donovan's armpits.

"Give me a hand, Bill."

They put the body on the bed. Crane discovered blood on his left hand, his left wrist. He couldn't find a handkerchief in the pockets on his right side and he didn't want to spoil his clothes by searching with the left hand. He opened his coat, wiped the hand on his shirt. It was only a two-dollar shirt.

Peter March was lifting the bundle in the corner. It was Ann Fortune, and she had been bound and gagged. Crane felt a great relief. He wondered how she had found the house. She was smiling at Peter.

Crane said, "Lucky for you, baby, we came along."

Ann smiled at him. "Hello, Bill," she said. Her hair was the color of the straw champagne bottles come in. "I'd almost given you up." Her green eyes went back to Peter. "Thanks for untying me," she said to him.

Dr. Woodrin was looking at Donovan. "That was a close one." There was no pink in his face.

Williams said, "It took guts to do what you did without a gun."

Delia Young was watching them. "Damn you all for a bunch of murderers," she said in her husky voice.

DR. RUTLEDGE and the guards had come upstairs and goggled at the body and Delia Young. Williams was describing the shooting when Carmel and Alice March arrived in two of the cars.

"We just *had* to know what happened," Alice said.

Carmel's dark eyes were on Ann, beside Peter. "How in the world did you get here?" she asked.

Ann said, "I thought Slats Donovan was the murderer. So I found out where Delia Young was through a girl at the Crimson Cat, but Donovan surprised me trying to get into the house."

Carmel said, "Slats Donovan killed John and Richard?"

"And Talmadge." Peter March looked at Ann. "It was clever of you to figure that out."

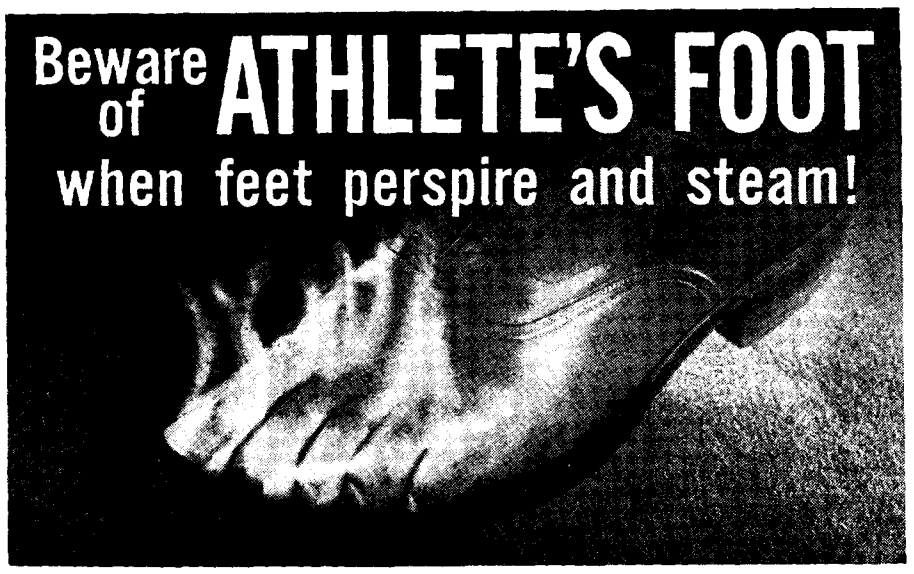
"Just a lousy gangster job," Williams said.

Ann said, "It wasn't so clever to get caught."

"But what happened here?" Alice March persisted.

Peter repeated the story of the shooting to Carmel and Alice.

"I'm glad you're safe," Crane said to Ann.



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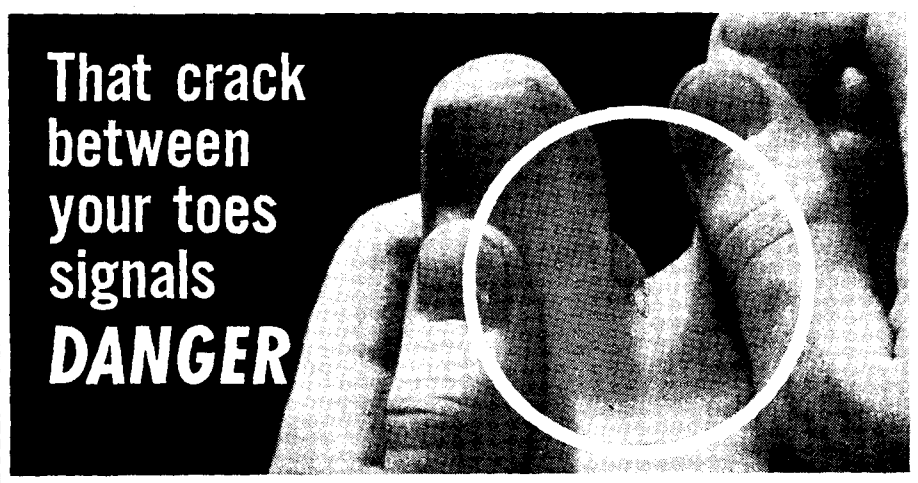

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"You didn't show it." Her voice was cool. "Letting somebody else untie me."

Crane shrugged his shoulders. He sat on the table and crooked a finger at Williams.

"Get Dr. Woodrin's medicine bag for me," he said in a low voice. "One of the gals brought his car down."

"Hell!" Williams said. "Donovan's dead."

"I want it."

Williams' black eyes were suddenly alarmed. "He didn't wing you, did he, Bill?"

Crane smiled at him. "Get the bag."

Peter March was still talking. "You really ought to thank me for saving you," Crane said to Ann. "Me and Doc Williams. I couldn't untie you because I was too busy with Donovan."

"That was close," she admitted. "I don't see how his shot missed you."

Crane saw Williams in the hall. He went out and took the bag from him, opened it, fumbled among its contents.

"What're you looking for?" Williams asked. "A drink?"

Someone in the room called, "Crane!"

There were a number of medical articles in his hand: a silver thermometer case, a steel probe, some cotton, an atomizer, a glass bottle of capsules. He carried these back into the room.

Peter March asked, "Any reason we can't cart away the body?"

"I don't know of any."

"What'll we do with the woman?"

"Let her go," Ann said. "She was practically a prisoner."

Alice March was standing with Dr. Rutledge. "I don't understand why Donovan killed Richard . . . and everybody." Her plump face was bewildered.

WILLIAMS jerked a thumb toward the bed. "Why don't you ask him?"

Peter March said, "He hated the whole March family because March & Company fired him."

Crane put the medical objects on the table beside the bottle of rye. He didn't feel so good. He took a drink, sat on the table, put the bottle down. He sat with his back arched, his stomach pulled in.

Ann was watching him. "Are you all right, Bill?"

He smiled at her. "Sure." He wished he didn't like her so much. He picked up the atomizer, pointed it at his nose, gave the rubber bulb a tentative squeeze. He sneezed.

Dr. Rutledge said to Peter March, "There must have been more of a motive than revenge."

Crane put the atomizer on the table, began to clean his nails with the steel probe. "There was," he said.

"What was it?" Peter March asked.

Crane ignored him. He put the probe down, took his revolver from his pocket. He gave it to Williams.

"Don't let Dr. Woodrin leave the room," he said.

There was silence as Williams aimed the revolver at the physician.

Then Dr. Woodrin said, "What's the big idea?" His pink-and-white face was angry. "If you're playing a joke, I don't . . ."

"Save it," Williams said.

"Drop him if he moves," Crane said.

Carmel March exclaimed, "You must be *mad*."

"Am I?" Crane took the atomizer, squirted it at her. "With this I purify you." He gave the rubber bulb a couple of squeezes. He felt a little lightheaded.

They certainly thought he had gone crazy. Even Williams was a little dubious. He thought, maybe he's just drunk. He wondered if the rye was doped.

The fine spray from the atomizer fogged Carmel's head, beaded on her mink coat, floated past Peter March.

"Perfume!" he said.

Carmel cried, "My gardenia!"

Crane gave the atomizer a final squeeze. "Would a corpse by any other name smell so sweet?" he inquired, and turned to Peter March. "Can you search the doctor's car?"

Peter March nodded to a guard by the door.

Crane spoke to Dr. Woodrin: "Clever idea, wasn't it, to try to implicate Carmel?"

"You're insane," Dr. Woodrin said.

Dr. Rutledge said, "I know I am. For God's sake, Crane, tell us what it's all about."

Crane felt very tired. The rye didn't seem to do much good, but he took another drink.

"It's about perfume, oily water, a forgery and duck shooting," he said.

Carmel March gasped. "Duck shooting?"

"Well, the Duck Club then. They've found oil in Michigan, near Lansing, and in Illinois." Crane spoke to Peter March. "But there's probably a hell of a lot more right under your great-grandfather's land."

Even the guards gaped at him. He went on: "Woodrin knows this. Having been an oil company doctor, he'd be bound to know a lot about oil. Oil seepage, the geologic formation of the duck grounds tipped him off, but he couldn't buy the property."

The guard who was searching Dr. Woodrin's car appeared with a Scotch-plaid blanket and a tennis net. "They were in the rumble," he said, going away again.

Crane continued: "There was little danger of the oil's being discovered, even though oil seepage killed fish in the pools, since the Marches aren't oil people, and there are no wells within five hundred miles to make them think of oil. But as trustee of the great-grandfather's estate, Woodrin could sell the land to himself . . . *once the last March had died*."

HIS face incredulous, Peter March stared at the doctor. "All those murders to get possession of an oil field?"

"Oh, he hated all of you, too."

Carmel gasped. "Hated us?"

"Sure. You were rich; he wasn't. When he had a chance to make money, with Donovan and Talmadge in the night-club business, John spoiled it. So he went after the oil. How much is an oil field worth? A million dollars? Fifty million?"

Williams said, "Some guys'll murder for fifty bucks."

Dr. Woodrin's round face was the color of caramel ice cream. "Do you believe all this nonsense?" he demanded of Peter.

Crane put an elbow on his thigh, leaned his chin on his palm. He was more comfortable doubled over, but he felt very bad. He said, "Now for the murders, in the order . . ."

The guard interrupted him by tossing coils of white rubber hose on the floor. "That's all," he said.

"Swell," said Crane, looking at the hose. "There's the real proof."

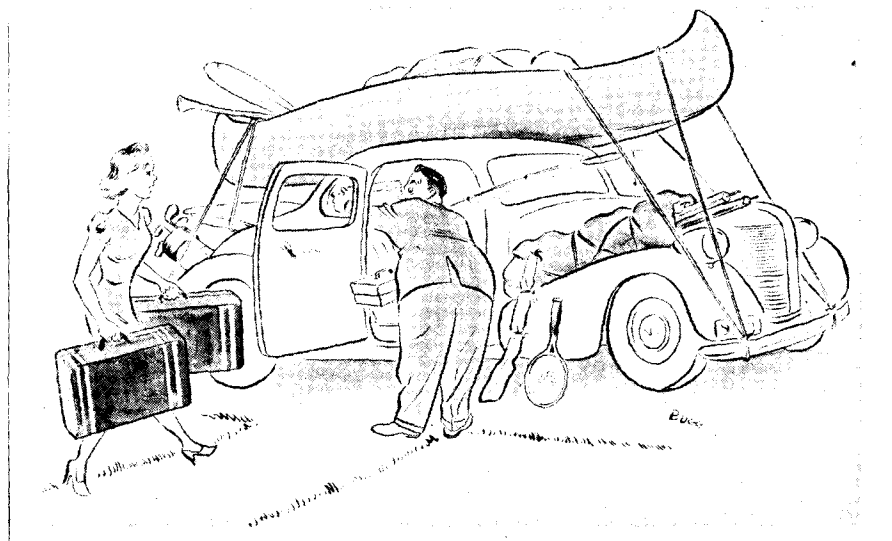
Williams' revolver went off with a tremendous boom. It seemed as though the noise had caused Dr. Woodrin to make a startled leap for the door, but it must have followed the leap because the bullet caught him just as he entered the hall. He took two heavy steps forward, crashed headlong down the stairs.

ALICE MARCH screamed, but Carmel silenced her; saying, "Shut up, you fat fool!"

Crane said, "Nice shot, Williams."

Led by Dr. Rutledge, everyone but Ann and Delia Young went out into the hall. Delia Young sat motionless in her chair. Crane remained on the table and had another drink. He drank bent over. He wondered if Ann was angry because he was drinking.

"Aren't you going to thank me for saving you?" he asked her.



"Surely you can put these somewhere. They're our clothes!"

ROBERT BUCK

Ann said, "And it wasn't Donovan after all?" Her green eyes were round.

"I really think you ought to thank me," Crane said.

The bullet had penetrated Dr. Woodrin's hip. It was a flesh wound and there was *a lot of* blood. Carmel helped Dr. Rutledge with bandages, and then two guards were told to take Woodrin to City Hospital. "Notify the police," Peter March said. "We'll be right in."

Crane said to those at the top of the stairs, "You better let me finish before I fall over."

They came back into the room.

"The idea was to make all the murders look like accidents and a suicide," he went on. "When Richard passed out in his car at the Country Club, the doctor simply attached the hose to the exhaust pipe, ran it through a window, waited until he was dead, then took away the hose. Richard was drunk and couldn't smell the gas."

Dr. Rutledge said, "It's practically odorless anyway."

"John's death was a little more difficult. Woodrin met him in his garage, threw the Scotch blanket over his head, muffling his shouts, and then wound him up in the tennis net. (You remember he always carried a tennis net with him?) That was to hold him without bruising his body. Then the carbon monoxide was hosed under the blanket."

"That's ghastly!" Carmel exclaimed.

With a splutter, Dr. Woodrin's car

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started, went off in low gear. A small wind had come up with the dawn, was making the shades rustle. Away from the house, the car went into second.

"Talmadge died like Richard, in his own car."

Williams asked, "But why wasn't he in the driver's seat?"

"That showed he'd been tricked. Woodrin, on some pretext, arranged to meet Talmadge outside during the dance. The doctor went out early, rigged up the hose in Talmadge's car, then started the motor, ostensibly to allow the heater to warm the inside of the sedan. When Talmadge arrived, Woodrin was in the driver's seat, carefully breathing through a crack in the door, and the car was full of monoxide."

Carmel cried, "But why didn't Talmadge smell the gas?"

"It's nearly odorless, as Dr. Rutledge just said . . . and Talmadge had a bad cold."

"Woodrin couldn't breathe through the crack after Talmadge was there," Peter objected. "That would be too obvious. Why wasn't he overcome, too?"

"He stayed only a moment or two," said Crane. "Then he framed an excuse to leave him, for a letter, or to get someone. For anything. He closed the door behind him. It was a cold night; the heat felt good, even though Talmadge was probably nervous about carbon monoxide. And there was also a psychological reason why the motor wasn't turned off."

THERE was a moment of silence.

"The reason was politeness. Woodrin had started the engine and the heater because he was cold; it would be impolite of Talmadge to turn it off, even though it was his car. So he died while Woodrin watched from a safe distance, was dead when Woodrin came back to remove the hose."

Peter March asked, "But why the note in John's car when the deaths passed as accidents?"

"Woodrin didn't want an investigation. He forged the note so your family, if suspicion arose, would stop their investigation when they discovered John killed Richard, then himself. And to block a police investigation, he helped Carmel set the stage with tools on the garage floor and the hood of the sedan raised . . . so the coroner's jury would call the death accidental."

"Wasn't the forged note a big risk?" Dr. Rutledge asked.

"No." Crane had difficulty keeping his eyes open. "In the excitement of the discovery, Carmel wouldn't study it. And it was promptly destroyed."

Behind the house a rooster crowed. The two oil lamps threw hardly any light. Ann was watching Crane.

Crane sighed and took another drink. He hoped that solved everything. He felt awful; even the drink didn't help.

Peter said, "But what about dad? Woodrin was with us when the attempt was made on him."

"That was Donovan, accomplishing a little copying on what he'd learned of the murders from me and Delia Young. He'd always hated Simeon March, and when he learned how people could be killed with carbon monoxide, he thought he'd muscle in on the murders." Crane crossed his arms over his stomach. "Only he bungled the job. *He forgot the gardenias.* That's how I knew it wasn't the real murderer."

Peter asked, "Do you suppose he knew Woodrin was doing the murders?"

"I think so. I wouldn't be surprised if he saw Woodrin fix Talmadge's car; he was at the Country Club that night."

Dr. Rutledge said, "And when Mr. March didn't die, Donovan was afraid he'd been identified, so he had to try again."

Crane nodded.

"How did you happen to suspect Woodrin?" Alice March asked.

"His surprise when Simeon March was gassed . . . he'd taken the other deaths so calmly. He just couldn't believe it. Then the atomizer when he came into the hospital room to treat Mr. March. You don't use an atomizer to treat carbon-monoxide poisoning."

Dr. Rutledge asked. "You think he was going to smother Mr. March, then spray the gardenia around?"

"I'm sure of it." Crane closed his eyes for a second. "And the clinching clue was the oily water at the Duck Club."

"Who fired the shot at the Duck Club?" Peter asked.

"Donovan. He attacked Simeon March, then came out there. He wanted to frighten me; he was afraid I knew too much."

Peter asked, "How did you figure out the use of the net and the hose?"

"I guessed at the net, and found rubber on the exhaust pipe."

Delia Young, still sitting in the chair, said, "I thought you was a dick, Arthur."

Peter was nodding his head. "And Woodrin was eager to be in on the death here, to make sure Donovan was killed before he could produce alibis for John's and Richard's deaths."

Crane said, "It took guts to take the chance of dodging Slats' bullets until we killed him, but he was desperate. And he didn't dare shoot Slats himself; he knew that would throw suspicion on him."

Williams said, "Slats damn' near got him, too."

Crane said, "And that brings down the curtain."

He poured himself another drink, was surprised to see the bottle was nearly empty. Dr. Rutledge and the remaining guard led the way down the stairs. Ann watched Peter and Carmel leave the room. Williams went by with Delia Young. He winked at Crane. Alice March called to Carmel and Peter. "Wait for me." She was the last to leave, brushing past Ann at the door. Crane closed his eyes, opened them and saw Ann was still there, closed them again.

AFTER a long time, she asked, "Are you sick, Bill?"

"No."

"You look awfully pale."

He let his head drop against one shoulder. "I'm all right."

Her voice was alarmed: "Bill!" She came to the table. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"You're not hurt?"

"Not very much."

She clutched his arm. "Where?"

He uttered a cry of pain. "Don't touch me." He sat upright with a tremendous effort. "Please go away." He pressed both hands against his chest. "Please."

"Bill!" She pulled his hands away, opened his coat. "You've been shot! There's blood all over your shirt!"

"I'm all right."

"But, Bill, why didn't you have the doctors . . ." Her green eyes widened. "Is it as bad as that?"

He nodded slowly.

"Oh, darling, don't die! I couldn't bear to have you die." She looked at him. "Isn't there anything . . . ?"

"You can . . . thank me . . . for saving you."

"Of course I thank you, Bill." Her hands opened the bloody shirt. "I was only angry because you let Peter . . ." She searched in vain for the wound. She let go of the shirt, looked up at his face.

"You louse!" she said. "Fooling me like that! I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"Darling," he said, grinning, "then you'll make me an ideal wife."

THE END

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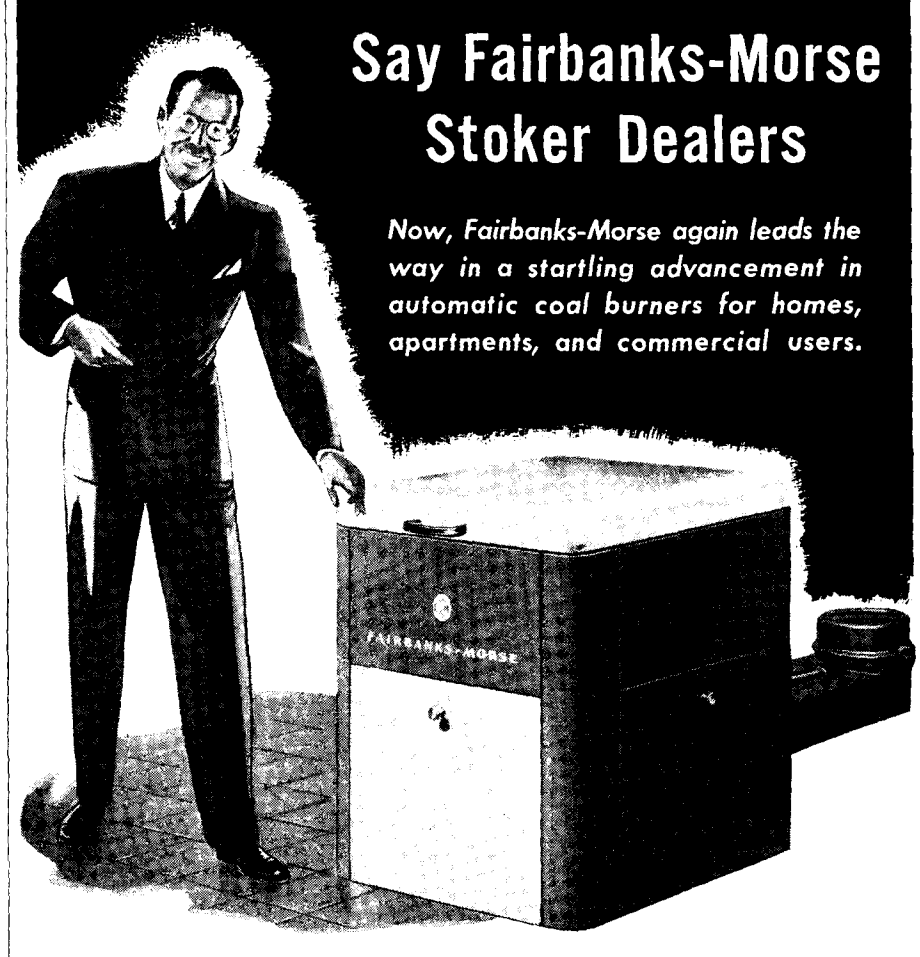

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The Care and Feeding of a Dictator

Continued from page 11

Mussolini managed to obtain payment for his writings or his speeches, most of it went to keep alive the liberal newspaper and later to help found and nourish the now powerful Popolo D'Italia.

Rachele's first regular household allowance came when the Popolo finally was able to stand on its own two feet, and boiled macaroni, cheese and wine were consistently present on the Mussolini table.

For Rachele, whose lot had been the field, the barnyard and the scullery, achievement of marriage and a home was propulsion into a higher class. To have a bedroom, a sitting room and a kitchen where you could move about without stumbling over the family pig was to have attained a new stage of social advancement whose planks were security and, above all, respectability.

Rachele disliked having servants, but she finally consented to a cook. Frugal, and wise in the ways of Italian domestics, she did her own marketing and there are Milanese today who recall the strong-legged figure of Rachele, growing sturdy and square with the passing years, as she carried her wicker basket through the market place. Often when the basket was filled she carried it on her head, carefully removing the shawl first. Before turning into the street that led to her home, however, she was always careful to take down the basket and loop it over her arm and, in the shift, turn from peasant to middle-class substantiality.

And No Questions Asked

As Edda grew and matured, she became the intimate and confidante of her father. Rachele gradually lost her daughter to her husband. Until Edda married handsome young Count Galeazzo Ciano di Cortelazzo, presently Italy's foreign minister, and even long after, she was to Benito Mussolini daughter, brother and sage friend; she filled to a large extent the place in Il Duce's life emptied with the death of his beloved brother, Arnaldo. In more recent years, however, Edda has turned increasingly back toward her mother and one of Rachele's great joys now is to have the gay, attractive countess with her for Sunday dinner.

When finally the Mussolini family moved to Rome, new problems arose for Rachele the peasant. She became chatellaine of sumptuous Villa Torlonia and she suddenly emerged as one of the world's potentially most powerful women. But power, she seemed instinctively to know, was not for her. She remained in the quiet backwater bayous of domesticity. She doesn't even ask her husband questions about what is occuring in the world just outside the gates of Villa Torlonia. Frequently she obtains from her morning newspaper the first news of an important event in the life of Italy.

When Italy left the League of Nations, she first read about it in Il Messagero and her first knowledge that Fascism had embarked upon the conquest of Ethiopia was when she heard the screech of sirens throughout Rome. A guard informed her the famous *Adunata* had been called on that fateful October day in 1935 to rally the Black Shirts to the colors.

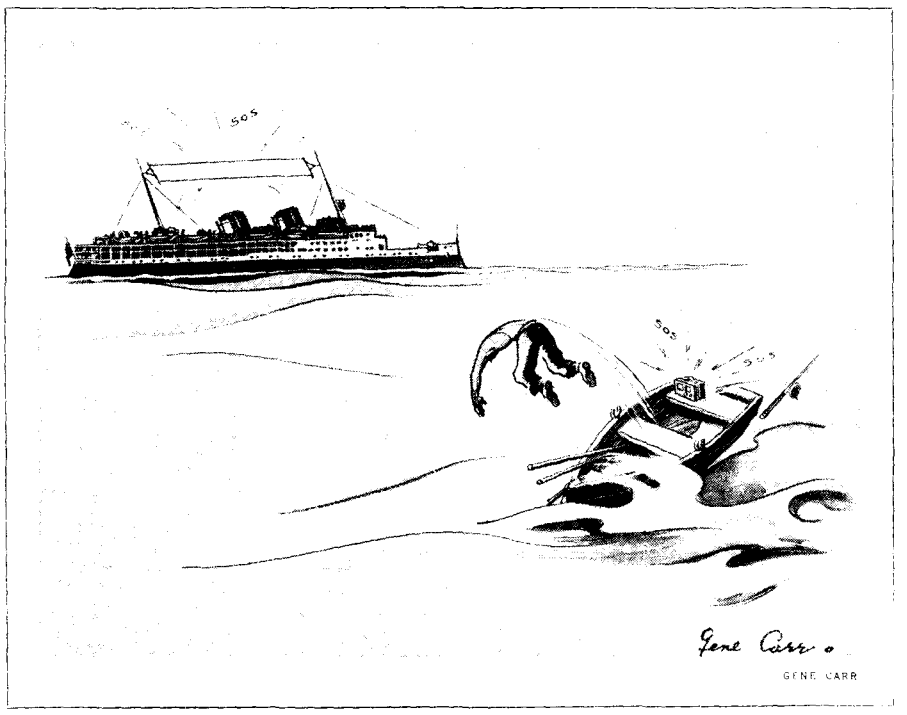
Rachele has never been interviewed, she has never written an article for the newspapers and her photographs appear only when one of her children is married, or, more rarely still, when she dedicates a new maternity home or hospital. The picture of her slightly masculine features, her heavy chin and generous nose, eyebrows untouched by tweezers, and large mouth, has appeared not more than five or six times on the front pages of the Fascist press in the past seventeen years.

Rachele vigorously opposed the departure of sons Vittorio and Bruno for the war in Ethiopia, in which they enlisted as aviators at the youthful ages of twenty-one and nineteen respectively. She told friends she would have stopped them had she arrived home from the country in time to prevent public announcement of their enlistment.

"What could I do," she said, "when it all came out in the papers? I could not permit them to lose face."

Most important of Rachele's duties is supervision of the kitchen. Benito years ago developed ulcers of the stomach. He can eat only bland, unseasoned foods, and care must be exercised by Rachele to restrain the penchant for condiments of Emilia, the number one cook.

Rachele operates the huge house containing some ten bedrooms, at least three large living rooms, a library, one dining hall and other smaller apartments, with the aid of only Emilia, an assistant cook, a butler known as Leopoldo who used to be a bodyguard of Benito's, a housemaid and a girl of all work. When things get jammed because of illness of one of the servants, or merely because Rachele likes to do it, she steps into the shoes of any one or two of the hired hands.



The splendor of Villa Torlonia, situated in a vast park with bridle paths, sumptuous gardens, old trees and imposing stone walls, failed to awe Donna Rachele. In an odd corner she found a place to build a chicken house and a fenced-in run, where she keeps a small flock of Leghorns, Barred Rocks and Plymouths.

The hens roost far enough away from Il Duce's bedroom window to permit the light sleeper to rest peacefully, but there is a Rhode Island Red rooster that had better watch his cocky step. The fowl's enthusiasm for the dawn may land it in a stew.

Mussolini almost always dines at home with Rachele and the children, Romano and Anna Maria. Frequently at meals he appears to be talking to himself and while Rachele watches with her soft, brown eyes, hardly daring to move, Mussolini pounds the table as though emphasizing some point to himself. Suddenly he rises, goes to a telephone, snaps orders over the wire and returns to the table in more jovial mood.

As comfortable in figure as one of her own Leghorn hens, clothes mean little or nothing to Rachele. Her dresses are made by a neighborhood seamstress who comes to the villa once or twice a month and works for a few days repairing old things or less frequently making new garments under Rachele's highly unsophisticated guidance.

Rachele's clothes look exactly like those of any lower middle-class Italian woman. Prints in combinations of green or brown and somber black for "going out" are her favorites. Her hats would be considered spinsterish and her accessories consist of whatever may be handy. Her only concession to smartness is a silver fox that always looks, somehow, a bit too long.

Rachele does her own manicuring, wears no nail enamel, and her hair is dressed a couple times each month.

There is little or no social life in Villa Torlonia. An occasional movie, shown in the large living room, is a rare and irregular treat. Friends are asked in for the show and for ices or coffee afterward.

Sunday is "family day" at Torlonia. Sons Vittorio and Bruno with their common-folks wives, and possibly Edda, regularly gather for dinner in the red-damasked, somber *sala da pranzo*. After the meal the family and guests move into the only slightly less angular living room where they all play "tombola," literally "tumble," an old folk game recently taken over by American game-makers and transformed into Bingo.

Another of Rachele's major functions, one in which she is assisted by the discriminative Edda, is to watch Mussolini's hats and restrain his weaknesses for elaborate headgear. His experiments with headpieces began when the Rome-Berlin Axis was formed and the tasseled beret was abandoned as a symbol of Mediterranean might because it looked too non-Aryan, too Oriental. The beret was discarded for a severely cut military hat patterned after the German officers' cap. Mussolini now looks smarter and more military than Hitler.

Often Donna Rachele catches Benito admiring himself in new headgear before a mirror. Hastily she telephones Edda who comes forthwith to argue, advise, reject, sympathize or approve. At least one hundred times Edda and Rachele have prevented Benito from appearing in public in fancy ostrich plumes or a Napoleonic exaggeration that might have reawakened the Italian sense of humor.

Dictator and Family Man

The bonds that hold Donna Rachele and Mussolini together are those elemental ligaments of mother and father love, of the habits of matrimony. How deeply Mussolini is attached to his smallest child, Anna Maria, I myself had opportunity to witness in 1936 when the baby was stricken with infantile paralysis. Rachele remained at the child's bedside night and day; Mussolini practically dropped work. Noted physicians came from Austria and from Germany, and advice was sought from America.

While Anna Maria's condition remained most uncertain, Mussolini found time to come to the new headquarters of the Foreign Press Association to dedicate its new building. The American and other foreign newspapermen chipped in and bought a huge lifelike doll to be presented to the stricken baby.

It was the first and only time I ever saw Mussolini lose his composure in public. His eyes became red and he lost his voice. Minister for Press and Propaganda Dino Alfieri who, with Count Ciano, was in the official party, had to make the dedicatory address. Rachele and Mussolini later thanked us in a letter to the association sent to us through Alfieri.

The elder sons, Vittorio and Bruno, lethargic, stubborn fellows who are not always careful of their behavior or the kind of friends they choose, are responsible for frequent family explosions. Benito is very severe with them; Rachele inclined to leniency.

"Rachele," Mussolini thunders, when out of patience, "tell Bruno not to go speeding around town in that blue Fiat *of his* . . . and while I am on the subject, Vittorio is being seen at the race track too often."

"Tell Bruno yourself," retorts Rachele. "Remember you like to drive fast too, and as for Vittorio, there's no harm in him, leave the boy alone."

Then Rachele smiles and chides him: "You do so well running the country, but why are you afraid of your own sons? Never mind, *caro mio*. . . . I'll speak to them. . . ."

Most trying time of all for Rachele is the Roman summer, hot, humid and depressing. The pines are lifeless and still. The days are enervating, the nights hot and heavy with the thick, rich air of the subtropics.

On such nights the dictator cannot sleep. He wanders fretfully from room to room searching for a cool spot. Rachele hears him prowling about. She rises and tiptoes after him. She watches him discard his pajama jacket, stand before a window to breathe deeply. He is built like a Miura bull. Mussolini turns, throws himself upon a couch.

Rachele waits until he snores. Stealthily she draws a light silken wrapper over the reposing figure, her only reward a mumbled, sleepy "Rachele. . . ." She can't go to sleep. He might awaken, prowl about some more —catch cold in drafts. She must be ready to cover him again.

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Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now

Continued from page 13

fighting Roosevelt, and losing the federal patronage. But he was standing by the leader, Curry, until he could manage to put his own man in for a successor.

There was a tug of war going on in the Hall all this time and Jimmy and I would try to figure out ways of getting other leaders over to his side.

Schultz sent Bo Weinberg to see one of these leaders several times, and finally I saw him myself, but we could not persuade him to line up with Hines. But he did say the Dutchman should not worry about Jimmy Hines losing control, because the Schultz setup would still be all right if his group won.

The Dutchman practically hit the ceiling when I reported back, pouring forth abuse and profanity, as he always did when his "orders," as he called them, were not followed. I had to remind him of the full import of the message. Then he calmed down.

"Well Dick, what the hell," he said. "What's the use of me interfering with these politicians. I've got to play the game like a politician myself. I'll play both ends. Then whichever one wins, I can't lose."

The Mystery of Schultz's Money

As the months wore on into years of isolation, the frightful dullness told on Schultz. He became greedier and greedier.

Back in the beer bonanza days, he would splurge once in a while and buy champagne for the house in a night club. But he always insisted on having the cork of every bottle brought to him. At the end of the night he would count up the corks in the pile beside him, and even if he owned the night club himself he would raise holy hell if the corks didn't jibe with the check.

Then he would put in an expense account for the party to the beer combination so his partners would have to pay part of the cost. It was business expense, he argued, for good will and advertising.

On the lam, the Dutchman could not spend much money, but he could drag it in literally by the millions. He would get reports, and figure for hours on them. He would suspect his men of clipping him, as indeed some of them did, and he would sit and plot the killing of this one and that, and I would have to argue him out of it.

He hoarded his fortune; yet he was always thinking of ways to make it turn a profit. One night I came upon him with a half dozen big diamond rings in his hand, trying them on and admiring them.

"I got a whole box full of them," he said. "They're from that robbery at Rosenthal's store, down by the Capitol Theater. I bought all the swag from the fellows that did the job. Here, take one. I'll give it to you."

"No, thanks," I said. One thing I did not want to have around was hot jewelry.

When the government called in the gold currency in 1933, the Dutchman started hoarding yellowbacks. He would pay $11 for a $10 bill, and he ordered all the fellows who handled money to turn all gold notes over to him. He believed that the government would one day pay in full. One time he gave George Weinberg $30,000 for some business expenses; and George, ruffling through the bills, ran across a $1,000 yellowback. Schultz grabbed it with both hands.

"Hey, George!" he cried. "Gimme that! That's worth $1,400."

The Dutchman kept his money in cash, for his old bank accounts, in phony names, had fallen into the hands of the income-tax men. One night I was in his room and on the table he had a big steel box about three feet long, two feet wide.

"What's that?" I asked.

"To keep my money in," he said.

I never saw that box again. What became of the Dutchman's wealth remains a mystery. His wife and two children were left in very modest circumstances. I feel certain he sneaked out one night and buried that box somewhere. The millions didn't just vanish.

Whoever solves the mystery of the Dutchman's dough will certainly find a bundle. I've got a couple of hunches myself, and hope to give it a try some day.

Schultz brooded in his isolation and one night, to take his mind off his isolation, I took him a book to read, Ludwig's Life of Napoleon. It was a fat volume and would keep him busy a long time, I thought.

I never dreamed it would change his whole personality. But it did, and for months thereafter he would sit brooding about Napoleon and Schultz. Napoleon was a short man, too.

Henceforth the Dutchman refused to realize what changes were taking place in the underworld, especially with the end of prohibition. And, thinking of himself as a scheming, powerful, Napoleonic figure, he did not realize how much he was leaning on gruff, rough, loyal Bo Weinberg.

In the dry days, Bo had the bottle-beer end of the business, which ran to $4,000 or $5,000 a week, but now the Dutchman was cutting Bo until eventually he had him down to a $200 a week salary and Bo was actually running the whole works.

Bo was pals with the downtown mobsters, from whom Schultz had always remained aloof. This was really a big help to the Dutchman, though he never would understand it.

A Close Call for Dutch

With Schultz on the lam, I got better acquainted with Bo, and one night our intimacy took a quick leap forward. That night we were going up to see the Dutchman and Bo seemed unusually glum. We had shaken off the tail and were on the way to the Bronx garage when suddenly Bo stopped the car.

"Get out," he said.

"What the hell is this?" I asked.

"I gotta go up there alone," said Bo. "I'm going to kill that guy."

A street light showed me Bo's rugged face, and all its usual amiability had congealed into a jagged, icy mask.

"What the hell's the matter with you?"

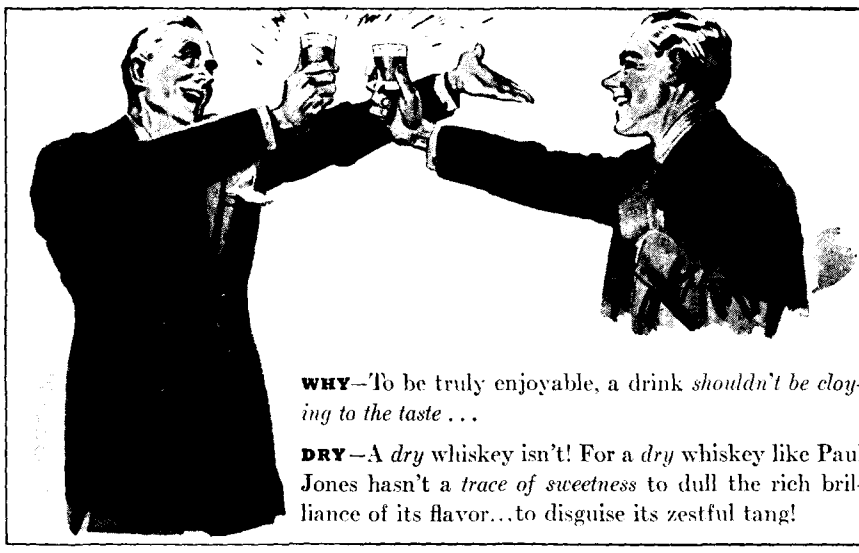
"He can't run my personal life," rasped Bo. "He may be boss of this mob, but he can't tell me how to spend my money or who I spend it on."

Believe me, I talked fast the next few minutes. There was nothing funny about it when Bo said he was going to kill someone. It seemed Schultz had expressed disapproval of Bo's new girl, a pretty little blonde from upstate named Alice Wallace.

As we talked Bo gradually softened up. He was like a big Teddy bear. That's the word I've been hunting for, describing him; he was like a great big Teddy bear. He had a funny, sheepish look in his eyes when he came down to earth.

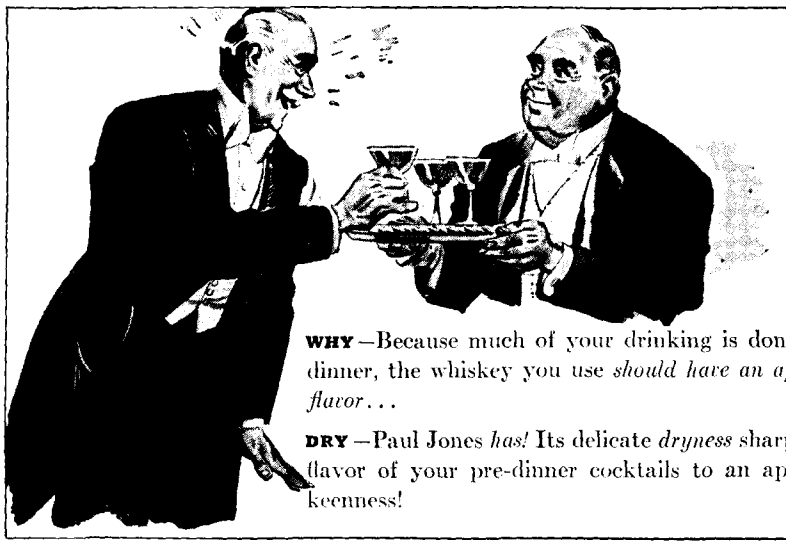
"I guess you're right, kid," he finally said. "I'm probably blowing my top for

The WHYness of DRYness...



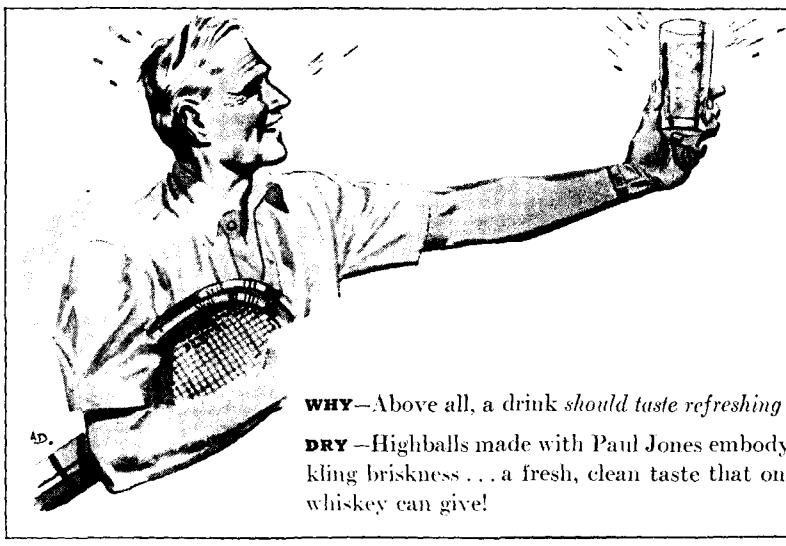
WHY—To be truly enjoyable, a drink *shouldn't be cloying to the taste* . . .

DRY—A *dry* whiskey isn't! For a *dry* whiskey like Paul Jones hasn't a *trace of sweetness* to dull the rich brilliance of its flavor...to disguise its zestful tang!



WHY—Because much of your drinking is done before dinner, the whiskey you use *should have an appetizing flavor* . . .

DRY—Paul Jones *has!* Its delicate *dryness* sharpens the flavor of your pre-dinner cocktails to an appetizing keenness!



WHY—Above all, a drink *should taste refreshing* . . .

DRY—Highballs made with Paul Jones embody a sparkling briskness . . . a fresh, clean taste that only a *dry* whiskey can give!

You'll find your drinks will taste better, *be* better with Paul Jones. For when you add the piquant quality of Paul Jones's *dryness* to its smooth, full-bodied flavor, you have a whiskey that's hard to beat!

Try Paul Jones *today* . . . at your favorite bar or package store.

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Paul Jones
IT'S DRY

Every drop is whiskey! A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.

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nothin'." And he put his foot on the starter.

"Wait a minute, Bo," I said. "You got a gun?"

"Yeah." And from under his overcoat he pulled it out. It was a .45, and it looked like a sawed-off shotgun.

"Do me a favor, Bo, will you?" I said. "Just throw that thing out of the car. Supposing somebody stopped us. You know I'm a lawyer, and it would be very hard for me to explain it if I was with you when a gun was found."

"Okay, kid," said Bo, who was all geniality now. So he dumped the cartridges out in his hand and put them in his pocket, and as we went through a dark street he dumped the gun over the side.

You never saw anything friendlier than the greeting between those two men when we got to the Dutchman's.

"Hya, Pop?" boomed Bo. "How's the Dutchman feeling tonight." And Schultz pounded him on the back, and took him out in the other room for a private huddle. If the Dutchman had only known!

A few minutes later they came out, and Schultz had his arm around Bo's shoulder.

"There's nobody like Bo," said the Dutchman. "You just give me my Bo, and the others can have all their men!"

Bo was beaming. A little appreciation went a long way with him.

That night completely broke the ice between Bo and me. He and I were drinking a few nights later in a noisy night club in West 54th Street, a ritzy joint with an undress girl show, which changed its name every year or so. It had been the Club Abbey.

Bo Spills the Works

Bo's girl, Alice, was with us. She was goggle-eyed about being out in the big city with a big-shot racketeer.

"Oh, it must have been exciting," she said, "that night when Dutch Schultz and Chink Sherman were shooting at each other in here."

"Huh," said Bo. "She should have been along that time in the New York Central Building when I knocked off that guy Maramanenza. Now, that was a honey. I thought I'd never get out of the joint."

That rolled me back in my chair. I had known the mob now for nearly two years, but this was the first time anybody had told me anything like that. Ordinarily the last thing a shooter will talk about is a murder. That is something even your best friends won't tell you.

But Bo was different. He had to assert himself, if he had someone trustworthy to talk to. Now, apparently, he had decided he could trust me.

"This guy Maramanenza had been tailed for a couple of days, so we knew right where he was," said Bo. "We had some phony detective badges, so we bust into the office and flash the potsies. There is a lot of guineas in there with this guy Maramanenza, who uses this real-estate office for a front for smuggling guineas into the country. We line 'em up facing the wall, but this guy Maramanenza is the only one we want, so we blast him and get out of the joint.

"Outside we scattered, and I started down the stairs. I ran down three or four flights, and there was somebody coming up, so I turned around and ran back. I got in a toilet and waited a while. It seemed like hours before I got out of that joint. At last I got in an elevator, and got down to the street.

"I still had my biscuit in my pocket, because I might have had to shoot my way out. I couldn't just drop it and let it clatter on the sidewalk. So I wandered along and pretty soon I came into Grand Central Station.

"There's a big crowd there, all packed in, waiting for a train. I edge into that crowd and get up next to a guy who isn't looking and ease that biscuit gently into his side pocket and get away.

"I nearly die laughing," said Bo, "when I think of when that guy put his hand in his pocket and found that gun."

Once Bo had got started on this story, he turned away from Alice and was telling it to me in a low tone, confidentially.

Till then I thought I was a pretty wise apple, but I was really just an innocent until Bo started opening up. For one thing, in 1931, the newspapers were excited about the Vincent Coll war and the killing of Legs Diamond. But other events were going forward that were really far more spectacular and important in the history of the underworld. But only the initiates knew what they meant.

"At the very same hour when Maramanenza was knocked off," said Bo, "there was about ninety guineas knocked off all over the country. That was the time we Americanized the mobs."

"Suppose you run through your little skit, so I may determine whether or not it was indecent. I'll hum!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

I was to learn later that "this guy Maramanenza" was really named Salvatore Maranzano. Bo was not a stickler on how a name was pronounced, just so he was shooting at the right party.

Maranzano was killed on September 10, 1931, in his office at 230 Park Avenue, which is the golden-topped skyscraper you see straddling Park Avenue as you drive downtown. Bo didn't know Maranzano. He did that killing just as a favor to his friends.

I have never been able to check up on the accuracy of Bo's assertion that mass homicide took place in that single hour. But it is certainly true that all through 1931 there was a terrific number of Sicilian murders all through the country.

They were casualties in the battle between the "greasers," or "greaseballs," who were unassimilated Sicilians, and the old-line mobsters, notably in Brooklyn and the Lower East Side of New York, for control of the Unione Siciliana.

The Unione Siciliana is the modern version of the old-fashioned Mafia or Sicilian blackhand, which obtained its first foothold in this country at the beginning of this century. (In Chicago they spell the name Sicilione. For all I know, there may be legitimate organizations with similar names, for the term is an old one for patriotic societies in Sicily.) The Unione as known throughout the underworld is a national and international secret society, composed of mobsters and of apparently legitimate businessmen, and it served as a natural framework for the intercity ramifications of bootlegging during prohibition.

The Americanizing Influence

The Unione Siciliana had a stake in Dutch Schultz's beer combination and the policy racket, a 25-per-cent interest held by Ciro Terranova, known as the Artichoke King. Terranova was a younger brother of the Morellos and a nephew of Lupo the Wolf, who were notorious Mafia leaders in New York thirty years ago. In 1934 Ciro was pushed out because he hadn't taken care of his boys, and Trigger Mike Coppola took over. Schultz still played ball.

The greasers were recent immigrants and smuggled aliens who had gathered in large numbers to cook alcohol. After the slaughter of the Genna brothers in Chicago, Al Capone put Tony Lombardo in as chief of the Unione and dominated it for years. Under Capone it became so Americanized that it blossomed out into Chicago politics as the Italo-American Union. But then Lombardo was murdered and the war was on again.

The final coup began in the spring of 1931, with the murder of Joe the Boss, leader of the Unione Siciliana in New York. After his death, the Americanized mobsters chose his bodyguard, Charlie Lucky, to succeed him. The greaseballs elected Maranzano as chief of the Unione. Maranzano had a strong mob, augmented by his own alien-smuggling activities, but such non-Sicilian mobsters as Bo Weinberg moved in and settled the matter by annihilating Maranzano and his cohorts.

Then Charlie Lucky set out to change the Unione from a loose federation of Italians into a close-knit national organization, affiliated with the mobs of other national origin.

Lucky is known generally as Charles Luciano, "vice lord" of New York. That is because he was convicted under that name by Thomas E. Dewey in a special prosecution three years ago, and sentenced to serve thirty years as head of a prostitution racket in New York. The vice racket was really a very picayune matter in comparison to Lucky's importance in the underworld at large. Charlie Lucky set up a system of underworld co-operation that spread from coast to coast and still exists today under his former associates.

Aside from his general leadership in the Unione, Charlie's own special racket was liquor and alcohol, and in that he was equal partners with three other men—Joe Adonis, the Brooklyn Italian, and the team of Bug Siegel and Meyer Lansky of New York.

When I read about international affairs in the newspapers today, I cannot help thinking about the similarity of recent events with those that took place in the underworld. Lucky was not a Napoleon conquering the world, but a Hitler developing the system of axis powers. The biggest leaders of the downtown mob all clustered around in friendship with Lucky. They were all close to one another, and everybody else wanted peace with this Combination.

Waxey Gordon thought he could get along without alliances, in the spring of 1933, when beer became legitimate. He was going to be legitimate too. But a roaring of guns wiped out all of Waxey's mob except the chief himself. Luckily for Waxey, the federals arrested him for income-tax evasion, and wisely he did not get himself bailed out, and is surviving in good health today in prison. For after he was pinched, a vegetable truck hiding machine guns was parked for days across from the House of Detention, waiting for Waxey.

With Waxey's big mob cleaned up, Dutch Schultz's organization was the one big independent power remaining in the metropolitan underworld. But the Dutchman did not realize all this, or know how much he was depending on Bo's friendship with the Combination.

Signs that Schultz Couldn't See

I'll tell you how unrealistic Schultz was. One day in 1933 Jimmy Hines told me he had to see the Dutchman, so Bo Weinberg and I took the political boss to Schultz's flat. Then Jimmy revealed his mission.

Jimmy's friend, Little Ziggy, who had a brewery in Brooklyn, was then marketing legal beer and he had sent his trucks selling beer to the Bronx. Angrily Schultz, defending his territorial monopoly, had sent his men out to hijack one of Ziggy's trucks. Ziggy wanted it back.

Schultz could not see why he could not continue to run the Bronx. He told Jimmy Hines that 90 per cent of the men getting saloon licenses were his speakeasy customers, and there wasn't any reason he shouldn't keep the trade.

Hines patiently tried to explain. Beer was legitimate now. Big corporations were coming in. They would be tough competition for the mobs, but it would be even worse if the mobs were fighting among themselves. Schultz couldn't see it, and we left.

Some days later Hines went again to see Schultz, but I was not there and I don't know what was said. Apparently, though, Jimmy convinced the Dutchman, because Little Ziggy got his truck and beer back.

During the two years he was on the lam, the world was moving fast. The Dutchman could not recognize that the Schultz mob and the Schultz territory were a sort of Balkan state surrounded by hungry axis powers.

The Dutchman still had his gilt-edge beer, restaurants and policy rackets. But sooner or later somebody was going to tune in.

The fourth of this series of articles will appear next week.

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Pop-Off Kid

Continued from page 14

Leo knew what was happening he was the property of the Cincinnati Club, and he played there until 1933 when he went to St. Louis.

There was a gang to Leo's liking. It was a whole team of pop-off kids. Frank Frisch was manager then and he was never quiet. Pepper Martin was always ready for a fight or a frolic.

The 1934 world series is one that won't be forgotten for a long time. When it was all over and the Cards had beaten Detroit in seven games, Manager Mickey Cochrane said with disgust: "It was that pop-off kid who licked us. We never thought he could hit."

Leo, of course, fielded beautifully. By now he was recognized as the best fielding shortstop in baseball. But he hit. He hit .259 for the series and he reserved his hits for important spots. The Deans and the Medwicks got the headlines, but the players gave Leo the credit.

In 1937 he went to Brooklyn for Jimmy Bucher, Johnny Cooney, Roy Henshaw and Joe Stripp, and the fans said that the Brooklyn officials were out of their minds. Leo was along in years as ballplayers went; he couldn't hit the side of an elephant with a banjo and, besides, he was always fighting. That was all true, but Leo proceeded to have his best year.

When September rolled around, everyone knew that Burleigh Grimes was going to lose his job as manager. Burleigh was a good manager, but he had committed the unpardonable sin: his team had finished in seventh place. Grimes went to Leo one day and said: "Leo, you'd like to be manager of this club. Go and put your bid in for the job."

"I'm working for you, Burleigh," Leo said shortly.

"I'm out anyway," Grimes said, "and I've recommended you for the job. Better see McPhail right away."

A Surprise for Everybody

Leo gulped and hurried to see Boss McPhail. McPhail was counting on Leo for his 1939 shortstop.

Leo said bluntly, "I want a chance to manage this club."

"How do you know you can do it?" McPhail said. "How do you know whether you can handle men?"

"I don't know," Leo said calmly, "but I want a chance."

Much to the surprise of everyone, including McPhail, Durocher was made manager of the Dodgers. He has shown that he can handle fractious, temperamental laddies like Van Mungo and Red Evans. And he hasn't lost anything of his colorful character.

There was that time in Cincinnati, in June. Lee Grissom, who is something of a pop-off kid himself, started to ride Leo, something an older and wiser head would never think of doing.

"You came down sick yesterday when I was working," Grissom yelled over to the Brooklyn dugout before the game. "I guess you didn't want to bat against me."

Durocher popped out of the dugout and hustled over to the Reds' bench. Then he tossed a verbal blast at Grissom that took up his character, his antecedents, his looks, ability and anatomical peculiarities. Even the hardened Cincinnati burghers in the stands looked their admiration. Leo was going great—and loud.

Grissom, nonplused, could only snarl: "You'll be battin' against me one of these days. Don't forget I'm pretty fast."

Leo shouted: "I could hit you with a fungo bat, you wart-eared (censored). If I didn't want to hurt my hands I'd slug you right now, you (censored). And if you ever throw one at my head I won't duck. With that stuff you throw I won't have to duck."

One of Durocher's later exploits made every sports page in the country and precipitated a state of near-armed warfare between the Dodgers and the Giants. This one started when Bonura, deciding that Leo had tried to spike him, fired the ball at Durocher's head. Durocher countered with a stiff punch in the nose, and the riot was on. Incidentally, Bonura paid a $50 fine, but Leo was assessed only $25, leaving him with at least a financial victory.

Pep Talk, Brooklyn Style

Brooklyn had a bad time of it on the first western trip this year. Leo didn't think his team was putting it all out. After the sixth straight shellacking, which occurred in St. Louis, he went into the clubhouse and bolted the door. He wouldn't even let the players have their showers first. He set them down and I have it on the word of one of the players who was there that Leo spoke something like this:

"Listen, you bums, don't you like playing in the major leagues? Do you want to go back to the sticks? Me, I like living in good hotels and eating good and getting a good check twice a month and I'm going to fight like hell to stay up here. I'm not going to have a bunch of addled-brained clumsy nitwits like you drive me out.

"If you lose another game because of your dumbness you've got a surprise coming. I'll ship you off this team and out of the major leagues so quick you won't know what hit you. Now let me take each one of you in turn and tell you what I think of you . . ."

They started to play ball after that. Within two weeks they were in third place. And on paper the Dodgers are not a first-division team.

"What is the secret of managing a ball club?" Durocher laughed when I asked him that. "You got to know your men and handle each one differently. Take Dolph Camilli. He's the best first baseman in the league. I say to Dolph, 'You know what to do as well as I do.' That's all I say to Dolph. I know he'll be in there playing brilliantly every minute.

"Van Mungo is a great pitcher but sometimes he forgets it. I got to remind him. Red Evans? I have to pin his ears back now and then, but he's going to wind up a great pitcher. He likes beer, and once I caught him lapping it up. I bawled hell out of him and fined him a hundred dollars. He promised never to take another drink while he was with my club.

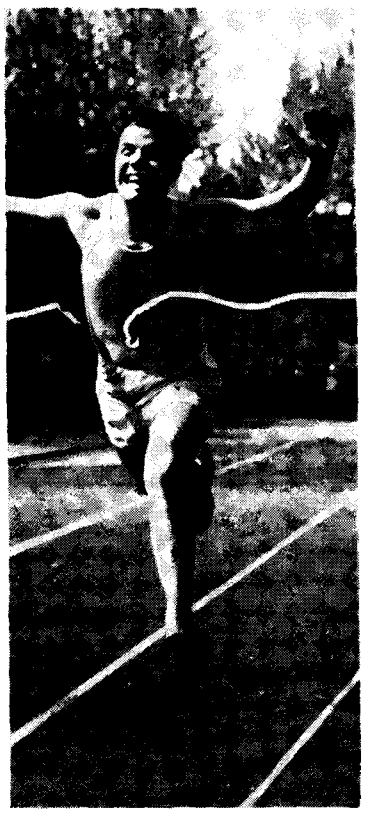
"So two weeks later in Boston I catch him in one of those merry-go-round bars, but he says very solemnly, 'Leo, I promise never to drink another beer. And this time I mean it. The nerve of those guys, charging thirty-five cents for a glass of beer!' So what could I do? I bust out laughing. Secrets of managing? There's no such thing. Get a lot of good ballplayers together, make them hustle all the time and the percentage is bound to be with you."

That's Leo Durocher, manager. Brooklyn loves him and loves his team. The Daffiness Boys have gone and today the Dodgers are an alert, bristly, fighting outfit, playing better than they know how.

Science Finds New Way to Lessen Fatigue

A new way of building up a reserve of muscular endurance was revealed by the findings of a recent nutritional experiment. In a series of tests on human subjects, the energy output was measured before and after the addition of plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine to the diet. Every man tested was able to do considerably more work when on the gelatine diet.

Already the results of this important discovery are finding practical application on the athletic training tables of leading universities. And people in all walks of life are reporting beneficial results. Not only athletes and manual workers, but people who work in stores and offices say they experience less fatigue and are able to work harder and play better.



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How to take Knox Gelatine

Pure Knox Gelatine doesn't affect appetite or digestion. Most people see a noticeable improvement within two weeks (some within one week) and feel the full effect before the end of the first month.

CAUTION: Be sure you use plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine which you can get at any grocery. Knox is the gelatine on which the tests were made. Do not accept any substitute. Factory-flavored gelatine desserts will not do because they contain only about 10% gelatine. For further information, write for Bulletin E, Knox Gelatine Co., Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. 70.

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I Stick Pins in People

Continued from page 17

When we got to the set, miraculously only a few minutes late, Gary pushed his hat back and drew a deep breath. "Whew—I never thought we'd make it!"

I looked at him in astonishment. "Nice going, Mr. Cooper," I thought, "and we never would have if it hadn't been for the famous Cooper composure."

It is disconcerting to design for men and women simultaneously. One minute you are concentrating on making your design rugged and virile; the next, soft and alluring. Then, too, I have to remember to keep my fitting-room manners separate. Occasionally I forget. I suggested to one gentleman that he get into his next costume and then absent-mindedly stood there, smoking a cigarette, until it dawned on me that he'd gone as far as he could with removing his present one until I left the room, which I promptly did, upsetting an ash tray, catching my foot in the telephone wire and knocking a chair over, in my crimson exit.

The Hazards of Designing

When we made The Crusades the armor was almost too much for me. Sticking pins in material is one thing. Driving rivets in metal is another. I became highly intimate with such gadgets as a hammer, a screw driver, a wrench and a chisel. Henry Wilcoxon told me that the only thing I'd missed was a blowtorch, and he was expecting that daily. But with all those fancy tools, I generally ended up using that indispensable little article—a hairpin. Many a gallant knight's fate hung by a hairpin as he charged against a Saracen.

The Crusades was the most trying epic we ever made. There were so many people. Day after day we had three and four hundred extras on the set, with shields, banners, swords, lances and horses to manage. The riders were, for the most part, excellent horsemen. But they were wearing heavy helmets, the visors of which inevitably clanked shut during a scene. What I was most aware of, however, was the fact that half the knights, for some curious and unexplainable reason, were carrying shields bearing one device and wearing surcoats bearing another. Nothing could have been more upsetting to me or to Mr. De Mille. He mentioned it more than I did, however.

It was during one of those nerve-racking days that Henry Wilcoxon sent me an SOS from the other side of the set that something had gone wrong with his costume. I plunged into the mob to make my way to his horse's side. I was about halfway across the set when my foot and a horse's foot picked the same piece of ground. I got there first, unfortunately. I eventually reached Mr. Wilcoxon and, balancing on a small stepladder, was adjusting his costume when a war machine in the near vicinity startled his horse. Suddenly I found myself clinging in the most ludicrous and undignified manner to the animal's back, my feet searching wildly for the vanished stepladder. But Henry quieted the beast adroitly and soon I was returned to earth, my hands bleeding from the rough tin horse armor, but otherwise all right physically. Mentally, I was anything but all right!

Even when you haven't the animal kingdom to cope with, there can be disturbing elements in designing. Temperament is one of them. I'd heard about the fiery Charles Bickford. So during The Plainsman, it was with some qualms that I approached the making of the carrot-topped Mr. Bickford's first costume. Again it was a rush job. I chose the material and ordered it dyed a certain shade, leaving word to put it in work as soon as it was dry. When next I saw it, the suit was half finished; to my horror the material, instead of being the rich red-brown I had ordered, had turned out to be a shade so very nearly that of Mr. Bickford's flaming locks that I was appalled. It was anything but the color one would pick out for a he-man villain, though a rabbit would have gone for it in a big way.

It was too late to do anything about it. Mr. Bickford was on his way for the first fitting. I decided to fortify myself with a cup of hot tea and an aspirin, but visions of Mr. Bickford's blazing topknot haunted my teacup. Came the fitting. I stood outside the door waiting while Mr. Bickford donned the costume. I could stand the strain no longer.

"Are you decent?" I inquired. (That is fitting-room lingo, in case you're baffled.)

"Well, I wouldn't call it that, but I'm dressed," he answered rather ominously.

I took a deep breath and opened the door. There he stood—that huge guy, legs apart, thumbs hooked into his belt, chin down, glaring at the reflection of himself in that perfectly ridiculous red suit. I waited. He raised his eyes to mine in the glass.

"Say, is somebody kidding me?" he asked and, to my utter amazement and relief, he burst out laughing.

I think Joel McCrea must have been frightened by a comb when very young. Getting him to comb his hair for a scene is something. Albeit he was playing Jeff Butler, trouble shooter for the Union Pacific, a two-gun he-man and not a dandy, still even in 1867 there were combs. Yet inevitably after the final rehearsal, I saw Nellie, the hairdresser, standing by, grim but patient.

I begin, "Joel, your hair doesn't look quite right."

"Oh, doesn't it?" He looks surprised and runs his fingers through it. Whereupon, the few hairs that were in place join the general confusion.

I look helplessly at Barbara Stanwyck and she picks up the cudgels: "Joel, you look like a sheep dog—now, come on, let Nellie comb your hair—it won't hurt, really it won't."

So between us we cajoled, kidded and threatened until he gave in.

But I can overlook Joel's phobia about combs because he is one of the most charming people I've ever known, and because he took one of my greatest problems off my hands. He aged his own clothes for Union Pacific. Though that might not sound like much, let me tell you it is something.

Old Clothes Made to Order

All the costumes worn by the principal actors are made especially for them. Therefore they are brand-new and must be aged before they can be photographed. Aging is quite a process. We wrinkle the clothes by wetting and steaming. We give the cuffs and backs of the collars that worn look by using a file. Fur we grease and burn. Then we finish the garment off with dye, dust or grease. The boots we scuff with sandpaper, sometimes going so far as to burn holes in the soles in case they should show. Buttons are pulled off and odd ones substituted. Tears are made and carefully mended. It's a job.

When we had finished making Joel's costumes he announced that they were darned comfortable and would be swell to wear around his ranch until the picture started. It was a suggestion I'd heard before, but I must confess I was a little dubious, as I'd never seen it really carried out. But when Joel next appeared my fears vanished. He'd really given those clothes an aging that the wardrobe department and I, with our files, brushes, scissors and dust never could have accomplished. They looked like old friends of his and he says they are.

By the time all my brain children for Union Pacific had passed the master's inspection and had gone through their baptism of fire, I was ten pounds lighter. My clothes hung on me like unfurled sails. And my face had acquired some lines that reminded me rather depressingly of the Grand Canyon. But I still say sticking pins in men is fun.

"Well, well—so you have a television set!" GEORGE LICHTY

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Flotsam

Continued from page 15

score of two or three. A little less powder, see?"

"Right."

"Above all, never change the gun, young man," commanded Director Potzloch, who had appeared again. "The boys are distrustful about guns. But not about cartridges. And you must keep a sense of proportion. People are to win, but we must make a profit—you must balance one consideration against the other. If you can do that successfully you're an artist in living. A word to the wise is sufficient. Anyone who shoots often enough naturally has a right to the third shelf."

"Anyone who shoots up five schillings worth of powder is allowed to win a bronze goddess," Steiner said.

"Young man," Potzloch said suddenly, in earnest warning, "I call your attention to one thing in particular—the chief prize. That is unwinnable, understand? It is a private possession from my house. A showpiece!"

He pointed to the wrought-silver fruit basket with twelve silver dishes and cutlery. "You must die before you let anyone get a sixty. Promise me that."

Kern promised. Potzloch wiped the perspiration from his forehead and made a grab for his glasses. "The very thought makes me shudder," he gasped. "My wife would murder me. It's an heirloom, young man," he shouted. "An heirloom, in this traditionless age! Do you know what an heirloom is? Never mind, you wouldn't know."

He scurried away. Kern looked after him apprehensively. "It's not so bad as that," Steiner said comfortably. "Anyhow, our rifles date from about the time of the siege of Troy. And, besides, Lilo will help you out if things get ticklish."

They went to the Panorama of the Wonders of the World. Steiner showed Kern what he was to do. It was easy. Either he was to volunteer as an interested member of the audience—and then, Steiner, the mind reader, would know from the start what to say—or he was to watch and signal with fingers, feet and eyes where a given object had been hidden.

"Above everything, you must hesitate," snapped Potzloch, who had bustled in, "when you take the part of a spectator. You must hesitate, see? Otherwise the audience will smell a rat. Go ahead, mind reader. I'll show him."

HE TOOK a seat beside Kern. Steiner went to the stage. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I invite one of you to come up here on the stage," he thundered into the empty room. "The thought transference will be accomplished through nothing more than the touch of my hand. Not a word will be spoken, but the hidden object will be brought to light."

Director Potzloch began to hesitate. He stuck his finger in his mouth, straightened his eyeglasses, looked around in embarrassment, smiled apologetically, half got up, giggled, quickly seated himself again, stood up and took a couple of steps, decided to go back and finally squared his shoulders and strode, solemn, self-conscious, curious and fearful, through the empty room toward Steiner, who was roaring with laughter.

"Now just copy that, young man," Potzloch encouraged him, smiling with self-satisfaction.

"That can't be copied," Steiner shouted.

Potzloch beamed at the flattery. "Self-consciousness is hard to portray; as an old actor I know that. Genuine self-consciousness, I mean."

"This fellow was born self-conscious," Steiner explained. "He won't have any trouble."

"All right. All right!" Potzloch dashed off to the carrousel.

"A volcanic temperament," Steiner said admiringly. "Do you know how old that young fellow is? Over sixty. Come, I'll show you the music box now. It has a certain rarity value. It was one of the first pianos ever built."

"I don't think I can play well enough."

"Nonsense. Just pick a good tune. In the scene with the mummy play it with the sustaining pedal; for the woman who ends at the waist, make it gay and staccato; the same thing over and over, no one hears it anyway. It's musical background."

"All right. I'll practice a little and then see what you think of it."

Kern climbed into the stuffy cubbyhole behind the stage, from which the piano leered at him with yellow teeth. For the mummy he chose the Death March from Aïda and for the missing lower body an informal piano piece called the Junebug's Wedding Dream. He pounded away on the piano and thought about Steiner and Ruth and supper and was sure that he had never been so happy before in his life.

Everything went fine. Kern became an accomplished medium and he also achieved a nice sense of proportion in the shooting gallery.

AFTER two weeks Director Potzloch, in a moment of wild generosity, gave him an evening off. All he had to do was play the part of the volunteer spectator in the mind-reading experiments at nine o'clock. After that he was free. Steiner was to take over the shooting gallery.

On that evening Ruth came to get him.

"Well, children," Steiner said. "You're free until one o'clock. Then there's going to be a little midnight supper for you here in the wagon. That right, Lilo?"

Lilo nodded.

"But see you're on time," Steiner warned. "We're going to have hot piroshki. That's one of the national dishes of Holy Russia. Now run along. Come on, Ruth, look pleasant please."

Ruth smiled at him. She liked Steiner. "That's right," he praised her. "I know youth is sad and old age is gay—but nowadays you have to keep a jump ahead. Times are coming, boys and girls, when we shall look back to the present and say: Those, boys and girls, were the good old days! Think so, Ruth?"

"Absolutely. Exactly the opposite of what I wanted to hear."

The two went on their way.

"Ruth," Kern said. "I'm going to give you a big time tonight. You're to go everywhere you want. I'm planning to spend at least fifty schillings on you."

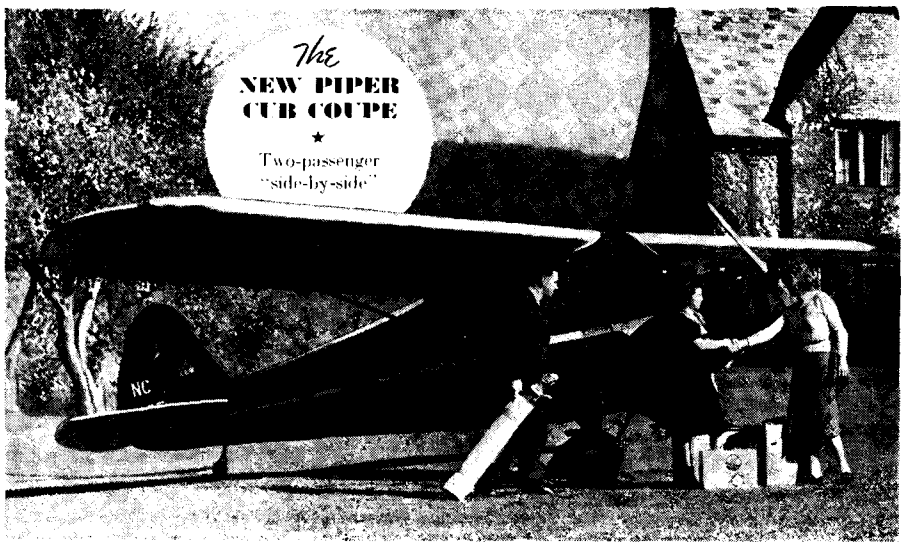
"You'll do nothing of the sort." Ruth replied.

"I will too. But I'll spend it the way Germany spends money. Without having it. Now just watch."

In the time that he had been working for Director Potzloch, Kern had made a great number of acquaintances through Steiner. It was accepted, as a matter of course, that as one of the profession he should be admitted everywhere free.

They went to the giant maze of the Carnival of Horror, from which echoed screams of laughter.

"Hello, George," the man at the



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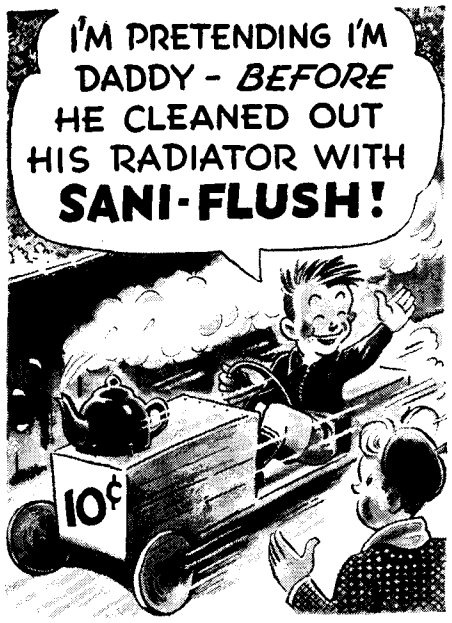

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ticket window hailed Kern. "Your day off? Go right in."

Kern looked at Ruth. "See?" he said. "For nothing. That's number one!"

They seated themselves in one of the little cars and whizzed off past monsters with rattling chains, past graves that opened, past beasts that showed their teeth, and screeching devils, running over countless poor wretches as they went.

The car knocked down a last wailing old man, shot into the daylight and stopped. They got out. "That cheers you up, doesn't it?" Kern said.

Ruth shook her head, laughing. "Not me."

"Have you ever been to a flea circus?"

"Never."

"Well, then—"

They went there.

"Good evening, Charlie," said the woman at the entrance. "Nice of you to come to our show. Go right in, children. You're just in time to see Alexander II perform."

Kern glanced at Ruth. "Number two!"

Alexander II was a stalwart reddish flea who was making his first solo appearance before the public. His trainer was a trifle nervous; hitherto Alexander II had only acted as the lead horse in a tandem and he possessed a wild and incalculable temperament. The audience, which, including Ruth and Kern, consisted of five people, watched anxiously.

But Alexander II gave a flawless performance. He trotted, he climbed and swung on a trapeze and he got through the climax of his act, the firing of a cannon, without so much as flinching.

"Bravo, Alfons," Kern said, shaking the proud trainer's much-bitten hand.

"It was marvelous!" Ruth shook hands with him too.

"There was a trick to that, Charlie." The trainer grinned slyly. "I had the beggar dragging the cannon around for a half-hour first. That tired him out. And tiredness makes for obedience."

"Cannons," Ruth said. "Now even the fleas have cannons."

"It's our most popular number, madame," the trainer replied, giving Alexander II a reward in the form of a hearty bite out of his forearm. "And popularity is what brings in the money."

They went to the auto scooters. "Greetings, Peperl!" the man at the entrance howled through the metallic uproar. "Take number seven."

"Don't you get the feeling that I'm mayor of Vienna?" Kern asked.

THEY roared away, collided with other cars and were soon caught in the whirlpool. Kern laughed and sat back; Ruth tried hard to steer, frowning earnestly. Finally she gave it up, turned apologetically to Kern and then smiled—that rare smile that lighted up her face and made it tender and childlike. It was the full red mouth one noticed now, and not the solemn brow.

They made the rounds of a half-dozen booths and side shows—from the calculating sea lions to the Indian fortune-teller; nowhere did they have to pay. "See," Kern said, "they get my name wrong everywhere, but we get in free. That's the nice thing about these people."

"Will they let us ride on the big Ferris wheel free too?" Ruth asked.

"Certainly! As artists in the employ of Director Potzloch. Come along, we'll go there now."

"Hello, Schani," said the man at the ticket window. "This your bride?"

Kern nodded and blushed furiously as he looked at Ruth.

They got into a car with big windows and slowly drifted upward.

Beneath them the panorama of Vienna unfolded gradually like a great fan. First the Prater with its bright strings of lighted avenues lying around the dark throat of the woods like double-stranded pearl necklaces—and suspended from them like a giant ornament of emeralds and rubies, the garish blaze of the amusement park—next the myriad lights of the city itself, more almost than the eye could take in, and beyond them the thin, dark smoke of the mountain ranges. It was as though they were sitting in a noiseless airplane while the earth turned slowly beneath them—as though they were no longer a part of it, as though they were in a ghostly airship that had no landing field anywhere. Beneath them a thousand homes glided by, a thousand lighted houses and rooms, lamps, welcoming lights of evening, stretching away to the horizon, dwelling places with sheltering roofs, which called and enticed—and no one of them was any longer theirs. They hung suspended in the darkness of exile and all that they could kindle was the comfortless candle of yearning. . . .

They got out and went silently back through the cheery uproar of the Prater.

THE windows of the wagon were open. Lilo had spread a bright cover over the bed and thrown an old velvet curtain from the shooting gallery over Kern's mattress. Two Chinese lanterns swung in the windows.

"The exile's Venetian night," Steiner said. He sat cross-legged on the bed, smoking. "Were you in the little concentration camp?"

"What do you mean?"

"The Carnival of Horror."

"Yes."

Steiner laughed. "Blood and tears—the symbol of the twentieth century. Eh, little Ruth?" He stood up. "Will you have some vodka? Lilo made it."

He picked up a bottle from the table. "Will you have some too?" he asked Ruth.

"Yes," she replied.

"Pour one for me," said Lilo, who had come in with a platter of brown piroshki. She put it on the table and brought an earthenware jar of pickles and a plate with black bread. Then she took her glass and slowly emptied it. The light of the lanterns glittered in the clear liquid and for a moment she seemed to be drinking out of a rose-colored diamond.

They sat down and ate the warm patties filled with meat and cabbage. Steiner was cross-legged again on his bed in the corner, and Ruth and Kern were sitting on the mattress on the floor. Lilo moved back and forth, her gigantic shadow wavering across the walls of the wagon. The lanterns swung gently in the night wind.

"Sing something, Lilo," Steiner said.

She nodded and got out her guitar. Her speaking voice was husky but when she sang her voice was deep and clear. Sitting in the half-darkness, she looked like a gypsy woman. Her usually impassive face became animated, and her eyes took on a wild, melancholy brilliance. She sang Russian folk songs and the old lullabies of the gypsies. She was like a vibrating chord of sorrow, of passionate, hopeless and transitory lamentation.

"Go on singing, Lilo," Steiner said.

She looked at him, the light sparkling in her eyes. Then she began to hum, little melodies in a single key out of which now and then words rose like birds out of the darkness of the broad steppes—wanderers' songs, songs of brief peace beneath the tents; and in the restless light of the lanterns it seemed that the wagon, too, had become a tent, hastily pitched against the breaking night, and that tomorrow they also would have to press on.

Ruth sat leaning against Kern. His knees were drawn high and her shoulders touched them; he could feel the smooth and alien warmth of her back. She bent her head backward against his hands and the warmth streamed through them and into his blood, making him a helpless prey to the desires that drummed along his veins. He was conscious of a dark presence within him and outside him; it resided in Lilo's deep and passionate voice and in the breath of the night, in the whirling torrent of his thoughts and in the flashing stream that suddenly lifted him and carried him away. He laid his hands like a covering around the slender neck in front of him and it came back eagerly to meet him.

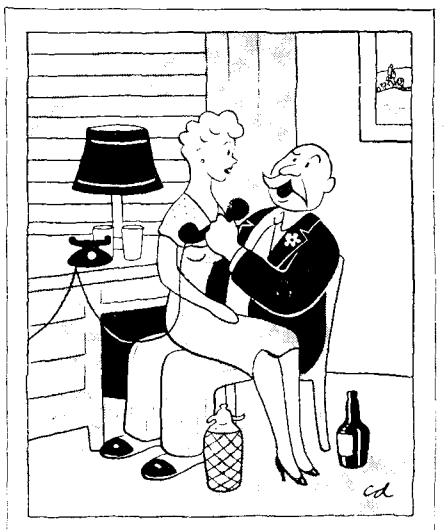
EVERYTHING was quiet when Kern and Ruth went out. The booths had been wrapped in their gray tarpaulins, the noise had ceased, and over the uproar and the shouting, over the cracking of rifles and the shrill cries of the barkers the forest had silently grown back, burying beneath it the gray and splotchy rash of tents.

"You don't want to go home yet, do you?" Kern asked.

"I don't know. No, I don't."

"Let's stay here. We'll walk around. I wish tomorrow would never come."

"I wish so too. Tomorrow—tomorrow's always full of fear and uncertainty. How beautiful it is here!"



"Here, you talk to my wife—she doesn't believe I'm at the office!"

"Perhaps we're the only people still awake."

"I doubt it. The police are always awake longest."

"There are no police here. Not one. This is the forest. How nice it is to walk. You can't hear our steps."

"No, you can't hear anything."

"I can; I hear you. But perhaps it's myself I hear. Somehow I can't even imagine what it was like without you."

For an instant she leaned against him. "Sometimes I don't want to go on anywhere. I'd simply like to let myself drop into the earth and cease to exist."

"Are you tired?"

"No, not tired. I'm not tired. I could go on walking like this forever. It's so soft. Like walking on air."

"There's something different about it. Yes, something different. Everything is different."

He felt a warm drop on his hand. A second brushed his face. He looked up. "It's beginning to rain, Ruth."

"Yes, I like it."

The drops began to fall with greater regularity. "Here, take my coat," Kern said. "I don't need it. I'm used to this."

He put his coat around Ruth's shoulders. She could feel the warmth that lingered in it, and suddenly she gave him a questioning look. He was walking fast through the pelting drops, his arms and shoulders moving smoothly; the

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rain struck through his shirt to the skin, rousing a wild gayety in him. He laughed at Ruth with flashing teeth; all at once he was young and strong and invincible. He seized Ruth's arm. "Come, it's getting bad now!" And they ran together through the torrent toward the carrousel, which looked, under its gray canvas, like a squat robber's tower. Kern lifted an edge of the cover and they crawled inside and stood panting as though under a gigantic drum on which the rain beat violently.

"Come!" Kern took Ruth by the hand and drew her with him. Their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. The horses reared like spectral presences; the stags were frozen in perpetual flight; the swans spread wings full of mysterious dusk; and as a greater darkness within the dark stood the peaceful and monumental backs of the elephants.

"Come!" Kern drew Ruth to a gondola. He seized a few silk cushions out of the carts and carriages and lined the bottom. Then he pulled the gold-stitched saddlecloth from an elephant. "Come. Now we have a cover fit for kings!"

From without came the long-drawn roll of the thunder. The lightning cast a flat, dim radiance into the warm darkness of the tent—and with each flash, like the faint and distant vision of an enchanted paradise, the animals sprang into sight with their antlers and trappings, parading peacefully behind one another in a never-ending circle.

The storm swept closer. The thunder drowned out the beating of the rain on the tight-stretched canvas roof, from which water was gushing in torrents; the floor quivered at the heavy claps and in the reverberating silence after a last, particularly loud concussion the carrousel freed itself and began slowly turning. More slowly than by day, almost reluctantly, as though under the influence of a secret compulsion—the music too was slower and strangely interspersed with pauses. It made only a half-turn, as though it had awakened for a moment from its sleep—then it stopped and the organ also was silent, breaking off wearily in the middle of a note, and there was only the murmuring of the rain—rain, the oldest lullaby in the world.

KERN was waiting for Ruth in front of the university. They had planned to go to the museum to look at Pieter Breughel's paintings. It was Ruth's idea; she said it was what they needed to supplement the Prater.

The big doors opened and the first students came out. Kern stretched his neck, searching for Ruth's little Basque beret. It was nowhere to be seen. And then no more students were coming out. On the contrary, those who were already outside were turning around and going back. Something was happening.

Suddenly, as though propelled by an explosion, a wildly confused and struggling mass of students poured, shouting, out of the doorway. Canes and bundles of books were swung wildly in all directions—it was a riot. Kern could now distinguish some of the shouts: "Out with the Jews! Beat up the sons of Moses! Knock their crooked teeth down their throats! Beat them to a jelly!"

A small group of some thirty students was trying to escape. Packed close together, they were pushing their way down the stairs, surrounded by about a hundred hooting opponents who were attacking them.

"Pull them apart! Take them one at a time," shouted a big black-haired student who looked more Jewish than most of those on the other side.

He put himself at the head of a group which, with wild shouts, drove a wedge into the crowd of Jews; then he began to seize individuals one at a time and throw them to the others who at once went to work belaboring them with fists, book satchels and canes.

Kern looked around uneasily for Ruth. He could not see her anywhere. At the top of the steps stood two professors; one of them had a rosy face and a gray, Franz Josef beard, parted in the middle. He was smiling and rubbing his hands. The other, a lean, severe individual, was looking down impassively. A couple of policemen, too, had been attracted by the uproar and were watching curiously with folded arms.

A small, blood-smeared student ran up to them. "You've got to help us. People are being killed." The policeman looked at the injured boy as though he were some strange insect. Two other students rushed up. "Why, here's Izzy shouting for justice! You'll get it!" They seized him, threw him to the ground and, shouting with joy, began to haul him off by the legs. Their handsome, lively faces were beaming with joy and satisfaction as they dragged the bleeding little fellow, who was clawing vainly for a fingerhold on the cobblestones—they were like the faces of children in front of a Christmas tree. The scene twisted Kern's nerves; he saw there was no trace of evil in these faces; they shone with honest, innocent pleasure, as though they were dragging a cart and not a gasping human being. That's the hideous thing, Kern thought in a lightning flash of insight, while tears of impotence sprang to his eyes. That's the worst part of it—they know not what they do!

THEN help came. A big, fair-haired student, who had been standing idle, suddenly became disgusted. He pushed up the sleeves of his coat, took a couple of leisurely strides and with two short, powerful blows knocked the tormentors of the little Jew to the ground. Thereupon, in the same slow and deliberate fashion, he approached the great seething pile, picked out the black-haired leader and gave him such a fearful crack in the nose that he fell groaning and spitting to the pavement.

At that moment Kern saw Ruth. She had lost her beret and her hair was streaming as she ran toward the policeman. "These cowards! A hundred against thirty! Why do you stand there? Come on and help us!"

Kern ran to her. "No, Ruth! They mustn't catch us. Not the police! Not the police, Ruth."

She pulled herself away, seized a policeman by the lapels of his uniform and shook him. "What are you here for? Why don't you do something?"

"Go on. Keep moving!" The policeman pushed her away.

"Come, Ruth. We can't do anything here." Kern dragged her with him.

The little group of Jewish students had succeeded in breaking away. The milling crowd followed them, and suddenly Kern and Ruth were in the midst of it. "Hello there, Rebecca! Hi, Sarah!" One of the attackers tried to get his hands on Ruth.

Kern felt something like the snapping of a spring inside him. He was greatly surprised to see the student slowly collapse to one side. He was not conscious of having hit him.

"Nice straight right!" someone beside him said admiringly. It was the big, fair-haired student. He had seized two others by the neck and was engaged in knocking their heads together. "No harm done," he said, dropping them like wet sacks and making a grab for two others.

Kern received a blow on his arm from a cane. He leaped forward, striking about him in a red fog. He smashed a pair of eyeglasses and jumped aside to avoid someone. Then there was a dread-

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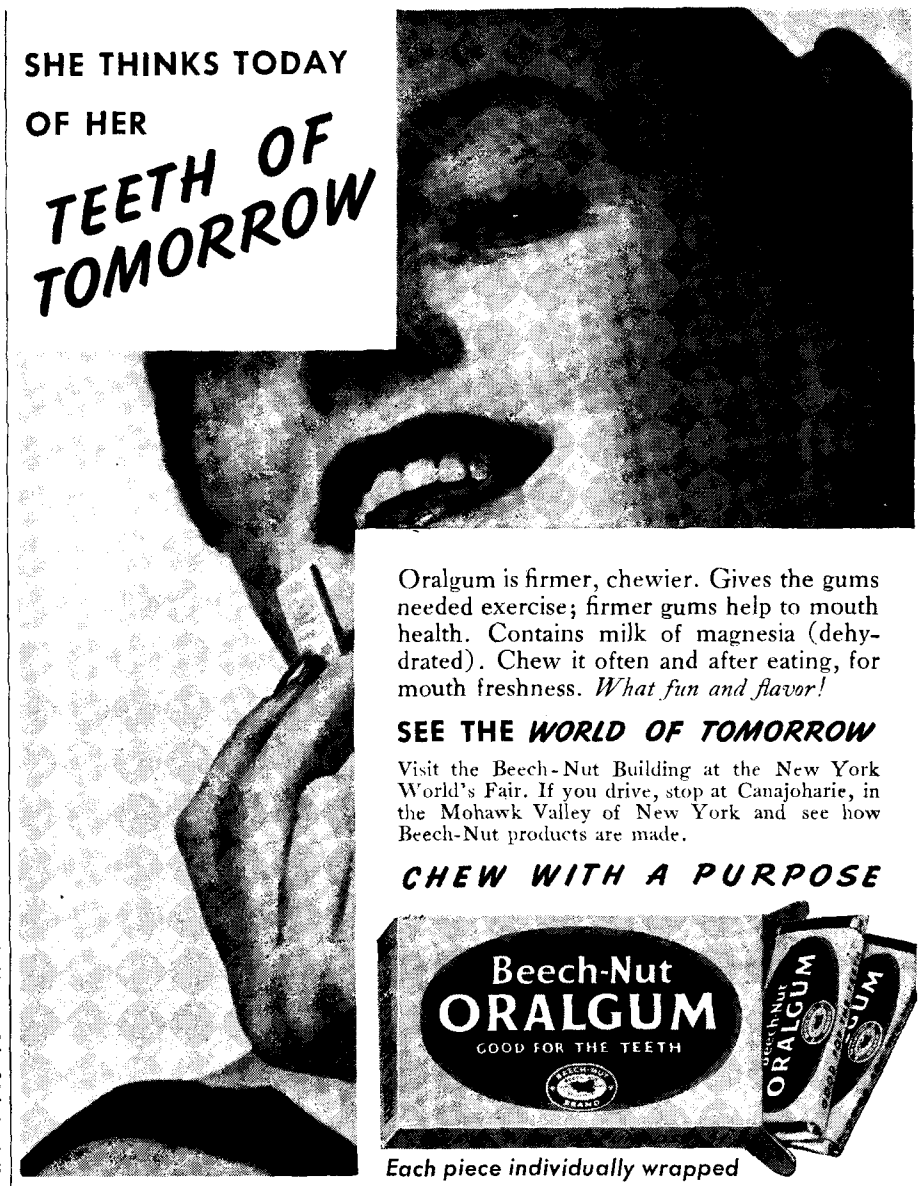
OF HER
TEETH OF TOMORROW



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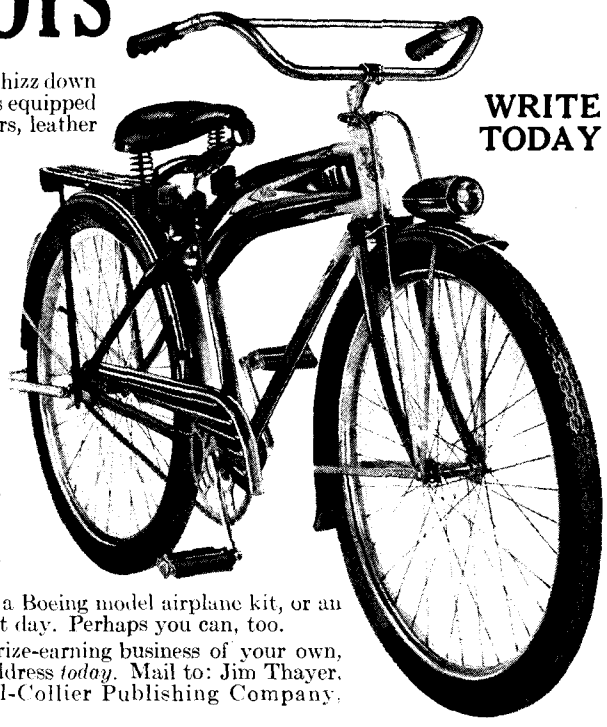

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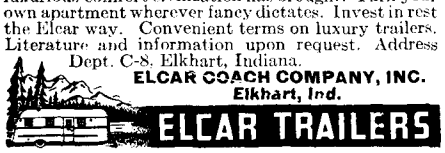

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ful roaring in his head and the red fog turned black.

He came to at the police station. His collar was torn, his cheek was bleeding and his head continued to roar. He sat up. "Hello," said a voice beside him. It was the big, blond student.

"Damnation!" Kern said.

The other laughed. "A day or two of detention," he said. "Then they'll let us out."

"They won't let me out." Kern looked around. There were about eight people there, almost all Jews. Ruth was not among them.

The student laughed again. "You think they pinched the wrong ones? Not a bit of it! Nowadays they punish the instigators of a disturbance. Most refined psychology, my friend. I'm the only one who belongs here according to good old-fashioned law. I got into it of my own free will."

"It was decent of you," Kern said.

"The hell with decency! I'm an anti-Semite from away back. But you can't just stand and watch something like that. Incidentally you have a pretty straight right. Hard and quick. Are you a boxer?"

"No."

"Then you ought to learn. You have natural ability. Only you're too much of a hothead. If I were the Jewish Pope I'd ordain an hour's boxing lesson every day for all the Jews in the world. You'd see how fast the boys would become respectful. You can't make any impression on an Aryan by exhibiting intelligence and learning."

"But you're one," Kern said.

"Don't be silly. Aryan is a political designation for people who have nothing else to be proud of. As a race there is no such thing. The few fairly pure races, the Swedes and the others up there on the coast, die laughing at the idea."

"Probably it's just the simple difference between Jews and non-Jews," Kern said wearily and seized his head in his hands.

"THE rubber blackjack," the student said, as one who knows. "Our courageous police force. There's only one real difference," he went on, "the Jew has a perpetual, hopeless love for the non-Jew—but it isn't reciprocated."

"Maybe so." Kern once more gripped his head in his hands; the back of it felt like liquid fire.

"Nice guys." The student grinned. "I wish we had a deck of cards."

Kern felt in his pockets. He found the old deck that had belonged to the pickpocket and that Steiner had given him. He said, "As though I had had a hunch."

The student looked at him admiringly: "Skat?"

"Poker."

"Two different worlds. Let's compromise on Twenty-one."

They played until evening, attracting the disdainful looks of some of the Jewish students, who were busily discussing politics and justice. Then the blond student gave Kern his first instruction in boxing. Kern was very weak, but the student didn't spare him.

"You've got to master the inner cur," he commanded grinning. "Whoever is unwilling to be shot dead for another is no true man. Germans, eat German bananas! Austrians, plant Austrian coconuts! Autarchy of the spirit! Then your examinations will be easier. All right, get that right moving! Dance, dance—light on your feet. Dancing is the way to knock your opponent's teeth in. A little applied Nietzsche . . ."

"I wonder if you'd teach me too?" asked a slender student wearing eyeglasses.

"Of course! Off with the glasses! Rise and foam, blood of the Maccabees!"

Two more scholars applied. The rest remained seated on the bench, disdainful but curious—"Organization," the fair-haired man announced. "When four people are gathered together a race-proud German feels the fire of organization blazing within him. So then—two here. Two over there. Now for a lightning course. Thousands of years of neglect in your education for barbarism are about to be made good. You don't hit with your arm, you hit with your whole body—"

He took off his coat. The others followed suit, and he began a short explanation of legwork and then a drill. The four hopped about eagerly while their instructor shouted encouragement: "The bespectacled snake is first rate! Snap it up there, number three. Get some action into those flat feet of yours, fiery-eyed sun of Shem. Kern, you happy cross between the plains and the iceberg, get your oriental leg a little farther forward! All right; that will do for now. Take a breather—"

He cast a fatherly glance over his sweating charges. "There, that's good exercise for you while you sit out your eight days' detention for inciting noble Aryans to race hatred. It will protect you from wicked thoughts. And now for the short right, the shifty middle ground of boxing."

He showed them how to use it. Then he rolled his coat into a ball and, holding it at the height of a man's head, let the others practice hitting it.

Just as they were getting well warmed up the door opened. A jailer came in with two steaming basins. "Why, this is—" Quickly he set down the basins and shouted back into the corridor: "Guard! Hurry! This crowd is going on fighting right here in the police station!"

TWO guards rushed in. "You rhinoceros!" the blond student roared at the jailer. He turned to the guard. "What you see here," he said, "is an instruction period in modern humanity. Your appearance, with your eager hands on your blackjacks, is superfluous. Is that supposed to be our supper?"

"Sure," said the jailer.

"Take it out, you biped with a lump of bone between your shoulders!" raged the blond student. "Dishwater for the son of the president of the Senate? Do you want to be demoted? I'm going to make a complaint. Bring the police captain here immediately! Bring the commissioner of police. Tomorrow I'm going to make things hot for the Minister of Justice on your account."

"Sir," said one of the guards, "this is the regular prison food."

"Am I in prison?" snapped the student. "I am in detention. Don't you know the difference, guard?"

"I do, yes—but— You can, of course, buy your own food. If you're willing to pay for it, the jailer can bring you a goulash—"

"At last someone is talking sense."

"And a beer."

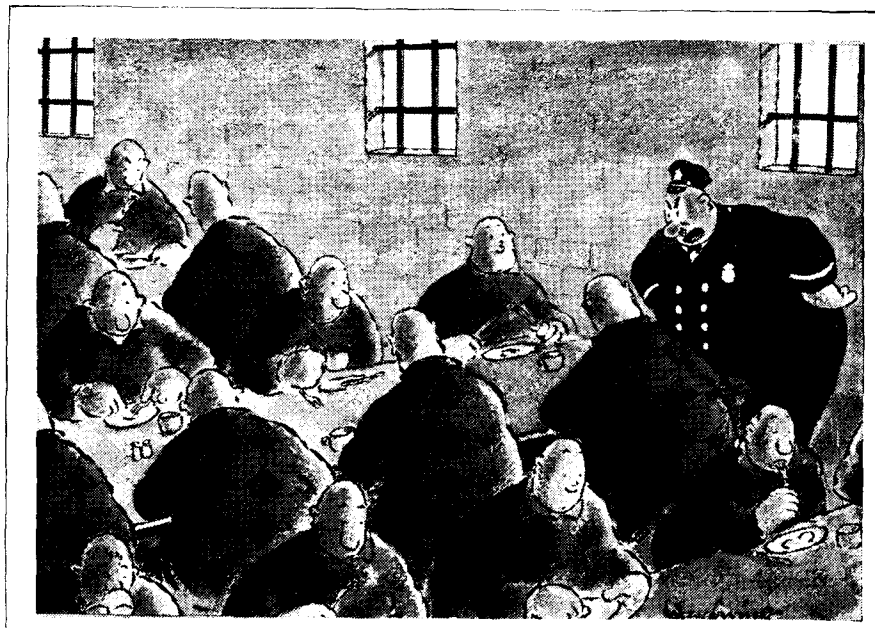
"I like you, guard. I'm going to use my influence in your behalf. What's your name?"

"Rudolf Egger, your grace."

"Quite so. Carry on." The student got some money out of his pocket and gave it to the jailer. "Two orders of beef goulash with potatoes. A bottle of plum brandy, two pitchers of beer—one for the guard, and one for us."

"Many thanks. Your servant, sir," said Guard Rudolf Egger.

THE son of the president of the Senate turned to the jailer. "If the beer isn't fresh and ice-cold, you psychopathic seven-months child, I'll cut you up alive and make a lamb stew of you. If it's good, you shall keep the change."



"Oh, no! Not with those hands! You go back and wash, this instant!"

JAY IRVING

The jailer smiled happily. "It shall be as you say, Count." He beamed. "I can recognize genuine, golden Viennese humor."

The food came and the student invited Kern to join him. At first Kern refused. "Oh, forget your scruples," the student said cheerfully. "This is a meal between fellow card players."

Kern ate with a bad conscience. He didn't really enjoy the food until he reminded himself that he was not a student like the others who were eating soup.

"Does your father know you're here?" Kern asked.

"My father is a municipal court judge in Linz—"

Kern looked at him in astonishment. "My friend," the student said, "don't you know that we are living in the age of bluff? Democracy has given place to demigogy. And that, by the way, is a perfectly natural sequence. Whoever gives the masses the vote can scarcely expect aristocratic returns. Prost!"

He uncorked the plum brandy and offered a glass to the student with the spectacles. "Thanks, but I don't drink," the latter said in embarrassment.

"You wouldn't!" The fair-haired student raised the glass and emptied it. "Of course you don't drink. And for that very reason others will persecute you forever."

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Kern was given two months in jail. Assault and battery, inciting to riot, resisting the police and repeated illegal residence—only the youth of the accused, so the judge declared, justified so mild a sentence.

During this time Kern learned at the state's expense how to weave baskets and the routine elements of tailoring. After the first few days he became calm. He noticed that he could stand things better. Only sometimes, when he thought of Ruth, the nights were hard. But he comforted himself, as well as he could, remembering that she had escaped. In the evenings, he exercised and practiced shadow boxing to the great amusement of his cellmates. He became bolder, too; he had learned that from the fair-haired student.

He learned even more important things from his fellow prisoners—from a burglar he learned the art of making a passkey out of a piece of wire and how to quiet watch dogs; from a thief, part of the criminal's international language; from a hobo, the exact times when crops ripen and the technique of living unobserved in a haymow; and from a former Russian professor from Kassan he learned French.

Toward the end of the seventh week he got two new cellmates—a quiet elderly man and a lively younger one of about thirty. He recognized immediately from their expressions that they were exiles. They wore old, worn clothes, which showed the pains with which they had been kept neat.

The older one immediately lay down on the cot. The younger began a conversation with Kern. He explained that he had come from Italy and that the Viennese police had picked him up.

"Can you speak French?"

"Yes, of course."

"That's splendid. Perhaps we can talk a little in French? My teacher isn't here any more and practice is always a good thing." The Russian professor had been released three days before.

"No," the man said in amazement. "I couldn't do that! Be thrown into jail and then take up French conversation—that's absurd—"

"Too bad," Kern said, "I could." Absurd, he thought, what an absurd word that is in these times; then he began to recite the irregular verbs to himself until he fell asleep.

HE AWOKE to find someone shaking him. It was the man who had refused to talk French.

"Quick, help me! Look there! He's hanged himself."

In the pale gray of early morning a black body hung in front of the window. Kern leaped to his feet. "We must cut him down."

"I haven't a knife. Have you?"

"Damn it, no. I'll lift him. You try to slip the belt over his head."

Kern got onto the cot and lifted the man. He was as heavy as the earth. Kern could scarcely hold him. "Hurry!" he panted. "Loosen the belt, I can't hold him here forever."

"Yes," the other prisoner climbed up and went to work on the hanged man's neck. Suddenly he stopped, reeled and began to vomit.

"You damn' fool!" Kern roared. "Can't you go on?"

"I can't look at him," gasped the other. "His tongue, his eyes—"

"Then you lift and I'll loosen."

Kern put the heavy body in the other man's arms. The sight was hideous. Kern felt for the thin leather strap which had cut deep into the folds of the hanged man's bloated neck. "Higher," he shouted, "lift him higher."

The man became silent and lifted. "Higher, you filthy washrag." The man lifted higher and Kern succeeded in loosening the noose and slipping it over the hanged man's head. "All right. Now lower him."

Between them they laid the hanged man on the cot. Kern undid his vest and trouser band. "Start yelling and see if you can rouse the guard," he said. "I'll begin artificial respiration."

He took the cold, dead hands in his warm, living ones and, kneeling behind the graying head, he began to move the man's arms. He heard a wheezing rattle as the thorax rose and fell and sometimes he paused to listen; but there was no breathing. He knew that you were supposed to keep it up for hours, but after a while he stopped.

"Can you hear anything?" the other asked.

"No," Kern answered. "But this doesn't make sense. The man wanted to die. Why shouldn't we let him?"

"Nevertheless you have to make every effort—"

"You make it," Kern said, suddenly feeling horribly tired. "He probably knew exactly what he was doing."

Ten minutes later the orderlies came and took the hanged man away. Shortly thereafter the guard came. "You are to turn over your suspenders, belts and shoestrings."

They handed over their things and sat silently on the cot. "Horrible, wasn't it?" the newcomer said presently.

"No," Kern replied.

THAT evening they were put in a larger cell in which there were already four people. Later, around midnight, two more were brought in. Kern could not see them, he just heard their voices.

"How long do you think it will be before we get out?" one of the arrivals asked anxiously out of the dark.

There was a pause before an answer came. "For murder with intent to rob, a life sentence," growled a bass voice. "For political murder eight days—"

"All I've done is to be picked up for the second time without a passport."

The bass laughed. "That's more serious. Four weeks—"

"My God! And I have a chicken in my trunk. A roast chicken! It will be spoiled by the time I get out."

"That's a safe bet," agreed the bass.

Kern sat up eagerly. "Didn't you have a chicken in your trunk once before?"

"Yes. I was locked up that time too. Who are you, sir? How do you know about that?" asked the distressed voice from the darkness.

Kern laughed. He laughed as if he were going to choke. It was like a spasm, a painful cramp, it released all the emotions that had been dammed up inside him—his rage at being imprisoned, his anxiety about Ruth, his horror at the hanged man; he laughed and laughed and could not stop. "The Chicken," he groaned. "As I live and breathe, the Chicken. And there are people who don't believe in coincidence."

"You call that a coincidence?" snarled the enraged Chicken. "A damnable fatality, that's what it is."

"You seem to have had bad luck with roast chickens," said the deep bass.

"Quiet!" snapped another. "A plague on your roast chickens. Is it decent to start an exile's stomach rumbling in the middle of the night?"

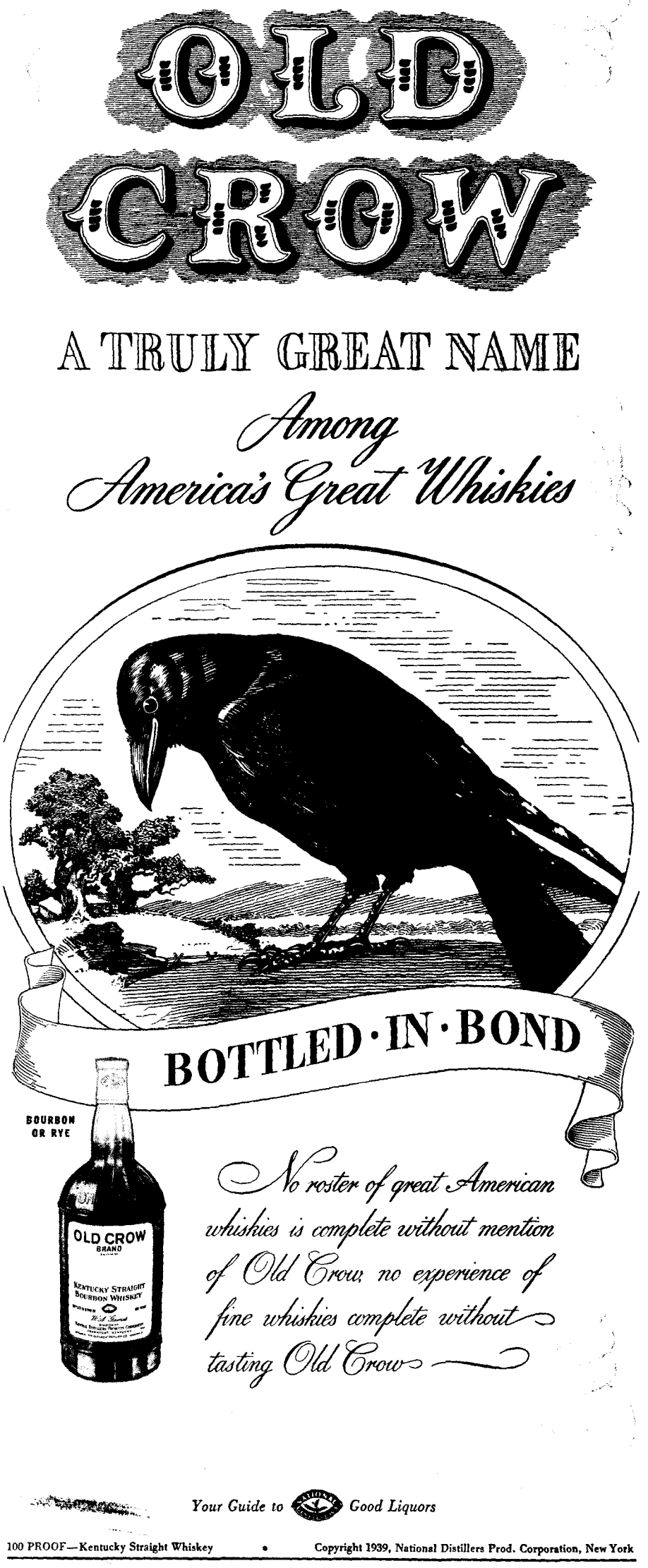
"Perhaps in a previous existence he was a fox," the bass voice theorized, "and now the chickens are getting back at him."

The Chicken's protest penetrated the conversation: "What a lousy trick—to make fun of a man overtaken by misfortune."

"Who better?" asked the bass soothingly.

"Quiet!" roared the guard from outside. "This is a respectable prison, not a night club."

(To be continued next week)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Part Payment

Continued from page 21

with him. Consuela met him that day, and the next—when he came in on some pretext or other—and the next and the next, and eventually it was in the columns. What wealthy young man-about-town? What lovely Fifth Avenue model?

Six weeks later they were married, Warren and Connie, in the little church in Greenwich. But first, five weeks later, she had sat across from Milo over a red-and-white-clothed table in a little, dark, Italian "speak," half a block off Broadway in the Fifties, and said, not quite looking at him, "Warren wants me to marry him."

It was a businesslike sentence, said without emotion; her voice on an even plane; handing it to Milo as she might have handed him the thick glass of bread sticks or the grated cheese for his soup or the menu or a napkin. And in the way their glasses raised together and the way their eyes met over the dark wine; in the monosyllabic conversation to follow, over spaghetti and the steaks and the soft white cheese and crisp sour-cold apples; finally in the pressure of her hand within his, standing on the snow-windy sidewalk an hour later—it was a business proposition, signed and sealed and delivered.

As Mrs. Warren Whittaker, Consuela would be the rungs on the ladder that, eventually, were to bring to Milo's portable typewriter a homage, international in scope, frightened and obeisant in method; to bring to the fantastically quilled pen on his fantastic glass desk, a parade—prostrating itself, worshipful and resigned.

AND in return? That touch, that tangency, however slight, with the boardinghouse in the Nineties, the three rooms in Brooklyn, the theater balconies. Because, as Mrs. Warren Whittaker, Consuela was to need Milo more than she had needed him before; need his canniness, need his plodding surety, need his logic and his calculating observations. For high society is a complex mosaic, and within that mosaic a wrong word spoken or a false move made (so that, perhaps, after eight years of safety as Mrs. Warren Whittaker, she would one day find herself being blackmailed with an assurance that bespoke practiced success) would strip Consuela of her town car and silver foxes as surely as it would strip the ladder of its rungs.

Not that, by then, she wasn't in love with Warren. She was. She was more in love with him than she had ever been with anyone in her life before, or anything, or ever would be. And in a way it was for him as much as for herself, that she was reaching this agreement with Milo, a business proposition to be closed and incorporate from the beginning. At times the ownership of the controlling interest varied; but dividends were collected now and again; coupons clipped—over a Colony table, via her silver-bordered note paper, in a sunburst of roses from him at midnight or at noon—as surely as they were being clipped within the cool confines of Chase branches.

After eight years, when Consuela Whittaker—whose name meant Zerbe and Beaton and zebra-striped love seats and the Ile de France—found herself being blackmailed, she picked up the phone on her dressing table ten minutes after the message had come through from Geoffrey Dravo; and as she sat there, waiting for her number, she studied the pale, thin face of Connie Browning in the mirror, the girl whose mother ran a laundry in Butte, Montana, and who at one time had a boy friend named Milo, a cub on the Express-Tribune.

From below, far below, the roar of Park Avenue traffic paused at drawn blinds, seeped through—even as the light seeped through—and moved cautiously amongst the period furniture to the canopied bed where Milo luxuriated under morning papers that scattered over his satin spread. Beside him, the jugs, pitchers, decanters, covered dishes and assorted paraphernalia of his breakfast, stood like silver chessmen on an inlaid tray. In the frescoed bedroom, it was almost noon. Day had begun.

THE papers read, Milo contemplated the ceiling, and digested his mental fodder. The morning papers were his pasturage. This morning, United Iron had dropped five points, which would probably mean that Lester Mosher and his wife, Estelle, would not open their Florida house in January. Watching the winter curve of the market, Milo had long been afraid of that, and he was

"Time to rest, fellows. We mustn't strain growing bodies!"

BO BROWN

sorry. His whole squat body felt regret. When the Moshers opened their Florida house, Manhattan moved south for the season—not only Manhattan, but the right parts of Washington and Philadelphia, and even outposts like Cleveland and Chicago. And it was Milo's most important feeding ground; the "grand banks" of his handicraft. Yes, he could scarcely afford to forego a Florida fortnight with the Moshers. But United Iron *had* dropped five points. . . .

When his phone rang, Milo answered it.

"Milo . . ."

When he heard Connie's voice, he was prepared for what was to come.

"I know," he said. "You should have been more careful, Connie."

"But . . ."

"It happened to Grace Morrison, remember? Only the fellow was from Rio. . . . How much does he want?"

Consuela paused. Then she said, slowly, "One hundred thousand."

"For what?"

"For nothing! He has nothing on me! I only sent him the first check because . . ."

Milo sighed. "Because he had done some work on a portrait of you. Or was this a bust?"

"It was a bust."

"Busts are being used more. Interesting technique. I've often thought I might prepare a thesis . . ."

"Milo!"

He said, "Maybe a hundred thousand would be the cheapest way out."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I mean I'm growing increasingly fond of Florida, Connie. I'm sure that after a bout with this Dravo fellow, Florida might do me a world of good."

"Go on, Milo, please! Talk sense!"

He said, "Okay, Connie. If Warren were to take a flyer in United Iron, sort of give it a spurt, then I could go down and lie in the sun, on Estelle Mosher's stoop and . . ."

"And Geoffrey?"

"I'll take care of him."

Consuela smiled at the tired face in her dressing-table mirror. Over the phone, she said, "You win. That was United Iron? You're a darling, Milo."

He said, "Skip it. Now listen, Connie—let yourself be seen around this afternoon. Tonight, I'm going to Stadleman's opening. Perhaps you and Warren might join me."

"And that . . . ?"

"That closes the deal."

TWO hours later—the prolonged and perfumed ritual of his toilet complete (Oh, far cry from three rooms in Brooklyn!)—Milo, the pouter pigeon in formal morning clothes, turned stiffly from the entrance of his apartment building and moved, a galleon in full sail, into the afternoon crowds. It wasn't a long walk, across Fifty-ninth, and it was one that Milo always enjoyed. Doormen tipped their caps to him, corner cops gave him a greeting, a passing cab driver leaned out with a cheer. Now the Manhattan scene was absolute, the mosaic complete.

Beyond the park, he moved thus through the palm-studded street entrance of a white-and-chromium obelisk, presented his credentials to a formal clerk, and found himself, almost to his surprise, ascending in a small leather-lined elevator—alone. In this boxed solitude, his bland insouciance deserted him for a moment. He was vaguely aware of a microscopic tic in his left eyelid, of his suspenders, of the palms of his hands. This was Milo the reporter, ferreting out his story. Here was Milo the black panther, stalking his prey. Now, on the twelfth floor, Milo the mongoose approached the cobra.

Afternoon, hanging over the island in its mist of ticker tape and taxis, of debutantes and death and diapers and Daiquiris, wore on to its close. At three, Consuela sipped a vegetable-juice cocktail in a health bar in one of the city's gauzier salons de beauté; Warren completed the United Iron deal that was to send the stock skyrocketing and Milo to Miami; Milo, his deed done, the enemy vanquished, the invader routed, descended in the same leather-lined elevator.

At four, Consuela was trying on furs; Warren was spread, naked, on a damp slab in a club steam room; Milo idled at a bar. At five, at six, at seven, at eight, at nine . . . they were a gay group in the foyer after the first-act curtain—Consuela cool and aloof in a white gown drawn at her slim waist with a wide band of gold, Warren as ever tall and dignified, Milo carrying on a bright patter, his eyes flashing, his voice sustaining the note that Consuela had tried to reach with a brilliant lipstick, her widest bracelets, an orchid in her hair.

EVERYTHING had been late, of course—cocktails, with too many people in Milo's modern bar, dinner in some fantastic spot along the way—so that she hadn't been able to say a word to Milo about Geoffrey; only able to sit there, beside him on his mauve love seat or across from him at the gay round table, watching the eyes, which he kept away from her, the mouth thin-lipped and restless, the hands moving incessantly: his water glass, breaking a hard roll, adjusting his silver by his plate, touching his tie and his rose and his hair, opening a cigarette case, fingering the wine stem. At last, returning now to their seats, she held him back at the head of the aisle.

"Milo . . ."

He nodded to acquaintances in seats they passed, gave Consuela a vague, careless, "Yes . . . ?"

"Milo, what did you and Geoffrey—?"

He looked at her with a tolerant wisdom. "The main secret of my trade, Consuela, is silence. There's nothing to worry about. Here's Warren."

But it wasn't as easy as that for Milo, if he didn't show it. If the rose was crisp and white and fresh and unmussed. If his hair was smooth and his talk smoother. For he wasn't seeing the play—not this act—at all. He was reliving a scene that was not at all the scene on this Forty-eighth Street stage.

Around him, programs rustled in the darkness, someone in the mezzanine coughed, latecomers found their way past his knees in the faint circle of an usher's light. Here, standing at windows that supposedly faced the Seine, the male lead, a slight nervous Czech with a haunting voice, was delivering a line written by two playwrights six months before in a Maine cottage. Here, an ingénue who had come up from the Federal Theater had branded herself, by her entrance, for stardom.

But there, in the room that flooded Milo's mind with its detail, dancing in his eyes, bringing moisture to the palms of his hands and his upper lip and yet leaving his mouth dry and his face pale and hot . . . there, there was no girl at all. Only two men, one lean and cynical and ridiculously handsome, and the other . . . the other put his highball down carefully on a white table and extracted

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a small leather-covered book from his pocket. Worth more than its weight in gold, far more, this Book of Scriptures, this Koran of Mayfair, this Apocrypha of the bon ton could have angled for Milo—oh, say something minor like Berkeley Square, or the Paris Ritz, or the Hope Diamond (with the Russian grand jewels tossed in). Now, held in his hand, its dime-store covers frayed and finger-marked, contained Geoffrey Dravo's obituary.

"I have here," Milo said, "a most amazing list."

The fellow lolling on the divan in his dressing gown raised his eyebrows. "So?"

"I thought it might interest you."

Geoffrey shrugged his shoulders.

"I have here," Milo said slowly, "the names of the women you have blackmailed, and the names of the men you've—er, shall I say murdered? Ghastly word. On the dime-novel side."

"A bit strong."

Milo opened the book. "Hastings Worthman. Cannes. October, 1929."

"The poor fellow fell into the sea, accidentally," said Geoffrey. "I remember him. Pleasant chap."

Milo dismissed the man's remark with a shrug. "Derek Martin. Paris. April, 1931."

"Oh, yes," said Geoffrey. "They convicted his valet, I believe. Miserable little Filipino who murdered him for his money, wasn't it?"

"Jane Roselen. St. Louis. Fifty thousand for a nightgown left—indiscreetly, perhaps, in your London flat. Janie will be glad to know we've met. She dropped me a note, you see, asking me to . . ."

He let the sentence fade, because it had gone a bit deeper. Geoffrey rose and walked to the windows. "Rather young, as I remember. Freckles. She was . . ."

"Millicent Overman. Yonkers. One-seventy-five. That was a haul. That Overman certainly paid through the teeth for the Overman name."

"Millicent . . ."

"Sheila Abbott. Dixie Luther. Consuela Whittaker . . ."

On and on the emotionless voice, ripping the wide shoulders with a blacksnake of names and facts and dates; stretching the slim body on a rack built of whispered confidences, sure and unquestionable; compressing the legs with a torturous boot of uncertainty; tightening the thumbscrews on his lean fingers with the tools from the little black book.

AT THE window, Geoffrey turned quickly—pale, his stoicism shattered, crushing his cigarette out on the thick rug and shouting, "What is it? What do you want? What . . . ?"

Urbanity dropped from Milo like a cloak. "This is what I want!" Milo, stripped of the gewgaws of his handicraft, dishing it out in a series of short, explosive sentences; Milo, the cub on the Herald again, wringing a heartthrob feature out of a drunken barge captain, bribing secrets from a night-court bailiff, wise-eyed and hard at a Bowery beer-hall stabbing. "Get the hell out, Dravo. There's no place for your stuff here. It's eleven stories to the street, and it would make a fancy ending, but I'm not asking you to do that." He pulled an envelope from his pocket, and tossed it on the table. "Here's a passage on the City of Genoa. Sailing tonight at midnight. See that you're on it!"

Geoffrey picked up the envelope, fingered it thoughtfully for a moment, and then raised amused eyes to Milo. "And supposing I'm not . . . ?"

"You will be. There's enough in this little black book to put you behind bars for the rest of your life."

"You wouldn't . . . !"

Milo ducked as Geoffrey's swing missed, throwing him off balance. Then he did something he hadn't done for ten years; something he was perhaps never to do again. Brooklyn sand lots sang in his veins. Harlem alleys strained beneath his costly silks. His white knuckles itched with the memory of dock tussles. An instant's litheness came to this padded frame, and his right fist connected with Geoffrey's chin—the smooth head snapping, the lean figure crashing backward, mouth open, eyes glassy, taking a lamp with it, the highballs, crumpling against a low table.

Always afterward, Milo remembered the strange warmness that flowed through him then; the trickle of blood from the corner of the trembling mouth. Always afterward, Milo remembered how easily the door closed behind him, how soft was the hall runner beneath his feet, how gently the elevator took him to the street. . . .

AROUND Milo now in the theater, the lights went up again. And Consuela's hand was upon his arm, Warren leaning over her and saying, "Neat curtain, don't you think?" With all the strength he could gather, more strength than it had taken to lay Geoffrey Dravo cold as a cucumber in his bachelor suite, Milo pulled himself back to this sixth-row-orchestra.

In the foyer again, he amused the crowd. "I was barren! I was destitute! Here my winter Dewali was spending itself out on the ticker tape, and then all of a sudden along comes a good fairy . . ."

Warren broke in, catching Consuela's eyes. "Oh, so that was the tip! You two!" And Consuela said, "Milo and I have a thousand little gimmicks," and Warren said, "Well, I hope they all go as well as this one today."

Again, at the head of the aisle, Consuela stopped him.

"Milo . . ."

He burlesqued rapt attention. "Dear lady . . . ?"

"Milo, what happened?"

"What happened where?"

"What happened between you and Geoffrey?"

"Oh, yes—Geoffrey."

"Milo, please . . . !"

He patted her hand. "Don't worry, Connie. Geoffrey won't bother you any more."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I put him in his trunk this afternoon," Milo said, "and checked him at the pier."

"You're sure?"

He said, "Geoffrey won't bother you again. Now shall we go to our seats?"

She took his arm—"Maybe I can get somebody to decorate you with a cross, darling"—and they went down the aisle together.

In the cab at last (Milo, pleading a headache and wanting air, had closed the door for them and stood on the curb smiling as they pulled into Broadway traffic), Consuela closed her eyes against Warren's shoulder in silence. Here was the man she wanted, she needed.

Signals turned and their cab went east on Fifty-second, and six blocks behind them Milo followed on the sidewalk. His headache merely an excuse to be alone, Milo felt in shape this evening. Tonight, he was pleased. A call from a corner phone booth told him that Geoffrey Dravo was on the City of Genoa. In a minor way, he was sorry about Geoffrey. There was nothing of the brute in Milo. But Warren had made money off the stock tip, Consuela had been—"saved" (he used the word with a mental reservation), and his own Florida siesta seemed a certainty. He was satisfied. He was satisfied for himself, and he was also satisfied because he knew what they will always tell you about him. They will always tell you Milo is good to his friends.

WHAT A FAMILY—and what fun they have, these lively Lewises! Daddy, Walter, Jr., and Leila are starting a day at the beach after their breakfast of one of the most delicious, crispy cereals in the world—Post's 40% Bran Flakes! And Post's Bran Flakes help to keep the Lewises feeling tip top, too . . .

MOTHER'S A CHAMP beach-ball player—and Mother says Post's Bran Flakes' TWO EXTRA BENEFITS are very important for the well-being of her family! Here's the first one: Post's Bran Flakes provide bran, a *natural* regulator. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help. And . . .

A Post cereal made by General Foods

THE SECOND BENEFIT is in the *food value* of this delicious breakfast treat; for Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B_1 to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

CREDIT DAD with discovering Post's Bran Flakes—he started eating 'em 'way back last winter. Soon after, the whole Lewis family began eating delicious Post's Bran Flakes every day. "And those *two extra benefits,*" says Dad, "seem to be exactly what we needed!"

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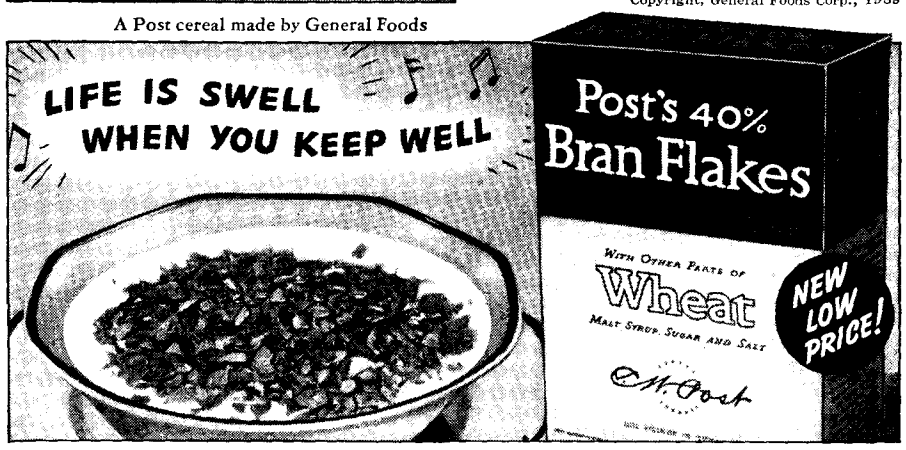

IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

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COLLIER'S
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Another Myth Blows Up

HABITUAL viewers with alarm are forever pouring ashes in their hair over the sad state to which marriage in the United States has come. The most frequent lamentation about poor old American wedlock is that young people, because of economic conditions, can't marry as young as once upon a time they could. Society is supposed to be degenerating rapidly as a result.

Well, we've just learned from some statistics that don't seem open to challenge that the thing that has changed least in recent years has been the average marrying age of American men and women.

Our divorce rate is the world's third highest, being exceeded only by those of Russia and France in that order. The first baby nowadays arrives in the second year of marriage as a rule, whereas he or she used to come trailing the clouds of glory a good deal more promptly than that.

About 3,000,000 of the nation's 10,000,000 gainfully employed women are known to be married, to the alarm and outrage of back-to-the-kitchen reformers. The statisticians have a hunch that if the truth were told (more bad news for the reformers) about 5,000,000 women with jobs also have husbands.

Marriage statistics such as these go on changing from year to year, some for better and some for worse.

But the average ages at which both American men and women get married the first time remains about the same from year's end to year's end, come bad times or good. And these ages are 23.3 for women and 26.7 for men. According to most biologists and physiologists, those are about as healthy for marriage as any.

We should think a wide enough circulation of this vital marriage statistic ought to put the kibosh on the agitation you hear of now and then for government subsidies of married couples or of couples who want to get married. By this sign, marriage is meeting no more and no fewer obstacles than it always did. And marriage is our most successful social institution.

We have a hunch, too, that there may be something in the professional optimists' eternal refrain that we'd all be better off if we'd look away from our troubles once in a while and clap a concentrated stare on our good luck.

Look Who's in Again

THE Federal Communications Commission is in again. This time the FCC wants Congress to give it broad powers to regulate the telephone industry—meaning mainly, of course, the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., or A. T. & T. for short.

Chairman Frank R. McNinch's FCC bases its request on a long "investigation" of the telephone industry, completed a year or so ago by one of the commission's own members. We put the word "investigation" in quotes because the report that Commissioner Walker turned in on it contained a barrel of facts and fancies unfavorable to the telephone industry and maybe a thimbleful of admissions that the industry might not be rotten from top to bottom.

A. T. & T. has insisted ever since this episode that it never was given a fair chance to state its side of the case, and we have heard no convincing denials of this charge from the FCC.

This same Federal Communications Commission is the agency that has been making repeated and persistent passes for months at setting up a thoroughgoing government censorship over the radio.

The latest radio McNinchery was a pronouncement decreeing that American short-wave broadcasts to other countries must peddle nothing but culture and good will—meaning culture and good will as defined by the FCC. Earlier grabs at power to censor the radio were the FCC attack on the sponsors of Mae West's "Adam and Eve" broadcast, and the uproar raised by the FCC over Orson Welles' Martian invasion hoax that frightened several thousand impressionable listeners-in.

Maybe the telephone industry needs regulating—though there are those who say that the Interstate Commerce Commission's super-regulating of the railroads is chiefly to blame for the railroads' present financial blues.

Perhaps telephone charges here and there are high, profits exorbitant and service bad—though we have yet to run into telephone service in this country anywhere near as punk as some you can find in England or France.

It's entirely conceivable that we are biased in favor of the telephone industry because A. T. & T. is a heavy advertiser in most magazines and many newspapers.

But does all that justify giving the FCC a death grip on the telephone industry's throat?

This Federal Communications Commission in our opinion has been and is one of the most pestiferous and pettifogging of all government agencies—which is no faint praise, mates, no faint praise. It has reduced radio to a state of fear so extreme that radio has to look to its rival, the still unfettered press, to do most of the fighting for what liberties radio has left.

It seems to us that FCC has proved itself a likely candidate, not for more power than it now has, but for the congressional ax.

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